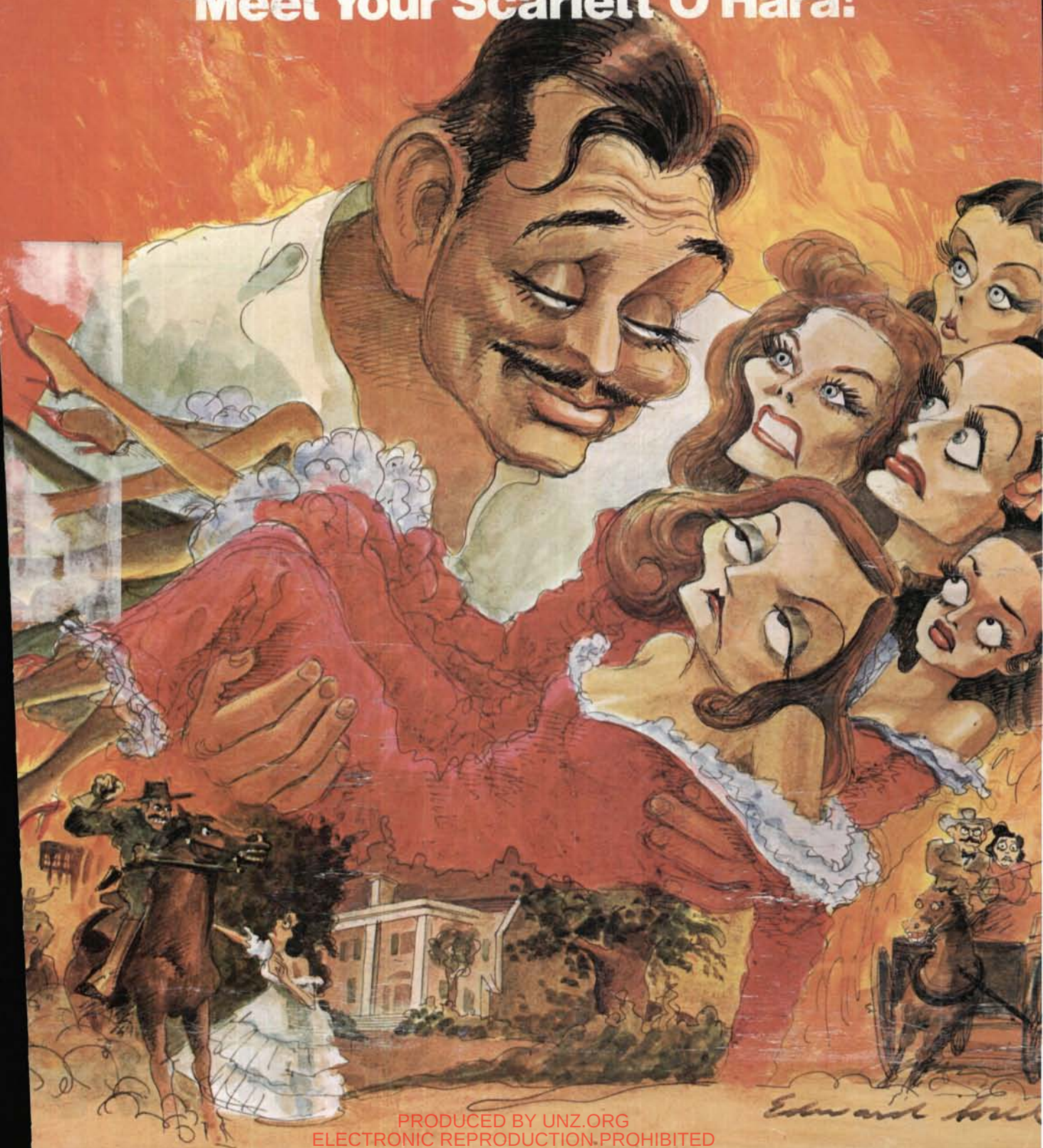


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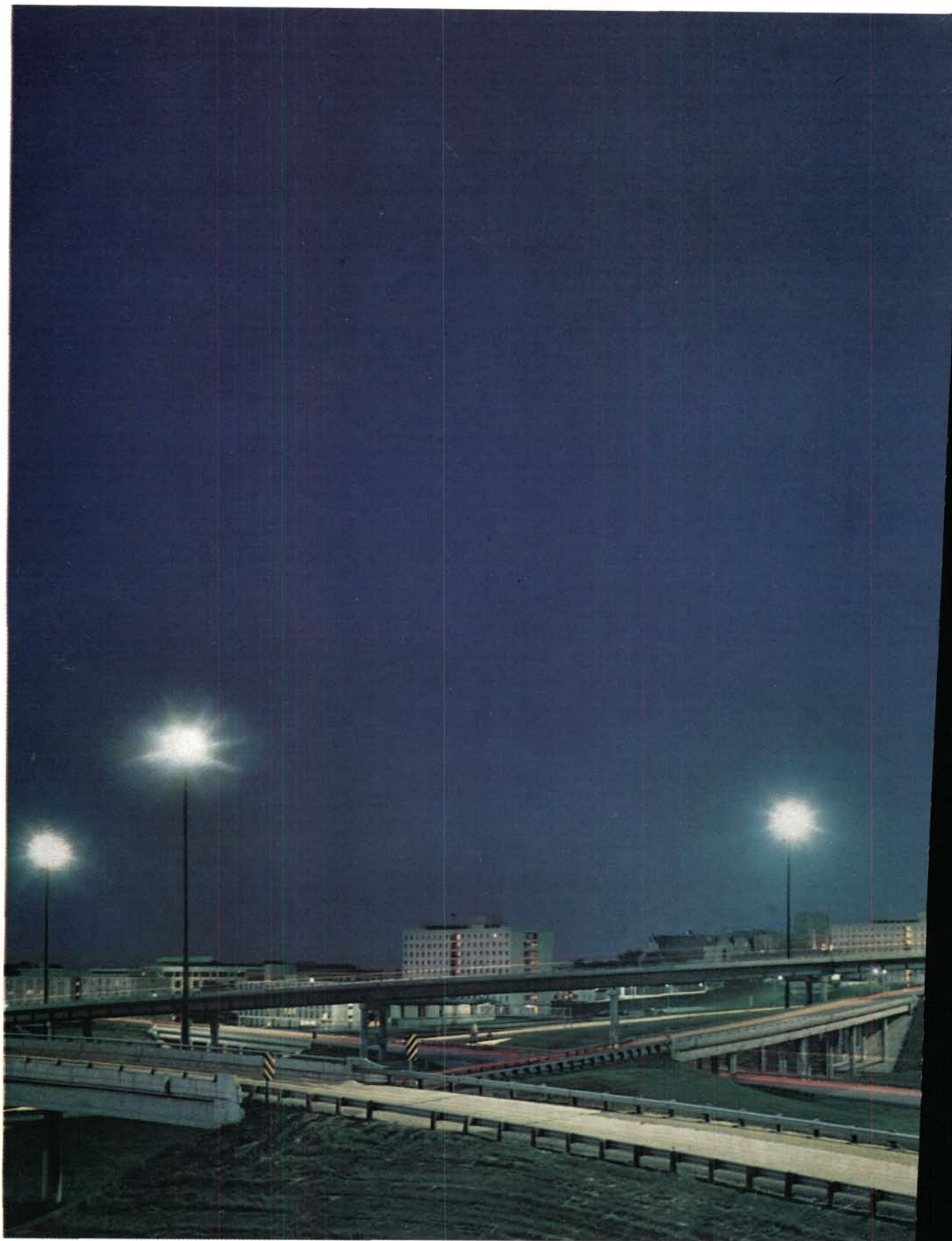
MONTHLY

THE MAKING OF GONE WITH THE WIND

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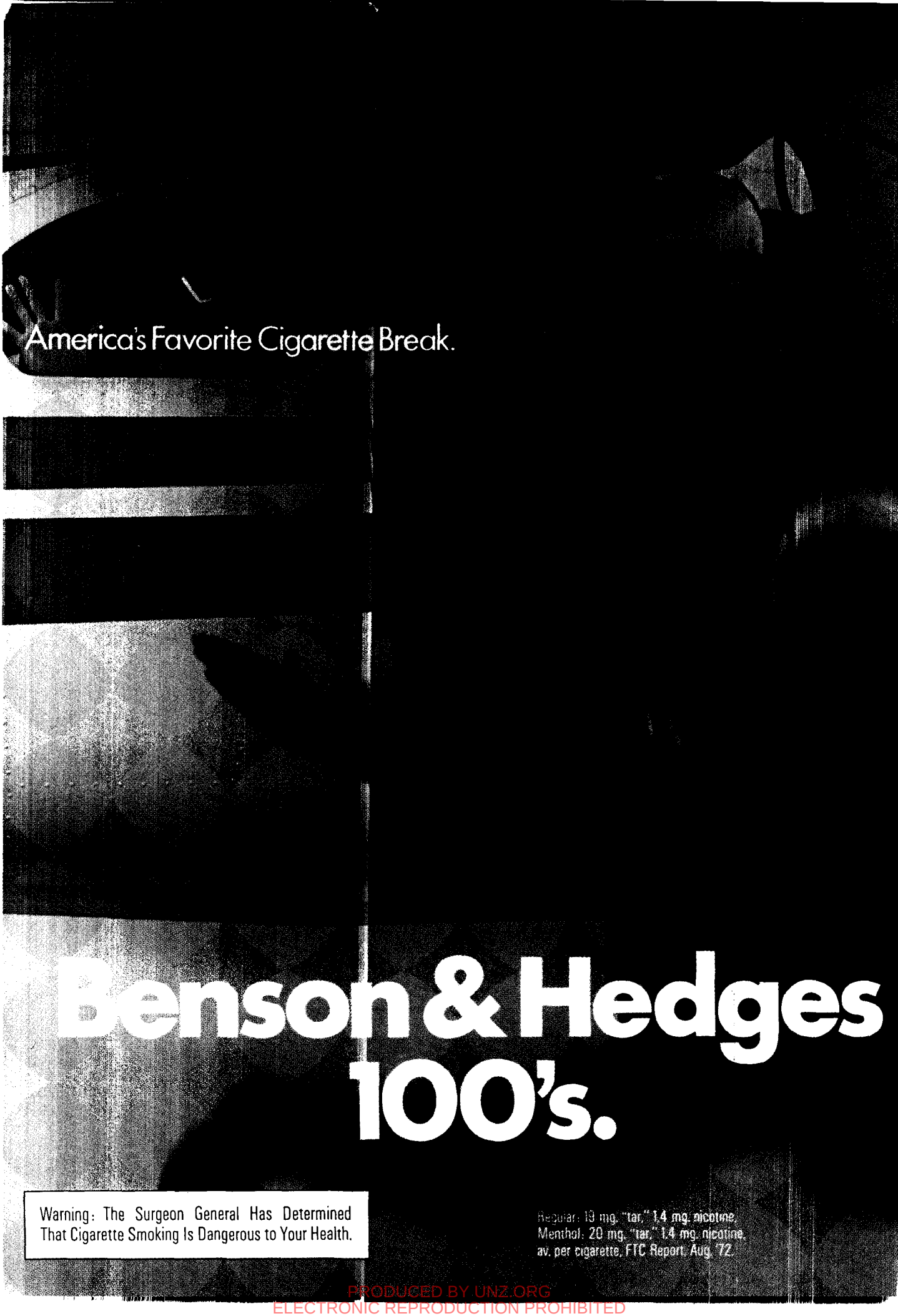
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THE ATLANTIC

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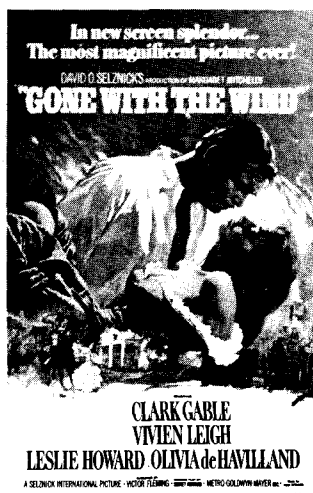
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The face on this month's cover is, of course, familiar. So is the poster that Edward Sorel, our cover artist, so joyfully parodies. The original was plastered across America in 1939, warming countless imaginations with its background scene of the burning of Atlanta and the foreground passion of Rhett and Scarlett. Some of you may be seeing the latest version, reproduced here, in your daily newspaper, for this most durable of film epics is still going strong at the ripe old age of thirty-four, with Scarlett, in two or three screenings a day, vowing to worry about things tomorrow and Rhett departing the scene with the same old stoic finality: "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn." Just as we were going to press with the first of two installments of Gavin Lambert's beguiling story of the making of *Gone With the Wind*, the wide-screen version of the film opened, for example, in more than forty movie houses in the greater New York area alone and was showing in at least 100 other cities around the United States. As of the end of 1971, *GWTW* stood as the all-time money-drawing movie, with a take of \$116 million, and, with this year's reissues,



it should continue to run ahead of the second-place contender and all-time kaffee-mit-schlag spectacle, *The Sound of Music*. Coming on strong at \$45 million in the short time it has been showing is *The Godfather*. There must be a moral here, or something of profound social significance, but let us leave that to sociologists of the future. So just sit back and enjoy this month's—and next month's—visit behind the scenes of Hollywood at its Hollywoodish most.

* * *

Some *Atlantic* readers will also see something familiar on page 62. The remarkable poem, "Requiem 1935-1940," by Anna Akhmatova has been

translated several times and one of the earlier versions, by Robert Lowell, appeared in *The Atlantic* in October, 1964. There is a special freshness in the new translation, by Stanley Kunitz working with Max Hayward, and a timeliness in its publication now, when the harassment and oppression of writers, scientists, and other political dissenters are on the rise again in the Soviet Union. Anna Akhmatova, who died in 1966, is considered Russia's greatest woman poet, her work a chronicle of twentieth-century Russia.

She was subjected to heavy censorship and forced into silence. Her only way of preserving some of her verse was to memorize it. "Requiem" commemorates the agony of "the terrible years of the Yezhov terror" under Stalin, when she spent seventeen months waiting outside a prison in Leningrad, a woman "sick to her marrow bone . . . utterly alone, with husband dead, with son away in jail."

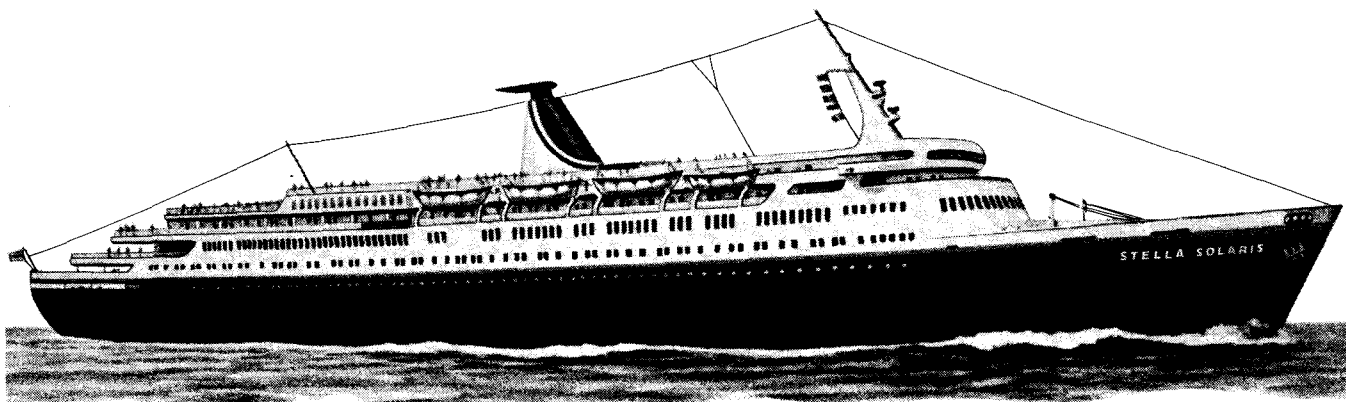


Anna Akhmatova

* * *

Still speaking of things familiar, the by-line of Joyce Carol Oates appears this month in the magazine for the ninth time. By now her appearance in *The Atlantic* (not to mention numerous other journals and twelve books) has brought a familiarity that breeds admiration, so much of it that *Newsweek* did her the high honor of a cover story in December. *The Atlantic's* admiration developed early in the game when an editor here, not long out of Cornell, saw an Oates story in *Epoch*, the literary quarterly of his alma mater. He wrote to solicit some of her work and in 1966 was rewarded with a memorable short story, "In the Region of Ice." It was her first appearance in a major periodical.

Robert Manning



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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON

Last summer, during the Republican convention in Miami, a brief item appeared in the *Wall Street Journal's* "Washington Wire" column headed "Who's Up?" which said a lot about both the Nixon Administration and how the press reports on it. "The White House staff is up," the item revealed. The evidence: "Members attending the Republican convention ate in the Doral Hotel's elegant main dining room, at party expense. Cabinet officers were relegated to the downstairs coffee shop, had to pay their own bills." What are commonly referred to as "Washington observers"—those sifters of tea leaves and traders in gossip who interpret the government to each other and to a presumably breathless public—know their signals and symbols. The *Wall Street Journal* item signified how it was within the Nixon Administration, and furthermore how it would be, and how, in fact, it would have been no matter who had been in power.

The President's recent "reorganization" of the government continued a trend toward gathering power within the White House that has accompanied the growth of government itself. When the President announced from Camp David, his Maryland retreat, in November that "we are going to put greater responsibility on individual Cabinet members for various functions that previously had been that of the White House staff," experienced and skeptical (which may be a re-

dundancy) reporters were presented with a difficult dilemma. It is one which confronts them frequently when an official announces something which they believe in their bones to be untrue. If a President announces that the world is flat, it is their job to report that "the President announced today that the world is flat," and not, in print, to call him a liar. It is even indelicate to suggest, in the course of their stories, that there is another view of the matter. This is left largely to the columnists and to the "analysis" stories, which may or may not catch up with the official announcement, and may or may not be believed. Many Washington journalists have come to understand that their word is not held to be much more sacred than that of politicians.

Powerhouse

When Robert Finch, in a press conference just before his departure from the Administration in December, confirmed that all was not well between the White House and the Cabinet, the transcript was collected eagerly by White House reporters. "I think that is one of the biggest stories you will have to cover," Finch said, "how that tension between the White House staff and the Cabinet works." He tried to mitigate this bit of candor by saying that the tensions between the White House and the Congress and the story of the tensions between the White House and State Houses, and the story of revenue sharing, would be interesting, too. But Finch had

spilled the beans, and this was something the reporters could report.

President Nixon is not the first President to accrue power in the White House and to take some pains to deny it. The purposes of the exercise, it seems, are to throw journalists and congressmen off the scent, to betray no unseemly penchant for power, and to convey the impression of frugality with public funds. While previous Presidents had their powerful and famous White House assistants, it remained for Lyndon Johnson, as was his wont, to multiply the effect. Yet the precise size of the White House staff was one of the mysteries of the Johnson Administration. Through a nice piece of legerdemain, several White House aides were "on loan" from other agencies, and their salaries were charged elsewhere.

When President Nixon took office four years ago, it may be recalled, he displayed his new Cabinet officers on television, and described them as men of "extra dimension." His assistants told reporters that "there will be no Califano here," referring to Joseph Califano, Mr. Johnson's powerful assistant for domestic affairs. This was, among other things, part of a concerted effort to establish that Mr. Nixon was going to be very different from Mr. Johnson. Much was made of the facts that the lights were on again at the White House, and that the three television sets had been removed from the President's Oval Office.

The inevitable accretion of power

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From Calcutta ...

Report on Elizabeth Dass...



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CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

To NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA.

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964
NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER
HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ~~W~~ WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED
CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE. SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ~~XX~~ ARE RESTORED.

PARENT ~~XX~~MS CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF ~~XX~~ SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNs TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING. IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM ~~XX~~ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE ~~XX~~ DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

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WASHINGTON

in the White House stems in part from the fact that there is really no other way to run the government. The more the government does, the more there must be a central body to coordinate its workings. The major issues of the day—such as the economy, race, cities, foreign policy, balance of payments—are not divisible into neat parcels to be distributed among the various Cabinet departments. An issue of trade relations can involve the Departments of Treasury, State, and Commerce, and the White House offices dealing with domestic and international economics and trade negotiations. A domestic issue of any consequence can involve the Departments of Justice, of Housing and Urban Development, of Transportation, of Health, Education and Welfare, and perhaps even Interior or Agriculture or what remains of the Office of Economic Opportunity (the poverty program). The White House and its executive arm, the Office of Management and Budget, must bring them together. Whatever rare efforts have been made by agencies to coordinate among themselves have been resisted by the OMB. The power to coordinate is power indeed.

Moreover, the budget itself is power. In the course of drawing up the budget, the President and his staff make crucial decisions about the arrangement of priorities, policy, and authority. The failure of the Congress to examine or shape the budget coherently also supplies a vacuum into which the executive and its budget makers have moved. Therefore, the Budget Bureau, which was a Wilsonian reform proposal finally adopted in 1921, has grown in importance in tandem with the White House which it serves. As the Johnson Administration piled up the programs and responsibilities, one weary Cabinet officer surveyed the scene and concluded that "Califano and Schultze [Charles Schultze, then director of the Budget Bureau] are holding the whole rickety business together."

The Nixon Administration, its protestations notwithstanding, had little alternative but to go along

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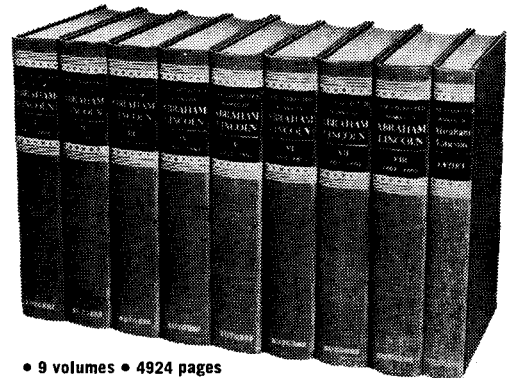
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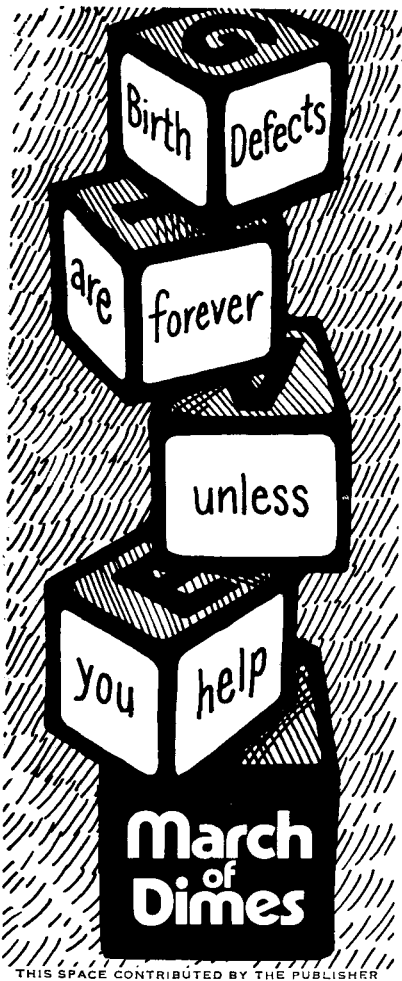
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WASHINGTON

with the trend. Mr. Nixon moved his budget director from the Executive Office Building into the White House West Wing—a move which “Washington observers” knew to be significant. Subsequently it was said that the budget office would also “manage” the programs. It was understood in Washington that the terminological move from “coordinate” to “manage” was meaningful. Two axioms applied: the more powerful the Budget Bureau is, the weaker are the Cabinet agencies; the more proximity the budget officials have to the White House, the more politicized their decisions become.

There is also the factor of human nature. People who seek the presidency, and people who help them attain it, do not tend to be uninterested in power. White House assistants, moreover, have the unparalleled advantage of access to the king's ear. As George Ball once put it, “Nothing propinquities like propinquity.” As inevitable as the sunrise and traffic jams are the stories out of Washington of the complaints of congressmen and Cabinet officers about the inaccessibility of the President and the arrogance of his assistants who block their path to the Oval Office. Only the names of the offenders change: Sherman Adams, Kenneth O'Donnell, Marvin Watson, and Joseph Califano have been succeeded by Robert Halde- man and John Ehrlichman. Presidents need such people. In the constant struggle for power in Washington, those who inhabit the White House hold the cards.

The chasm

The way in which the executive branch is managed, and its internal distribution of power, are also determined by the personal characteristics of the people at the center. The traditional rationales for regular Cabinet meetings no longer exist. Another reason why the Cabinet hardly ever meets anymore is that the President does not like meetings. His distaste for confrontations tends to place Cabinet officers with persistent disagreements out of sight and favor, and any President prefers some person-

alities to others. In the Nixon Administration's first term, the only Cabinet officers who gained any real access and power were John Mitchell, John Connally, George Shultz, and Melvin Laird.

Cabinet officers in any administration may have difficulty straddling the great divide that can exist between the President at whose pleasure they serve and the bureaucracy over which they preside. Robert Finch, who began at HEW, fell into the chasm; from time to time his successor, Elliot Richardson, teetered on the brink. This problem is exacerbated in the Nixon Administration, especially on domestic issues. At first there was a theory prevalent in Washington that the Nixon Administration was not interested in governing. In retrospect, it is more accurate to say that the people in the new Administration were less familiar with government than were their predecessors and had, inevitably, a different set of assumptions about its purposes. The exercise of power by the Nixon White House grew in direct proportion to its familiarity with the terrain. But whereas the Johnson White House was likely to intervene in the bureaucratic processes to propel a program along, the Nixon White House was likely to intervene to slow it down. Any White House will interfere with the bureaucracy on behalf of its political allies, but the allies will differ from administration to administration.

Yet the Nixon White House does have a kind of them-versus-us view of the bureaucracy, based in part on misapprehension of the nature of the federal bureaucracy. The prevailing characteristic of that bureaucracy is not so much (as many in the Nixon White House believe) that it is populated largely by Democrats but rather that its members tend to believe in what they do. The dispenser of vocational education grants believes in vocational education; the civil rights enforcer believes in enforcing civil rights; the administrators of the highway program believe in building highways; the procurer of aircraft carriers is convinced of the importance of procuring more aircraft carriers. The experienced Washington bureaucrat cultivates his allies in Congress and the interest groups, and understands

Conversation Pieces

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Oh Say Can You See Discussions about whether or not we should "go into space" often overlook a fundamental point—namely, that we are in space already. Each of us is an astronaut on a spacecraft called earth traveling around the sun at 18,000 miles per hour. The biological community that lives on the spacecraft has a fragile life support system—the thin film of soil, air and water in which we dwell. During the past century, the number of passengers aboard the spacecraft has increased tremendously; so also has their ability to consume its finite supplies. We see some of the results in the pollution of our environment and the decay of our resources.

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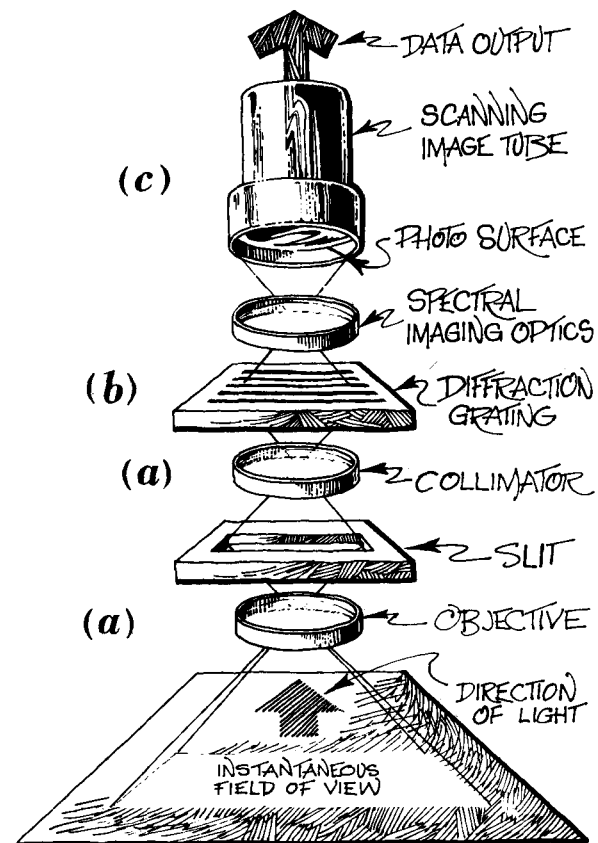
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WASHINGTON

the techniques of survival. What to the White House appears to be subversion of its goals is, to the bureaucrat, protection of a worthy activity.

Every White House has had problems with the bureaucracy; the Nixon Administration, strapped for money, skeptical of federal programs, has many. The Nixon men therefore tend to suspect the bureaucracy, to shut it out of policy considerations, and to try to fill it with Republicans. (The latter effort is a matter of some controversy in Washington. There are many reports that people entering the bureaucracy at levels where, by law, their politics are supposed to be irrelevant are asked about their party affiliation. There were reports of this sort of questioning during the Johnson Administration, too. Republicans perhaps have to try harder because Republicans, by definition, are less attracted to government. Whatever the case, their suspicions about the large number of Democrats in the bureaucracy are not without basis, given the many years of Democratic control of it.)

Seesaw

The exigencies of coherent governing, plus the White House penchant for seclusion and suspicion, shaped the recent rearrangements. They also added to Washington terminology. The job description that signifies power was raised a notch. It no longer suffices to be a Cabinet officer, or even a White House assistant; one must be a "czar." This term does not show up in official announcements, of course, but everyone knows who the "czars" are: George Shultz, John Ehrlichman, Henry Kissinger, and Roy Ash, the new director of the Office of Management and Budget. ("Czars," by the way, do not have to be confirmed by Congress. Shultz needed confirmation to become Secretary of the Treasury, but by presidential fiat his economic policy domain now extends far beyond that.) These are the people with whom the President will deal on policy matters; they will bring him the information and transmit his decisions to the

WASHINGTON

rest of the government. Cabinet officers will have to be content with operating within this framework.

There was a very large question as to how consequential were all of the changes of personnel and organization announced during the transition from Nixon I to Nixon II. Even though the "Washington observers" knew this, the changes inevitably became the stuff of headlines, speculation, and talk. In spite of the fact that the policies of Nixon II already were pretty clear—or perhaps *because* of the fact that the policies were known and there was therefore little else to talk about—the new appointments filled many column inches and hours of conversation.

For example, when Elliot Richardson was transferred from the Secretary's chair at HEW to that at Defense, Washington observers considered a number of possibilities. The appointment might be viewed in the context of the relationship between Richardson and Henry Kissinger, which, when Richardson was Undersecretary of State at the beginning of the Nixon Administration, had been good. But that raised the question of whether that was good or bad for Richardson, in light of the rumor then making the rounds that Kissinger's standing with the President might not be as high as it once was. This was based on speculation, aired in a syndicated column by Tom Braden, that in his dealings with the North Vietnamese, Kissinger had exceeded his presidential charter. (Thus, according to this theory, he had announced that peace was "at hand" when it was not, since he had reached terms which were agreeable to neither Messrs. Thieu nor Nixon.) Richardson was chosen over Kenneth Rush, the Deputy Defense Secretary, one theory went, because Henry (all self-respecting Washington observers, whether or not they have ever met the man, refer to Kissinger as "Henry") had a low opinion of Rush. This, of course, assumed that Kissinger was in good standing. But then what did it mean when Rush was subsequently named Deputy Secretary of State? Was Rush being shunted aside (Kissinger

is up) or being positioned to succeed William Rogers (Kissinger is down)? Was Richardson being sent to Defense to slash its budget or to provide a liberal camouflage for its continued growth?

The columnists play an important part in the process of deciding these things. Those "Washington observers" read the columnists with a sharp eye out for tales officials are telling and for who is doing what to whom. James Reston, for example, wrote a column in early December entitled "And What Now About Henry?" (Reston, of course, does know Kissinger, and anyone worth talking to in Washington knew that the column was based upon a conversation with him.) Reston said that despite the reappointment of Rogers (Kissinger is up), Kissinger's future was unsettled in his own mind. Reston had some hard news. Kissinger was troubled, the column said, by the wide extent of his influence, and by being shielded by executive privilege from questioning by the Congress. Until the column appeared, Kissinger's anguish over these matters had not been a subject of much speculation.

Perilous

Guidance on the Richardson question was provided in columns by the writing team of Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. From them it was learned that Richardson's deputy at Defense, William Clements, a Texas conservative, had been selected not by Richardson but by the White House. This was a crucial signal, for Washington observers know that leaders who cannot choose their deputies are without power. The message to the civilian and military bureaucracy was that the new Secretary could be circumvented, and the Pentagon bureaucracy cannot be outdone at circumvention. A week later, the "defense community" was reported by the columnists to be in "a frenzy." It seemed that Richardson might exercise the option of choosing his own assistant secretaries, and was considering two young men who had opposed the war and certain defense spending. Washington observers knew that someone in the "defense community," where the columnists are known to have good

sources, was trying to sandbag the appointments and hog-tie Richardson.

It was, as the columnists said, "a classical Washington power struggle"—the sort of thing Washington observers love to read about over breakfast and talk about over lunch and dinner.

Although many in Washington had forgotten that the Department of Commerce existed, the removal of Peter Peterson as its Secretary became an important subject. It was known—such things become known—that Peterson had not asked to leave. The question, therefore, was why Peterson's career in the Nixon Administration had been derailed. Was it a move by the White House to curb the drive for the 1976 presidential nomination by Charles Percy, Peterson's former employer at Bell & Howell, and not exactly a White House favorite? While this was considered possible, other factors were given more weight. Peterson's style was too flamboyant; he spent too much time cultivating (successfully) the press; he turned up too often in Georgetown (for which read: homes of liberal journalists). It is perilous to negotiate the long passage from the White House to the Washington community of fashionable liberal journalists and politicians. One must tell the journalists and politicians just enough to interest and amuse them without arousing, back at the office, suspicions of disloyalty. Kissinger and presidential speechwriter William Safire, relying on their brains and disarming wit, succeeded. For others, the attempt proved fatal.

There may even have been policy considerations surrounding Peterson's demise. Had he, an advocate of liberal trade policies, run afoul of the protectionist-minded businessmen who are the Commerce Department's clientele? (While some Cabinet officers get in trouble for representing their Department's clientele too well, others can fall from grace for pleasing them insufficiently. Such was said to have been the fate of James Hodgson, who was removed as Secretary of Labor and replaced by Peter Brennan, a leader of a construction trade union and symbol of the Administration's hopes for a new Republic.)

can coalition. When Ronald Ziegler, the President's press secretary, announced that John Volpe would be named Ambassador to Italy, he pointed out that Volpe "started at the bottom of the construction trades as a hod carrier.")

The manner in which the announcements about personnel changes were made also told much about the capital during the period of transition from the first Nixon Administration to the second. The Cabinet appointments, once the subject of a television spectacular, were left to Ziegler. Neither the President nor the appointees were present. The communications between Ziegler and the press corps sank deeper and deeper into the trivia (the age, ninety-six, of a Pennsylvania state senator who was meeting with the President) and tired jokes (Kissinger's women) that have come to characterize these exchanges. Reporters who tired of waiting outside the formidable sets of fences at Camp David for Ziegler's news gathered in the White House press room, where the briefings were piped in over a loudspeaker. The scene was surreal. Reporters took notes and tape-recorded the disembodied voices. Perhaps in reaction to being at this still further remove from the realities of government, the reporters made wisecracks back to the loudspeaker. One day, the following exchange between the press secretary to the President of the United States and a member of the free press, guardians of democracy, came over the loudspeaker in the White House press room:

- Q. The last time the President was up here he was reported to be seen strolling around in a pair of flared purple trousers. I wonder if you are prepared to confirm that he has such a pair.
- A. Well, he wears sports clothes up here from time to time. I think "flared" is a little exaggerated. Some of his slacks don't have cuffs on them [laughter]. I mean he's a regular guy. He wears sports clothes [laughter].
- Q. Does he have a purple pair?
- A. I don't know if he has a purple pair. He has other colors. He has blue, maroon, and other colors. . . .

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THE COMMON MARKET

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The overriding American enthusiasm of the past for a unified Europe has given way steadily in the Nixon Administration to an attitude which often seems to be little short of open hostility—less so, to be sure, in vital political and security matters and in the routine pronouncements of Atlantic idealism, but barely concealed when it comes to problems of trade, of monetary and economic affairs, which, after all, are the mortar of European unity. Now that the Common Market embraces more people and greater monetary reserves, produces more automobiles, has a higher sustained growth rate and a bigger portion of world trade than the United States, a major confrontation seems inevitable.

And somewhat paradoxically, this growing American antagonism is becoming a new spur to European unity and common purpose, replacing that American pushing and prodding and encouragement which Europeans got used to in the days of Dean Acheson, and later from Dean Rusk and George Ball. As Doctor Johnson remarked about facing the hangman, "It concentrates the mind wonderfully." The hectoring American demands that Europe help the United States out of its monetary and trade difficulties serve to concentrate European minds on the task of defining European interests, a European position, and a European policy.

The result may turn out to be not at all what former Treasury Secretary John Connally and his associates either expected or wanted. The old Nixon team did not think this part of the equation through with much intellectual depth, let alone

sensitivity or feeling for the situation which has been developing in the past eighteen months as Britain, Eire, and Denmark moved toward Common Market membership. The Administration has now proclaimed that "this will be Europe's year"—that the concentration of White House diplomacy will soon be switched from Vietnam, Moscow, and Peking to Brussels and the capitals of the Common Market countries. But there is not much about the new cast of characters in Washington to indicate that American attitudes or understandings are likely to be more sophisticated now that Nixon's second term has begun and the Common Market has grown from six to nine.

"Blackmail"

Andrew Shonfield, director of Britain's Royal Institute of International Affairs at Chatham House in London, dealt at length with this changing transatlantic perspective recently in the annual Reith Lectures. He said: "The new American political tactics, as they have emerged in the 1970s, appear to be an attempt to blackmail the Europeans into creating the collective authority which they lack by presenting them with the threat of massive inaction by the United States. The theory is that once the Europeans realize that leadership and initiative are no longer coming from the United States, they will produce some leadership of their own. I suspect that this ploy may have some long-term consequences that the Americans may find by no means convenient. It is always risky to invite a number of people to look for a means of agreeing among themselves by ganging up against you. They may, after all, find one."

Shonfield goes on to say that the Nixon Administration's attitude toward the enlarged Common Market is based on a delusion, because "the Americans in fact lost their secluded playground some time ago." He sees, unhappily, "immense scope for mutual misunderstanding" in the situation which is now developing. But he believes that in the end the United States has too much at stake in the world economic and financial systems, and in European security, simply to carry its attitudes to a

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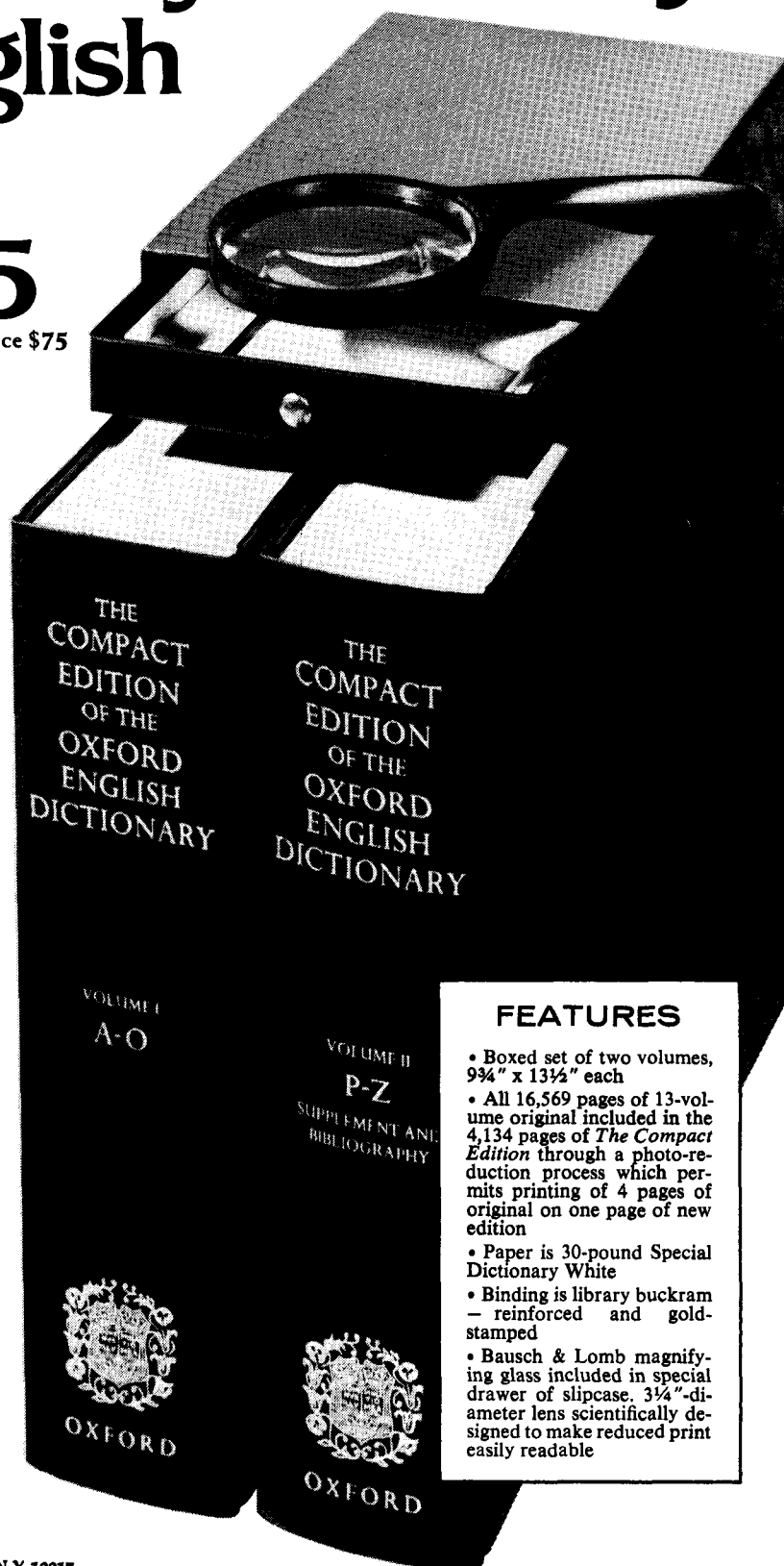
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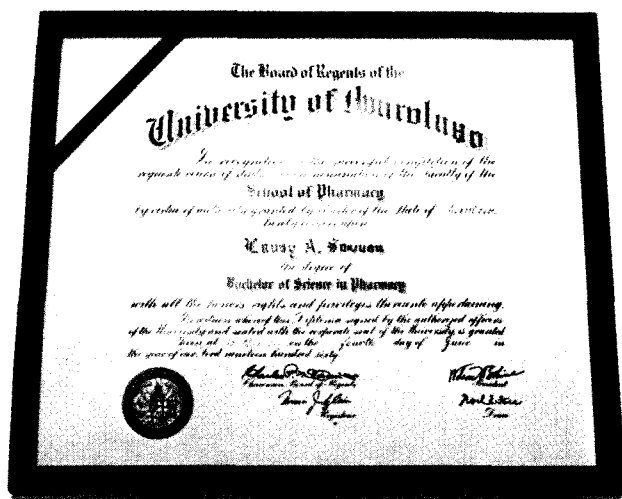
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COMMON MARKET

logical conclusion and opt out if it does not get what it wants. Shonfield could be wrong; but if he is wrong, it will be just as dangerous for the United States as for Europe. In any case, given the prevailing hard-nosed approach to Europe from Washington, and the growing sense of common interest which this is already forcing on the enlarged Common Market, it seems clear that "Europe's year" is not going to be an easy one.

At the same time that Europe faces pressures from Washington for prompt policy decisions and the start of negotiations on trade questions, preferential arrangements, and monetary reform, the Common Market will be working out its own new internal balance of power. This is not merely the mechanics of the enlargement of the Market. It is a matter too of the personalities of the Market's new commissioners, the portfolios of community responsibility assigned to each, and the impact of a whole new echelon of civil servants who will be arriving in Brussels in the months ahead from London, Copenhagen, and Dublin. They will move in alongside the entrenched and perhaps somewhat ossified and resentful Eurocrats from France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg, many of whom have been on the scene ever since the Common Market set up business in 1958.

Nobody knows precisely how the new enlarged Common Market machinery will shake down, but everybody agrees that the role which the British play and the manner in which they play it will be decisive. And the first thing to be said is that at every step of the way for the last two years, the British have shown clear determination to place their new European commitment ahead of the comfortable old transatlantic Anglo-Saxon special relationship on which they have doted for so long. It has served both nations, history, and the world well. But now it can safely be confined, along with the Queen and the Commonwealth, to the English Speaking Union and toasts when the port is passed after dinner. The real British special relationship is now with Europe.

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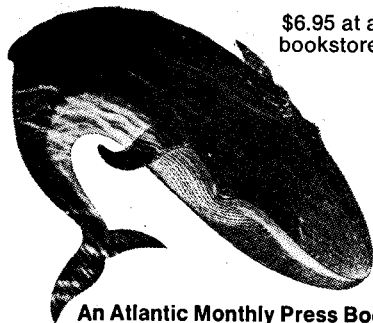
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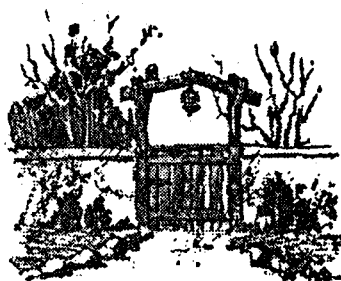


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COMMON MARKET

As a simple measure of the change, there are already more British diplomats assigned to Brussels than there are serving in Washington, which ever since the war years has been Britain's largest diplomatic outpost in the world. When another eight hundred British civil servants arrive to join the ranks of the Eurocrats, the British official colony in Brussels will be very sizable indeed.

Moreover, the British are aiming at introducing into the Brussels bureaucracy not just efficient paper-pushers but men who can effectively make policy and decisions. The vetting process by which well over two thousand applicants for Common Market jobs are being sifted is a very rigorous one. Technically, the hiring is done by the Common Market Commission's administrative directorate, not by the British government, but the preliminary selection in London determines the caliber of those who will cross the Channel.

The Common Market bureaucracy, in order to ensure complete integration and "European character," is organized so that each civil servant is sandwiched above and below by a civil servant from another country. In other words, a Frenchman never reports to another Frenchman at Common Market headquarters. The only exception is at the very top, where each of the thirteen commissioners (two each from Britain, France, Italy, and West Germany, one each from Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, Denmark, and Eire) appoints his own personal executive assistant from his own country's civil service. Inevitably, this means that the Brussels machinery is geared more for national apportionment of jobs than it is for intellectual brilliance and efficiency. But this also means that well-placed civil servants of proven ability can gain ascendancy within the system over others who are primarily filling out a national box on the administrative charts.

In addition to seeking out high-caliber civil servants for Brussels, the British have named two commissioners who will be hard to outshine in the years ahead. The first is Sir Christopher Soames, a robust,

ebullient, Tory gentleman farmer, son-in-law of the great Sir Winston, with a Churchillian girth and appetite and personality. The second British commissioner is George Thomson, a warm, forceful, down-to-earth Scotsman from the Labour Party, who was in charge of negotiations to enter Europe when Labour was in power in Britain and who, unlike his party leader, Harold Wilson, has not abandoned his European principles and beliefs. They will clearly give plenty of British leadership at the top in Brussels—Soames in charge of the Common Market's external relations, in effect its foreign minister, and Thomson in charge of Common Market regional development policies.

By contrast, the French had an exceptional chance to maintain their strong front in Brussels, but President Pompidou seems to have muffed it. Under Common Market rules, it was France's turn to name the Commissioner President for the next two years. But instead of picking a figure of forceful intelligence who might match or balance the strong new British arrivals, Pompidou has sent to Brussels a singularly uninspiring and unoriginal ex-Cabinet minister, François-Xavier Ortoli, whose credentials as an ardent Gaullist and close associate of the French President's do not promise any particularly dynamic leadership for Europe.

"We are going to be up against real professionals from now on in Brussels," a French diplomat, experienced in Common Market matters, said recently. "The Germans have never had much self-confidence about Common Market issues in the past, and the Italians, while individually brilliant, have not counted for much because of the chronic weakness of Italian governments. But the British are arriving on the scene with strength, and I am afraid that Pompidou hasn't sufficiently recognized the need to match this. He may feel that France can control things from a distance, or through summit meetings and government-to-government contacts, but it will be a great strategic error for us not to maintain a very strong presence in Brussels—especially now."

The British have given few clues about their own strategic objectives within the Common Market—delib-

Mysore-Nov.10

Fairyland, the illuminated gardens of Brindavan.

Palaces everywhere.

A gentle land...I revel in the silks and sandalwood.

Bangalore, a garden city where flowers are in eternal bloom.

Madras-Nov.14

To me, an anachronism. Ancient India strives with the 20th Century.

I find it so totally different from the north.

Almost another world.

Nearby, Mahabalipuram, the city of seven pagodas.

1200 years old.

Out of solid rock, masterful carvings...I wait for the birds to arrive at Tirukkalikundram.

For countless years they've kept their rendezvous with the priests.

Kerala-Nov.16

Long boats in peaceful backwaters.

Untouched by time.

Once a matriarchal society; the women smile, knowing Women's Lib happened here a long time ago.

Churches everywhere.

Christians here since the 1st Century.

The oldest Jewish synagogue too.

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I watch what looks like the occupants of Noah's Ark...Wild elephants outside my window, trumpeting.

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Hawaii

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On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu.

COMMON MARKET

erately holding back on many issues and problems until they are thoroughly settled in and more certain of how decisions are made in Brussels. For example, a complete overhaul and renegotiation of the Common Market's agricultural policy is inevitable, and the British will have some very strong ideas about what has to be done. But they are aware that others, such as the Dutch and the Germans, are fed up with the present system, and that its revision will involve a major battle with the French. So Britain is waiting to back somebody else in the opening rounds rather than force the issue or show her own hand.

On the other hand, the British came out in open opposition to President Pompidou last summer over a French proposal to establish a Common Market political secretariat with headquarters in Paris. The British were all for a secretariat, but dead against having it in Paris. They lined up with West Germany and the rest of the Common Market countries to give Pompidou a diplomatic black eye, with the result that in the end the whole proposal was quietly shelved. The issue will have to be revived in the not too distant future, since some strengthening of Common Market political machinery is a necessity. But a secretariat should be in Brussels in order to concentrate rather than diffuse the Market.

More European

After this exercise, the British then turned around and sided with France against West Germany at the European summit conference in Paris in October on the important issue of "institutionalizing" Common Market relationships with the United States. German Chancellor Willy Brandt pressed hard for a proposal, supported by the Common Market Commission and enthusiastically welcomed by the Americans, to set up some kind of permanent special committee to deal with the growing complexity of trade and economic relations between Washington and Brussels. Pompidou was opposed, for vague Gaullist reasons, fearing that the

Common Market might lose its "European identity" if it created a special link with the United States. He even argued that the Soviet Union might ask for such a special link as well. Whatever British Prime Minister Edward Heath thought of these arguments, he decided not to press for something which the Americans badly wanted. No doubt he remembered all that Gaullist talk about Britain becoming a "Trojan horse" for America inside the Common Market.

The question of a special link or of the institutionalizing of relations between the United States and the Common Market, therefore, remains at the top of the agenda for the Nixon Administration in "Europe's year." But this will also be a year in which Europe becomes more European. At the summit conference in Paris last October, the nine heads of government of the enlarged Common Market worked with almost grim determination to put together a work program for the rest of this decade which would combine inspiration with substance, meaningful action with high-sounding goals. It is a program which touches everything from regional development to the establishment of monetary union and the creation of a European equivalent of the American Federal Reserve system. Along with Pompidou, Heath set the tone and the goal when he told the summit meeting: "The community is now coming to take its place as a major power in the world."

Now that Britain is firmly and unequivocally inside the Common Market, with two strong commissioners sitting in Brussels and a diplomatic and civil service backing them up, the United States is likely to find that Britain rather than France will be the major architect, exponent, and arbiter of Europe's interests. At any rate, it will be a Britain which places Europe's needs ahead of America's problems. For the men who shaped United States policy toward Europe in the Marshall-Acheson-Dulles-Rusk era, dealing with this new relationship would be an inspiring and rewarding challenge, a great success story. For the Nixon Administration, it threatens to become a squabble over soybeans, shoes, and oranges.

—DON COOK

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Innocent Bystander

Pass the
Outrage, Please

by L. E. Sissman

This kind of nonsense has got to stop.

Last month, I took one of the editors of this magazine to lunch in Boston at a brand-new restaurant called Mamma Leone's, a gargantuan—750 seats, I think—spin-off of the original Mamma Leone's in New York. (At first blush, a showboat of these proportions seemed a bit overblown even for its proud proprietors, Restaurant Associates; on reflection, though, it appeared a more or less logical extension of some of R.A.'s more garish New York productions.) The Boston version, for all its vastness, unblushingly featured a cameo portrait of the original Mamma in its ads, which went on to suggest *alla famiglia* feasts of liver-boggling proportions: "Eat & eat & eat," the headlines said.

We arrived at Mamma's around 12:30 P.M. on a weekday; at this point, the restaurant had been in operation for a number of weeks, or well past its shakedown cruise. After disadmiring the *décor*—lavish marble floors clashing with amateurish frescoes of Vesuvian landscapes and a heavy-handed swagging of red, white, and green in the main dining room—we found ourselves disadmiring the unwillingness of the servitors to serve. The waiters and waitresses, who were present in supernumerary abundance, seemed all to be deeply occupied in side work: flapping tablecloths, filling grated-cheese shakers, avoiding the few customers' eyes. Finally, after about ten minutes, a young man came, making it clear we were not his station, and otherwise pleasantly took our drink order. Interim. Time

flowed slower than the Tiber in midsummer. Then a peasant-costumed waitress, who had been standing thirty feet away and staring at our table for some minutes, lurched across, flipped up the edge of our tablecloth, muttered "Fifty-seven?" with surprise, and decided she was ours to command. We explained about the drinks, which had not yet arrived. She went off—about ten feet off—and remonstrated with the aforesaid young man for usurping her station, eventually returning with our drinks.

My friend tasted his martini, which looked rather special. It was. A cloudy crocus-yellow in color, it appeared to be about one to one. A taste verified this: one part vermouth, one part something suspiciously like water. It was, in a word, undrinkable, except perhaps to watered-vermouth drinkers. We cast about for the waitress to send it back. No waitress. She had retreated into the grotto, or possibly ghetto, behind the frescoes. Another relaxing fifteen-minute wait, spent toying with menus that featured such authentic paisannerie as "Pizza, per slice" and "Meatball Sandwich," along with such more expectable items as manicotti, veal parmigiana, and chicken tetrazzini. At last she returned to take our order: too late to send back the drink, of course. My friend ordered fettucine; I chose veal parmigiana.

Another pause—but this time, I solemnly swear, not more than fifty seconds. Two steaming plates were plunked before us. Cooked to order? In a minute? Visions of radars—something new in Latium—danced in our heads, but only till we tasted our messes (the just word). Then steam tables replaced them in our minds' eyes. My friend's fettucine—which the waitress had permissively pronounced "fetta-seeny"—was, in his pithy summation, "blankety." My cutlet could not be disposed of so succinctly: of the texture of an indifferent Egg Foo Yong and delicately smothered in a fire-engine-red and highly American tomato sauce, it evaded classification, perhaps because it was, mercifully, *sui generis*.

We had to admit the bread—Italian, what else, with sesame seeds—was good, as was the hearty, if tepid, espresso (called "expresso," nat-

urally, by the young waiter, who was mysteriously back). The check was less edifying, considering (a) that I had asked the waitress, in my friend's momentary absence, to deliver it to me, whereupon, on his return, she instantly presented it to him, and (b) that the execrable lunch had come to fifteen dollars, and had featured the first martini that, on his own admission, my friend had ever been unable to finish.

Granted that Boston is a terrible restaurant town, which, if it is ever visited by a convention of Frenchmen, will be razed to the heaving Back Bay mud in minutes; granted that Mamma Leone's, in this incarnation, had not been long in operation; granted that my friend and I are more finicking eaters than most; still it must be said that yellow martinis and steam-table entrées are at best inexcusable, at worst a swindle and an outrage.

If this were an isolated example, we might be more willing to take our gastronomic lumps and sidle dyspeptically away. But it's not. Day after day, eating in restaurants of all kinds and pretensions, Americans are sated with gimmicky *décor* and starved of decent cookery. On the lowest level, one can cross the country on our magnificent interstate without ever tasting an edible meal in those ghastly roadside HoJos and Savarins serving portion-controlled croquettes under a concession license, with *de absentee massa far*, far away. Closer to home, the same standardized prole food is as readily available on any urban strip of cars and gas and Burger Kings. Despite the cautionary collapse following the great franchise boom of the late sixties, fast-food (ugh!) restaurants still proliferate.

But that's being a bit unfair. There is, after all, some social utility in a quick, unpretentious place that fills your gut for under a dollar, especially if you bring the ravening, indiscriminating kids, and one or two of the chains—notably Friendly Ice Cream, in the Northeast, and Col. Sanders, all over—do dispense some pretty reliable and palatable food. The bone I appositely pick is rather with the more expensive . . . I guess the only sufficiently awful word is "eateries." These, of course, have levels, too.

In the nationwide motel chains,

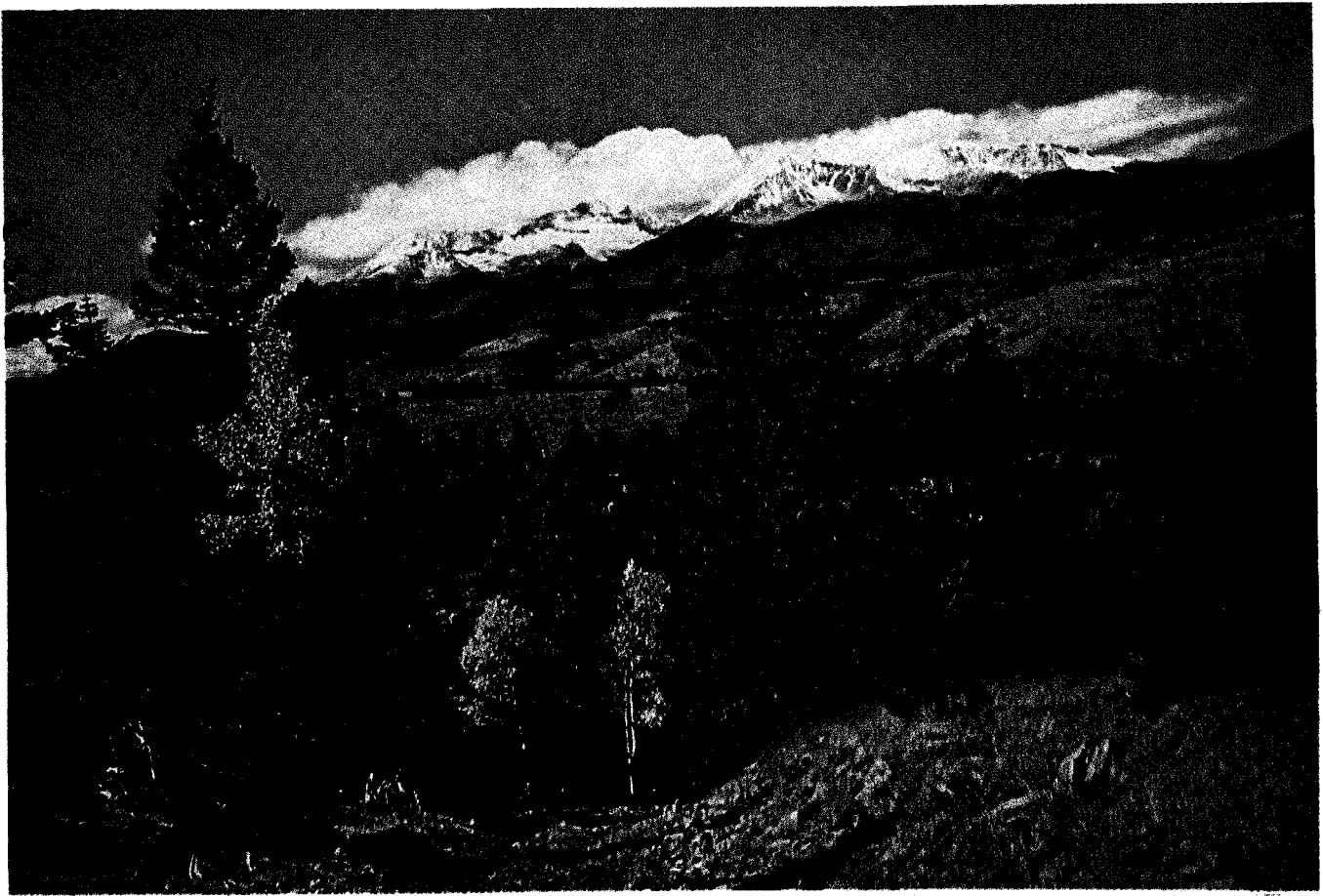


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BYSTANDER

there's always a King Arthur's Court with its attendant Round Table Bar, or, to mix periods, something done with a fine and lavish hand, Olde Stratford Pub or Bit & Bridle or Yankee Tavern. In the worst and most modern, the drinks are mixed by a computerized automaton. They are quite dreadful, but this arrangement has the considerable virtue of permitting The Management to hire a busboy dressed as a bartender instead of the real article. The food in the restaurant is quite dreadful, too. Steak and roast beef are the only remotely possible choices; the steak is one of your few chances to acquaint yourself with the glories of Utility Grade; the King's Own Prime Rib on Groaning Board is cold and gristly. Gravies, like soups, are out of institutional-size cans; salad dressings, slathered on limp, brown lettuce and cellulose hothouse tomatoes, taste of indefinable industrial chemicals forged in Clifton, N.J. Desserts are made by the mile and sawed off by the foot in huge hygienic bakeries, after which they're topped with clouds of tempting hydrogenated vegetable oil, or something worse.

On the walls round about are hung artificial artifacts—huge sommeliers' keys capable of opening the dungeons of the Bastille, shields and targes, halberds, half-suits of sixteenth-century armor, sporting prints brown with old varnish applied just yesterday. Tap the collection and you'll find much of it is either plaster or plastic, suitably sprayed; tap a knowledgeable developer, and you'll find that most of these restaurant and pub décors come out of a fat book of standard interiors, sold by the yard, like fake book-backs, to restaurateurs who don't want to get involved. (I once walked into a new Chinese restaurant that was filled with a floor-to-ceiling fretwork of blinding golden dragons. An architect friend who happened to be with me assured me that this was merely The Mandarin, Interior #1161 in the handy builders' crib book.)

On the chain-motel and shopping-plaza circuit, there is also, and always, Muzak. (The Chinese ex-

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gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.
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travaganza belied its prefab opulence by playing medleys of American show tunes.) This—but not much else—is missing on the next highest level, the chain hotel and independent roadhouse. Here the décor is much the same, though probably a tad more costly, but things look up in two or three respects: the waiters are real, if surly, waiters, the steak and roast beef are Good or Choice, and, alas, the check is larger. If you stick with the beef you're safe, and there's no Muzak to shout out. But the overall effect is deadening, because there's seldom or never an attempt to relate the place to the city it's in, its nature, or its history. Too expensive, I suppose, for a mass-feeding operation whose only goal is profit.

Among the most insidious joints of this class is what might be called the Jock Roadhouse, though it often sits in the center of a city. The J.R. is decorated with trophies, blurry autographed photos of the near-great and ungreat, see-through bar girls, and, infrequently, Thine Host (not mine, by God!), who has been suckered into lending his name as a front for this madness and must sometimes Show His Head and Heart to the People, as they did to King Charles after his execution. If you'd like a little side bet, I'll give you odds the food in the Jock Roadhouse is unspeakable.

Next rung up: the pseudo-classy theme restaurant, like Mamma Leone's. The reasoning here is simple: it takes years of constant personal attention to build a good ethnic restaurant (and this covers a lot of ground, from P. J. Clarke's to L'Armorique to La Bilbaina to the ancient original of Mamma Leone's). Since many people who would like to patronize such a place can't get in, either for reasons of clubbability or because the place is just too tiny, why not run up a counterfeit or two and see what happens? These ethnic theme places have several things in common: generally tasteful and expensive décor in the appropriate style, though often reproduced instead of real, for obvious reasons; pretty good to very good (but never excellent) food at first, often simmering down to mediocrity soon afterward; a hell of a clever advertising campaign, designed to convince the unwary and

the new to town that this is the old, original Hungarian Whatsit, doing business at the same old stand under the management of Franz and Josef since before . . . well, yesterday. A whole cast of folk heroes who never were has been created by the theme-men and the admen: Charley O, Charley Brown, Gatsby (and, for God's sake, Daisy Buchanan, too), the new, phony Mamma (as opposed to the real, old Mamma), and many more. Why, if the food is lacking in individuality, do they survive? Because they're selling *entertainment*—a promise of mood—to indiscriminating people, a lot of whom are socking the check to the expense account, anyway.

One unfortunate effect of this is that it tends to kill the few really good places—the last of the top-class restaurants, run by dedicated people who won't have a bad meal on their conscience, and who must charge accordingly. If you can buy a big, black, shiny car with a pseudo-Rolls-Royce grille for one-third the price of a Rolls, why buy the Rolls? Your neighbors will never know the difference. If you can wine and dine

and entertain a client at some splashy place with a menu the size of a surfboard and Second Empire chandeliers (the barmaids are Second Empire French maids, naturally), why seek out a real French restaurant where the menu will be unintelligible and the waiters will snicker at your French?

The massness of everything American is obviously at fault. But it galls "the man who cares" to pay near-class prices for mass feeding, no matter how ingeniously tawdry the décor. Why, then, don't I protest in person at the time of the incident, rather than here and now? Well, a certain American diffidence, a reluctance to make a scene in public, I guess. And maybe a certain sneaking realization that it's part of a social contract that all of us have tacitly signed, that sham and shoddiness (and indigestion) are part of the price we pay for our freedom, mobility, and affluence. But is that game worth the plastic electric candle with fake-plastic wax drips stuck in the fake Chianti bottle on the fake-rococo table? I doubt it.

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THE MAIL

MELLON COLLECTION

SIR: In his fascinating revelations of how Andrew Mellon assembled his great art collection ("The Mellon Collection," December *Atlantic*), John Walker expresses puzzlement over why the Soviet government, in 1930, placed such importance on "the few million dollars realized from the sale of works of art. . . ." The answer lies in the Soviet need for international exchange to finance purchases abroad of capital goods for the program of heavy industrialization initiated under Stalin after 1928. The main resource for creating the modern Russian industrial economy was, of course, the labor of the Soviet citizenry; but the income derived from the sale of artworks played a considerable role in helping to accelerate the process of industrialization. Mr. Walker's account demonstrates that the Soviet commissars of the early thirties were shrewd traders who did not prematurely show their hand—much like their bureaucratic descendants, who, in the world market for wheat in the spring of 1972, gained a price advantage by prudently masking their moves.

WILLIAM GREENLEAF
Durham, N.H.

SIR: Thank you for the excellent reproductions of National Gallery art in your December issue. Thank you especially for the detail reproduced on the cover. I grew up in Washington, D.C., and the Marchesa Balbi was my favorite painting.

JOAN SILBER
Fullerton, Calif.

SIR: Apropos the biographical data on Andrew Mellon in your Decem-

ber issue: the 1920-1921 edition of *Who's Who in America* gives Mellon's birth year as 1852, but does not include a birth date. The 1922-1923 edition advances his birth year to 1854 and provides March 24 as a birth date. That birth date continued in subsequent editions through the balance of his life. The 1928-1929 and subsequent editions, however, gave 1855 as his birth year. That year subsequently became accepted by encyclopedias and other reference sources.

Since the people whose biographies appear in *Who's Who* provide data about themselves, the foregoing is a not uninteresting commentary on how a titan in finance can succumb to a petty vanity after acquiring national prominence.

JAMES E. FOSTER
Peoria, Ill.

SIR: I must tell you at once how I am enjoying the beautiful December 1972 issue of your magazine. The Van Dyck on the cover is one I had never seen, and the Holbein is my favorite Holbein, and the Goya my favorite Goya, so you can just imagine how glad I was to find such a treasure on the newsstands. As you said in your editorial, "the times . . . are dispiriting," but if guys like you are printing cover photos like the happy face of Van Dyck's Marchesa, all is not lost.

JANE RILEY BOWERS
San Antonio, Tex.

ORGONOMY

SIR: The orgone box ("Reich at the Orgone Box," December *Atlantic*) is a structure made of successive layers of organic and inorganic material. To build, process, and perhaps to

describe one is a crime. The Food and Drug Administration has ruled (*sic*) that nothing but air exists in such a box—and that it is harmless and useless. Because he refused to accept such absurdities, Wilhelm Reich was put into the prison where he died.

Your reviewer Paul Robinson says, "For all its complacency, its conservatism, and its potential destructiveness, science at least maintains respect for intellectual discipline."

But science does not spring fully formed from the brows of reasonable speculators. It originates in the unreasonable, the fantastic, the imaginative. It is the tired mind and the timid soul that long for a return to the dubious certainties of mechanistic rationalism.

Reich was close to the realities and to the creative spirit of our times. He was the kind of man who throughout history has been crucified by intolerant realists like Paul Robinson.

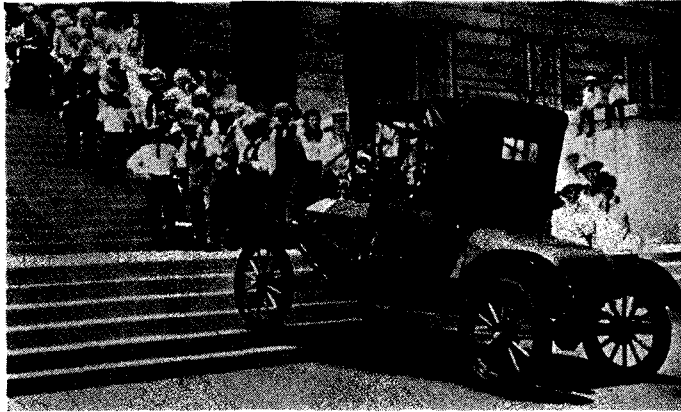
HOWARD LANDY
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR: The existence of orgone energy is verifiable electroscopically, with a compass, thermically, visually, and with a Geiger counter. Anyone who has ever used the orgone accumulator regularly, or tried out some of the experiments outlined in Reich's *The Cancer Biopathy* will satisfy himself of the existence of orgone energy.

SOPHIA HEALY
Eagle Bridge, N.Y.

SIR: Paul A. Robinson is guilty of associating Wilhelm Reich with the ideology of the political left, perhaps because some of Reich's earlier

We built Ford Pinto to follow in the steps of the rugged old Model T.



Back in 1911, publicity stunts were the fashion in the car business.

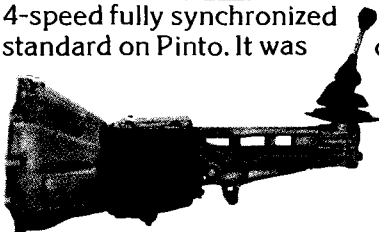
Like coaxing a Model T up the steps of the State Capitol in Nashville, Tenn., to impress people with its ruggedness.

But now it's sixty years later. And even though we want you to be just as impressed with Pinto's ruggedness—we figure we'd better give you some facts and figures. Not stunts.



The Pinto engine. (Above.) Rugged and reliable. Improved and perfected in more than 10 years of driving in small Ford-built cars all over the world. Easy on gas, simple to maintain.

The Pinto transmission. A floor-mounted 4-speed fully synchronized transmission is designed to be "lubed for life". All it should need is inspection during routine dealer maintenance.



The Pinto body. Unitized into one piece of welded steel, with steel guard rails in the door, steel reinforcements in the roof. And a surprising amount of room inside.



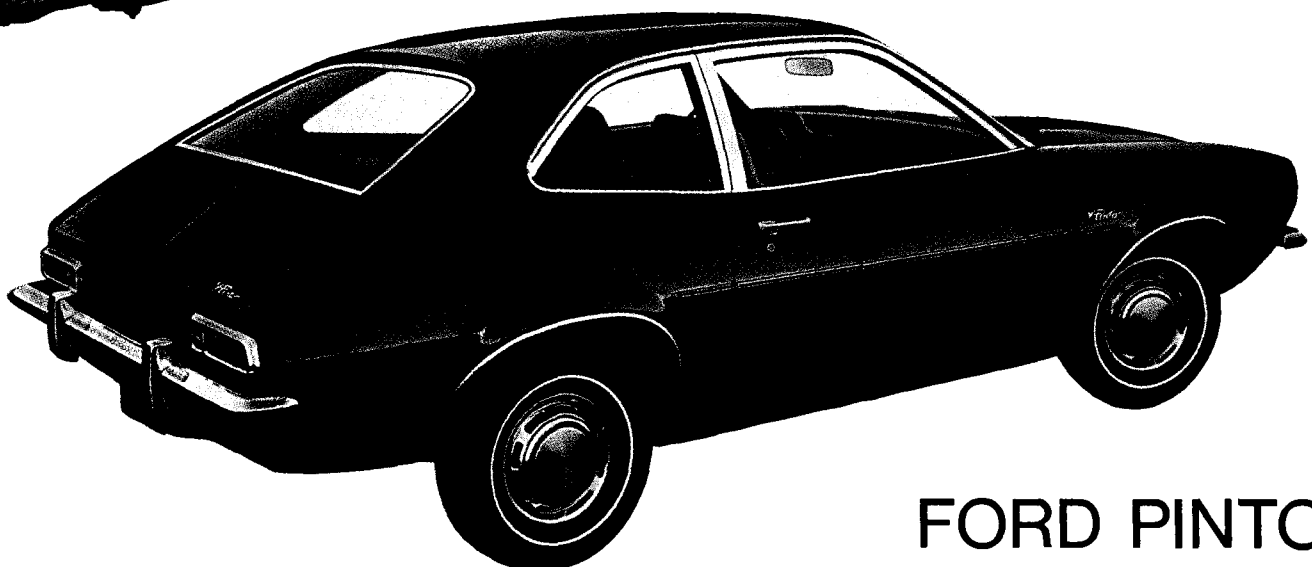
Extra-strength parts. Many Pinto components could be used in much bigger cars: the ball joints in the front suspension (below), the universal joint, starter motor, rear wheel bearings.



We built Ford Pinto to be a rugged, durable, basic car—a car that could follow in the footsteps of the legendary Model T.

See all the 1973 Pintos at your Ford Dealer's: 2-door sedan, 3-door Runabout, and the popular Pinto Wagon.

When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.



Shown here is a 1973 Pinto sedan with optional whitewall tires, accent and deluxe bumper groups.

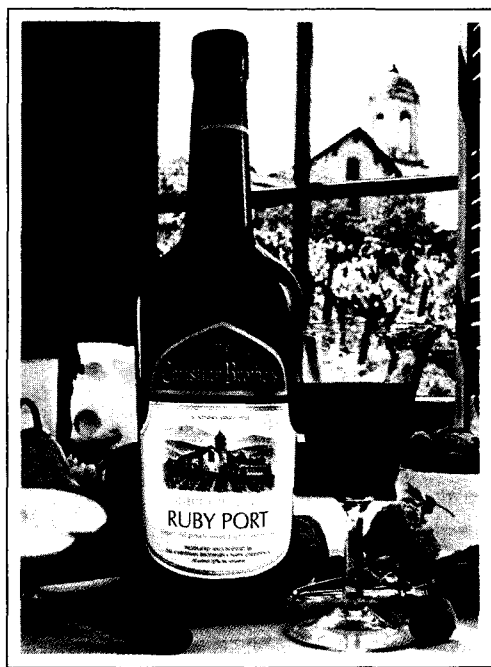
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"Our Ports call for good friends and good times. Their fine mellow taste starts with our own selection of grapes... our own unhurried timetable for aging. Our own standards of quality. All are traditions we will never change."

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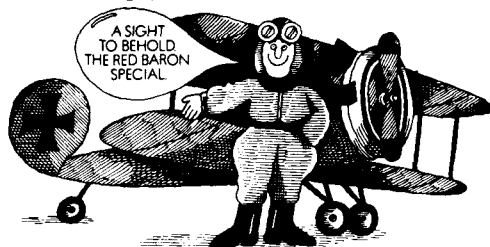
Do a little sight-seeing before you go on vacation.

We don't think of South Carolina as just another place to take a vacation. of places like the Wings and sights, and a few hundred

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writings are compatible with left-wing politics. Mr. Robinson fails to inform his readers that Wilhelm Reich later on disavowed his associations with the Communist Party (the Party disavowed Reich, also) and that Reich soon came to characterize Communism (or Red Fascism) as part of the emotional plague of mankind.

This disaffection is disregarded and written off by leftist intellectuals on the grounds that Reich fell into a trap of "elaborate biological fantasy." Reich's later discoveries are obviously antithetical to left-wing dogma; hence the allegations that Reich flipped out or went "crazy."

To say, as Mr. Robinson does, that some of Reich's works seem "curiously suited to the evolving tastes of the counterculture, notably its penchant for astrology and evangelical religion" is a distortion and is unfair.

Astrology and evangelical religion tend to get lost in "spirits." Both schools are (just as left-politics is) concerned with heroes, heroes who will enlighten the masses, heroes who will define the prevailing mode of thought and philosophy for the masses. And both religion and politics miss the point, which is that man's biological potential to live Life is innate in man, and that no system of philosophy is the key to releasing it.

Whereas politics attributes human actions to economics, and religion attributes these actions to spirits (which may be intuitively "felt" but not understood), orgonomy realizes that our actions are the result of either the free or the blocked passage of substantive biological energy, energy which is scientifically understood and soundly differentiated from the speculative metaphysical phenomena.

WILLIAM KOEHNLEIN
New York City

SCHOOL BUSING

SIR: In Frank Barrows' article on "School Busing: Charlotte, N.C." (November *Atlantic*), one sentence is seriously misleading. Writing about the immediate aftermath of the Charlotte desegregation decision three years ago, he refers to the *Charlotte Observer* as "a newspaper

which had staunchly supported busing until the economic effect of a drop in circulation caused a tempering of its position."

Mr. Barrows would have been more accurate if he had written that the *Observer* staunchly supported the desegregation of the Charlotte-Mecklenburg school system as ordered by District Judge James B. McMillan.

That order did not limit the school board's options to busing alone, but specifically mentioned re-districting, the use of feeder schools, pairing and clustering as other options, and indeed, invited the board to come up with a plan of its own.

It is true that the *Observer* lost some subscribers during this period, but the major losses were outside Mecklenburg County and were primarily due to an increase of ten cents a week in the home-delivered price of the newspaper. An analysis of circulation stops inside Mecklenburg County showed that our position on desegregation was a negligible factor.

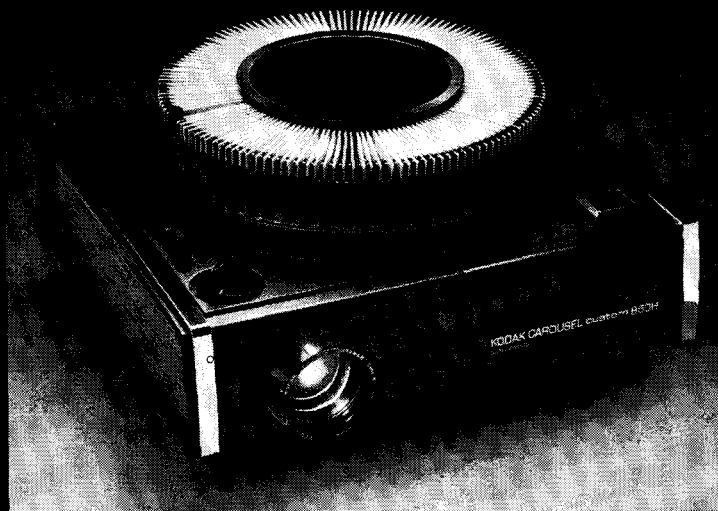
We lost more papers in 1955 and 1956 when we supported the second Brown implementation decree. Our stand was not popular then, especially with our South Carolina readers.

Finally, the *Charlotte Observer* has never "tempered" its position on the matter. For a long time it was virtually the only strong voice in the community which steadfastly supported the court order and, apart from that, the desirability of school integration.

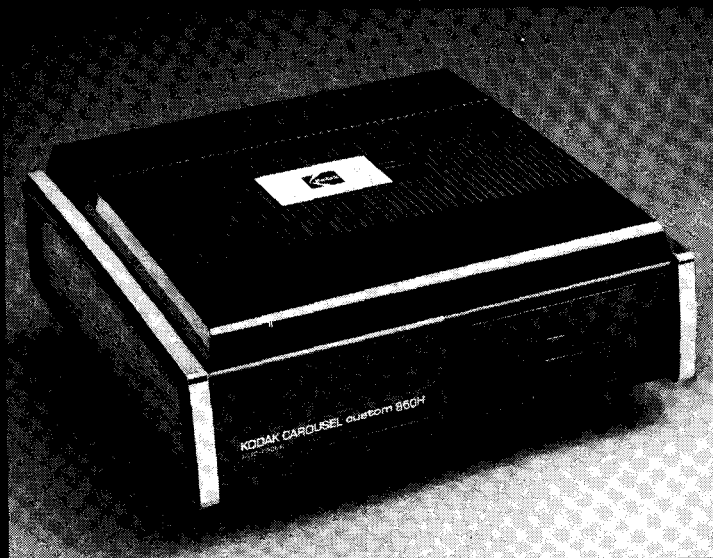
It fully supported, and supports, crosstown busing to achieve that end in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. It has never backed away from that position; nor has it chosen to avoid comment at any stage of desegregation.

Last May six civil rights organizations, including the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., cited four Southern newspapers which had been outstanding in coverage and commentary on their communities' school desegregation

The Atlantic welcomes communications from readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless stipulated, is free for publication in our letters column.



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Continental
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Dépôts Légaux

ROME

Gigli - Via Veneto
Pieroni - Via Veneto
Nino - Piazza Esedra (Corner of
Via Nazionale)
Liboll - Piazza del Cinquecento
Gramsci - Via Gramsci
Fao - Via Aventino
Liva - Piazza di Spagna
Piazza Navona
And six newsstands at Fiumicino Airport

problems. Their report, entitled "It's Not Over in the South," said this:

The Charlotte *Observer* has also provided leadership in covering that district's tortuous route through the courts, in treating the district's problems and potential in a balanced and thorough manner, and in calling for the district to fulfill its constitutional obligations.

C. A. MCKNIGHT
Editor

The Charlotte Observer
Charlotte, N.C.

SAILING

SIR: Someone should have checked the sailing terms in the April Smith story ("Sailing") in the December issue. There are no "cleats" on a mainsail (or any other sail)—what clicks against a mast is a halyard, though not when the sail is hoisted. Worse: one never refers to a sail as a "sheet"—a sheet is only a line on a boat! Also, you don't "drift" into something because of not "reefing," something that is done only in a heavy wind. You don't "lose" a "jib line," though the jib sheet or jib halyard might break.

PAMELA C. FORCEY
New York City

April Smith replies:

Unpleasant situations may arise while reefing the sails in a high wind, one of which is *drifting* when momentarily out of control. (Drift: 3. the deviation of a ship, airplane, rocket, etc., from its path, caused by side currents or winds—*Webster's New World Dictionary*.) Also, the jib line may be "lost" due to the inattention of someone supposed to be holding on to it. It then flaps over the side. Mrs. Forcey is right about the cleats and sheets, however.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover:—Edward Sorel

4—Lev Polyakov

41,43

45,47—Edward Sorel

49,51

78,81—Edward Gorey

85—Alan Cober

Contributors

ELIZABETH DREW is *The Atlantic's* Washington Editor.

DON COOK covers Europe for the *Los Angeles Times*.

GAVIN LAMBERT writes for and about the movies; his books include *Inside Daisy Clover* and the recently published *On Cukor*.

W. S. MERWIN is the author of a forthcoming collection of poetry, *Asian Figures*.

WARD JUST's stories about Washington will be published later this year under the title *The Congressman Who Loved Flaubert and Other Washington Stories*.

ANNA AKHMATOVA's *Poems*, selected, translated, and introduced by Stanley Kunitz with Max Hayward, will be published this spring.

VANCE BOURJAILY, novelist and farmer, is the author of a forthcoming book, *Country Matters*.

MARY MANNING recently returned to her native Dublin after many years in the United States. Her Report from Belfast appeared in the May, 1972, *Atlantic*.

JOYCE CAROL OATES's latest book is *Marriages and Infidelities*, a collection of stories.

WILLIAM ABRAHAMS, West Coast editor of *The Atlantic*, is the co-author of *The Unknown Orwell*, recently published.

PATRICK O'KEEFE is a free-lance writer living in Rome.

NITA REGNIER, who spent last summer in France, is at work on a novel called *Anamorphosis*.

L. E. SISSMAN, EDWARD WEEKS, and PHOEBE ADAMS appear regularly in these pages.



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At the same time, Jean Martell arrives in Cognac Country.

He is beguiled by the distilling of brandy.

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cognac have been exported.

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other occupation for anyone in the Martell family except that of creating fine cognac.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest-selling in the world.

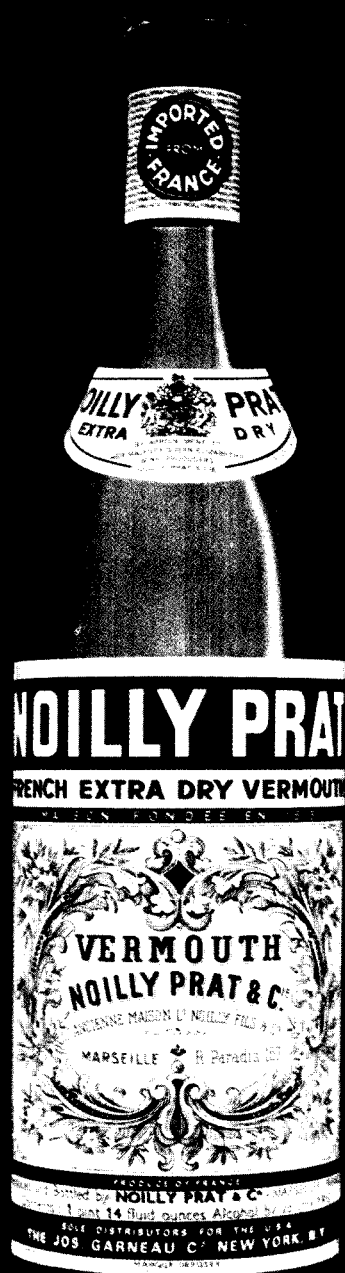
Martell. Taste history.

☆☆—V.S.O.P.—CORDON BLEU

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34 words on the Noilly Prat martini by W. Somerset Maugham.



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of a dry martini.
Without it you can
make a side car,
a gimlet, a white
lady, or a gin
and bitters, but you
cannot make a
dry martini."*

"Points of View", 1958

Don't stir without Noilly Prat

THE MAKING OF GONE WITH THE WIND

“Meet Your Scarlett O’Hara!”

by Gavin Lambert

Why David Selznick shot the burning of Atlanta before he cast the role of Scarlett O’Hara; why Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn, Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins, Irene Dunne, Paulette Goddard, and Loretta Young didn’t get the role; and what happened as the flames consumed Atlanta (formerly the sets of *King Kong* and *The Garden of Allah*) and Selznick’s brother turned up with the long-sought leading lady. . . . Part I of a two-part account of the filming of the world’s most successful movie.

David Selznick’s father, Lewis, was an adventurer who made and lost his pile in the early days of the film industry, and the son inherited many of his qualities—chutzpa, galvanic energy, a taste for gambling and self-display, a hard heart in business and a soft one in personal relations. The exuberant sharper also bequeathed to his son a reverence for culture and

good living. He collected Ming vases and vintage wines, and his favorite book was *David Copperfield*, which the boy began to read at the age of seven.

In one important respect, however, they differed. For the adventurer, movies were simply a game, an operation, another field in which to gamble. For David, they became a genuine passion, obsessive and strangely methodical.

Lewis J. Zeleznik, born in Kiev, Russia, in 1870, worked his way to the United States at the age of eighteen. He changed his name to Selznick and built up a successful jewelry retail business in Pittsburgh. In 1910 he overreached himself for the first time when he decided to open “the world’s largest jewelry store” in New York. Its doors closed after a few months, and without this modestly grandiose failure there might never have been David’s production of *Gone With the Wind*.

For this was the time when many businessmen, most of them Jewish émigrés, were turning to a new business. Louis Burt Mayer from Minsk, having made some money dealing in scrap metal, used it to buy old theaters which he converted to nickel-odeons, thus taking his first step toward becoming the Emperor of MGM. Adolph Zukor, a furrier from Ricse, Hungary, invested his savings in buying the rights to a French four-reeler, *Queen Eliza-*

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beth, starring Sarah Bernhardt, thus taking his first step toward the foundation of Paramount Pictures. Sammy Goldfish, a glove salesman from Warsaw, persuaded his brother-in-law, Jesse Lasky, who owned a chain of vaudeville houses, to risk a few thousands in film production. They went out to Hollywood, then only a village where no studios had yet been built, and joined forces with a young actor ambitious to direct. His name was Cecil B. De Mille. After the success of their film, *The Squaw Man*, shot in a converted barn and the first full-length feature to be made in California, the producer, Sammy Goldfish, decided to be known as Samuel Goldwyn.

Lewis J. Selznick entered the film business through a friend who owned stock in Universal Film Manufacturing and who commissioned Selznick to sell it for him to one of two men engaged in a struggle for control of the company. Selznick favored Carl Laemmle from Württemberg, Germany, formerly store manager of a clothing company in Wisconsin, and by selling Laemmle the stock and enabling him to gain the upper hand at Universal, Selznick maneuvered himself into a job with the company. Another struggle for power soon followed, since both men were too ambitious to remain colleagues for long. While Selznick had great enthusiasm for business intrigue, he was less experienced than Laemmle, who ousted him. He then met a mail-order agent named Arthur Spiegel and persuaded him to become a partner in a new company with the flaunty title of World Film Company. At that time it was the practice of both Laemmle and Zukor to entice "prestige" names from the theater to film their successes, and Selznick followed it, outbidding his rivals for the services of Clara Kimball Young, Nazimova, Lionel Barrymore, and Lillian Russell. He also employed a young director named Allan Dwan, who saw every D. W. Griffith film as it came out and who imitated the master's innovations with such speed that he became the second American director to use the close-up.

After quarreling with Spiegel, Selznick next induced Clara Kimball Young to become his partner. For the next few years, he and his rivals stole each other's stars, intriguing endlessly over the Talmadge sisters, tried to buy each other out, feuded in open letters to the trade press, and competed in flamboyant publicity stunts. The climax occurred in 1917, when Selznick cabled the deposed Czar Nicholas of Russia, offering him a position with his company. "When I was a boy in Russia your police treated my people very badly but no hard feelings . . ." There was no reply from the last of the Romanovs. One empire fell, another expanded. A Rolls-Royce, a seventeen-room apartment on Park Avenue, and the collection of Ming vases became the symbols of Selznick's success. Yet even at its height the operation struck a wrong note, for in

the arena of ambition and self-display Selznick was less sophisticated than Laemmle and Zukor, and he had the effect of uniting them against him. Compared to the furrier, the glove salesman, and the scrap-metal merchant, the jewelry dealer seemed an upstart. They waited for him to overreach himself.

Apart from extravagance, Selznick's greatest mistake was to remain in New York when the trend was westward. By the early 1920s, Laemmle had moved to Hollywood and taken charge of the growing, prosperous Universal lot. Mayer had started producing pictures in a downtown Los Angeles studio rented from a man who made documentaries about animals—the premises included a small zoo containing, symbolically, a lion. Zukor and Lasky had merged to form Paramount. Selznick's stars followed the trend to the West, and he found himself increasingly isolated. In 1923 the company went bankrupt. Since its owner had quarreled with or alienated almost everybody, his ruin was greeted with applause.

This time the overreaching was final. There was a last, pathetic attempt to recoup by cashing in on a land boom in Florida. After its failure, Lewis J. Selznick retired from the field. Rolls-Royce, apartment, Ming vases, and his wife's jewels were sold, a squadron of servants dismissed. The Jester, as his rivals nicknamed him, moved to a three-room walk-up where Mrs. Selznick did the housework and cooking.

The Jester's naïveté and greed might not in themselves have proved self-destructive. His methods, and the enmity they aroused, had a less forgivable reason behind them. For he never cared about the movies themselves, was blind to the coin in which he dealt, and publicized his contempt for it. In 1917 he told a congressional committee investigating the financial structure of the industry, "Less brains are necessary in the motion picture business than in any other." The movies remained for him on the level of the poker games at which he could win or lose thousands of dollars in a single night. They could never be art, for art was Ming vases and *David Copperfield* and Nazimova in the theater, way beyond the reach of his own canned versions of *Trilby* and *Wildfire*.

The other merchants, the dealers in scrap metal and furs and gloves from Russia and central Europe, had certainly been attracted to the movies for the same reasons as Selznick. There was quick money to be made and the new entertainment form, being silent, offered no language barrier. But Mayer, Goldwyn, and the others developed a passion for the movies and saw their extraordinary potential. The passion and the vision might have been primitive and narrow, but it was also intense and lasting and, in a raw way, imaginative. Start-

ing as wheeler-dealers, they realized that they had something unique on their hands and they turned into founding fathers. Lewis J. Selznick, however, remained a wheeler-dealer all his active life, a promoter for the sake of promotion, and so his downfall is not for mourning and his career is chiefly remarkable for its effect on his sons.

To Myron, the eldest, and David, born in 1902, their father was a martyr. They loved him deeply, and when his empire collapsed, they saw him as a victim of callous businessmen and a true friend of the artist. Movie-struck from their schooldays, both brothers left Columbia University in New York to work for their father; after the fall, they were suddenly penniless. Myron went out to Hollywood, and David followed after raising enough money to produce a couple of shorts, one about boxing and the other of Rudolph Valentino judging a beauty contest.

In Hollywood the brothers had the advantage of being brought up in the business, but the disadvantage of their father's personal unpopularity and failure. However, their determination to succeed was unbeatable. Within a few years, Myron had established himself as the most powerful agent in town. Starting with a few clients, mainly personal friends like Lewis Milestone and William Wellman, Myron built up a company that by the early 1930s handled at least 50 percent of Hollywood's most famous stars, directors, and writers, and set the pattern for the later power structures of MCA and its imitators. A driven, possessed man who drank heavily, he believed he had a mission to avenge artists on the producers who'd ruined his father. "His work of vengeance changed the Hollywood climate," Ben Hecht wrote in *A Child of the Century*. "It doubled and quadrupled the salaries of directors, writers and actors—myself among them. . . . Brooding in his tent after a sortie on a major studio, Myron would chortle, 'I'll break them all. I'll send all those thieves and fourflushers crawling to the poorhouse. Before I'm done the artists in this town will have all the money.'" Before he was done (he died in 1944 of an internal hemorrhage), they certainly had a great deal of it.

David's rise was no less spectacular, though ironically enough he became a producer, in Myron's eyes the enemy profession. Equally possessed of talent, David had the greater equilibrium. He seems to have combined his father's quicksilver arrogance with a staying power and love of organization. Shortly after his arrival in California he made a characteristic move. Because his own name coincided with that of an uncle he disliked, and because it struck him as insufficiently impressive, he decided it needed a middle initial—like his father, like Louis B. Mayer, Cecil B. De Mille—and settled on O as the most imposing. (He announced that it stood for Oliver; but O in itself represents Omega, the end, the climax, the last of its kind.) It cer-

tainly seems to have imposed: by 1931 he had brought off two major coups: he married Irene, the daughter of Louis B. Mayer (over her father's strong opposition—"Keep away from that schnook!" he warned her. "He'll end up a bum just like his old man!"), and became vice president in charge of production at RKO.

When Selznick took over, RKO was short of prestige and profits, but he revitalized it in both areas within a year. His first step was to approve Merian C. Cooper's *King Kong*, a project that had been hanging fire; his second was to pick a subject that he would produce himself. To direct *What Price Hollywood?* he chose George Cukor, whom he'd met when both were new to California, and had introduced to a Russian friend, Lewis Milestone. Cukor worked as dialogue director on *All Quiet on the Western Front*, then was signed to make films for Paramount. The Hollywood story, originally conceived as a vehicle for the fading Clara Bow, then retailored for the rising Constance Bennett, was, as Cukor said later, "dear to David's heart. He later used it in a different way for the first version of *A Star Is Born*. Like the audience at that time, Selznick had a very romantic view of Hollywood, a real love of it. . . . Most of the other Hollywood pictures make it a kind of crazy, kooky place, but to David it was absolutely real, he believed in it." At that time, of course, it was a heady place in which to believe. The rise of Selznick coincided with the rise of the great studios; he stood at the entrance to an age of triumphant prosperity, unrivaled arsenals of technical resources and international talent that entertained the world. And yet, curiously enough, David's two films about Hollywood were preoccupied with failure. In the story dear to his heart, although the movie queen survives, the male figure—in *What Price Hollywood?* a director, in *A Star Is Born* an actor—becomes a drunken failure and commits suicide. While Myron's heavy drinking may or may not have had a bearing on this, it seems certain that for all his romantic love of the place, David Selznick was not blind to the insecurities beneath its alluring surface.

On one level, the thirties were the great "halcyon period," as S. N. Behrman (who worked on several scripts in Hollywood, including *Anna Karenina* for Selznick) writes in his memoir, *People in a Diary*. "There were few places in America where you could go out to dinner with Harpo and Groucho Marx, the Franz Werfels, Leopold Stokowski, Aldous Huxley, Somerset Maugham, and George and Ira Gershwin." On another and less obvious level, there was a ruthless attitude toward failure and constant secret intrigue within the higher echelons of power. Falls from grace could be as drastic as rises to favor. Behrman tells the story of how Lubitsch learned one morning that he'd been dismissed as head of Paramount from

his gym instructor, who had massaged a studio executive the night before and heard the gossip. Selznick's energy and ambition were outstanding even in a place bursting with both qualities; but perhaps, like others, he was propelled by fear as well as enthusiasm. The world in which he'd chosen to succeed also gave back echoes of his father's failure.

The film *What Price Hollywood?* was well received and led to further collaborations between Selznick and Cukor. *A Bill of Divorcement* introduced Katharine Hepburn to the screen and began a director-star partnership that became famous. For all three the pinnacle of this period was *Little Women*, a piece of classic Americana unequalled for intimate, charming exactness.

Selznick's success at RKO reconciled him, on the business level at least, with his father-in-law. Mayer had been quarreling repeatedly with the second vice president of MGM, the fragile but determined Irving Thalberg. After Thalberg recovered from a heart attack and left for a long European vacation with his wife, Norma Shearer, the Emperor made overtures to Selznick, offering him carte blanche as producer at the studio and implying he might soon take Thalberg's place. Selznick accepted, not out of affection for Mayer, nor because he wanted to succeed Thalberg; but the resources of Hollywood's most glamorous and celebrated studio were irresistible. He left RKO in 1933, Cukor went with him, and they made the all-star *Dinner at Eight*. Based on a Broadway hit, with a cast including Marie Dressler, John and Lionel Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, and Billie Burke, it had the same formula as Thalberg's coup of the previous year, *Grand Hotel*. Cukor handled the lineup of sacred monsters with ease and skill, shot the whole blockbuster in twenty-seven days, and made of it one of the most hard-edged of Depression comedies.

The film earned a lot of money, gained Selznick more prestige in the industry than he'd ever enjoyed before, and killed the joke—"the son-in-law also rises"—that could be heard everywhere when he joined MGM. Other successes quickly followed—*Dancing Lady*, with Clark Gable and Joan Crawford, which introduced Astaire to the screen; *Manhattan Melodrama*, again with Gable; and *Viva Villa!*—and Selznick found himself in a position to achieve something he'd wanted for a long time: a real cultural splash. As a work of literature, *Little Women* had been at best a minor classic, and the film itself, for all its virtues, had been on a small scale. Selznick was now, as they say, thinking big. He had already prepared for the occasion by compiling a methodical, obsessive list of all the classics he might one day wish to film. At the head of it was *David Copperfield*, his father's

favorite novel. He chose Cukor to direct. Mayer opposed the project, fearful that classics were bad box-office (and the record showed that most of them were); when his son-in-law insisted, he tried to impose the MGM child star, Jackie Cooper, for the young David. Selznick and Cukor held out for an unknown and discovered Freddie Bartholomew in England.

Producer and director agreed that the way to film Dickens was not to restructure him, not to add new and more "commercial" elements to the story, but to respect his episodic style and concentrate on the gallery of characters. For the time this was an almost revolutionary approach, and unnerved the studio even further, especially since it would involve a movie about two and a half hours long. Box-office insurance was taken out by assembling an all-star cast for the other major roles—W. C. Fields, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lionel Barrymore, Basil Rathbone, Edna May Oliver, and all—but the audience reaction at a sneak preview in Bakersfield was discouraging. Selznick toyed with the idea of eliminating Barrymore as Peggotty (in fact the only weak performance), then shrewdly decided to avoid the wrath of Dickens lovers and to trim the running time by a few minutes instead. When *David Copperfield* was released, both critics and public liked it very much—rightly so, for in spite of some uncertain art direction it has great vitality and conviction, and remains the most authentically flavored Dickens movie ever made. Later, David confessed that with a mixture of sentiment and superstition, during the preparation and shooting of the film, "I lugged with me every place we went the old-fashioned red leather copy of *Copperfield* which my father had given me."

This success was a turning point in Selznick's career, for it proved not only that a film of a classic novel could make money but that respect for the original paid off. He repeated the formula with *Anna Karenina*, for Garbo, and *A Tale of Two Cities*. By this time Thalberg had recovered and returned to the studio. Having no wish to be entangled in Mayer's intrigues, Selznick declared that he was leaving to form his own company. In a memo to Nicholas Schenck, the president of MGM, he explained with that characteristic touch of portentiousness: "I am at a crossroads where a sign hangs high: 'To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.'"

Assembling a formidable list of stockholders, he announced the formation of Selznick International Pictures at the end of 1935. Capitalized at over \$3,000,000, it had the multimillionaire John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, whom he'd originally met through Merian C. Cooper of *King Kong*, as chairman of the board. The directors included Cornelius Whitney and three Whitney sisters, representing an investment of \$2,400,000; three New York finan-

ciers, Robert Lehman, and Arthur and John Herts (\$150,000 each); Myron Selznick (\$200,000); and as a gesture of private sympathy, a silent investment of \$200,000 from Irving and Norma Shearer Thalberg. Mayer felt deeply rejected, and the event was to have repercussions when David came to produce *Gone With the Wind*.

The old Pathé studio in Culver City was the new headquarters. A portrait of Lewis J. Selznick hung on the wall of his son's office. From the beginning, "class" was the watchword, and both the Venus de Milo and the Winged Victory were considered for company trademarks. Then Selznick was struck one day by the facade of the studio building. Colonial in style, with white pillars, it seems now to carry an unconscious premonition of Margaret Mitchell's Tara, as prophetic as the adopted O. Superimposed on this emblem was the proud slogan, "In a Tradition of Quality."

The tradition began with adaptations of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *The Garden of Allah* (Selznick's one failure, but interestingly bizarre), and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. This list of "classics" suggests that his literary taste was basically nineteenth-century-romantic, and erratic at that, but for Dickens and Robert Hichens alike he advertised the same unwavering, serious respect. A compiler of lists is also a natural composer of notes and memos. In a series of them, written while he was making *Anna Karenina*, he outlined his procedure for adapting a classic:

Having just gone through the difficulties of adapting *David Copperfield*, the prospect of compressing Tolstoi's work without too great a loss of values did not faze us. . . . Our first blow was a flat refusal by the Hays office to permit the entire section of the story dealing with Anna's illegitimate child . . . but even what remained of the personal story of Anna seemed so far superior to such inventions of writers today as could be considered possibilities for Miss Garbo, that we went on with the job. . . . We had to eliminate everything that could even remotely be classified as a passionate love scene; and we had to make it perfectly clear that not merely did Anna suffer but that Vronsky suffered. . . . Our next step in the adaptation was to decide which of the several stories that are told in the book we could tell on the screen without diverting the audience's interest from one line to another. This meant the minimizing of the story of Levin, including that magnificent scene, the death of Levin's brother. . . . From this point on, it became a matter of the careful selection and editing of Tolstoi's scenes, with a surprising little amount of original writing necessary. . . . I like to think that we retained the literary quality and the greater part of the poignant story of a woman torn between two equal loves and doomed to tragedy whichever one she chose. . . .



David O. Selznick

The tone of this, and the memo habit that was to grow over the years, stretching into hundreds of thousands of words, provides a clue to something that happened within Selznick at the time. The stilted style, rather like an old-fashioned politician's and rich with doublethink, is both curiously old for a man still in his early thirties and masterly in its techniques of self-justification—the glossing over of the difference between fidelity and distortion with "I like to think . . ." These are statements in the form of an order, and the order comes from the top. He has found the secret of authority, which is belief in oneself at all times. A parallel can be seen in the increasing size and grandeur of the films themselves, which also cost more to produce—starting with *Fauntleroy* at about \$550,000 and rising to *Zenda* at about \$900,000.

Another habit on the increase was gambling. Selznick liked to play mainly at a club on the Sunset Strip, and was dedicated but unlucky at roulette. He had a system, of course, devised as elaborately as the card index and the lists and the memos, but it seldom seemed to work. One night he lost more than \$100,000 to Joseph Schenck, chairman of the board of Twentieth Century-Fox. He also built a house in Beverly Hills for himself and Irene, furnished with expensive antiques, a dining table that seated thirty, and a projection room. Servants were employed around the clock, as were secretaries, in case he wished to eat or dictate in the small hours. Dinner parties for the Hollywood elite, and occasional weekend yachting excursions, were planned like productions. The after-

dinner movie started promptly at the scheduled time, and invitations to the yacht arrived in the form of sailing orders.

From poker to life-style to movies, the stakes were growing higher.

Early in 1936, Selznick's story editor on the East Coast, Kay Brown, sent him a long synopsis of a long forthcoming novel. It was called *Gone With the Wind*, and nobody had ever heard of the author. Kay Brown felt strongly enough about its possibilities to end her note of recommendation: "I know that after you read the book you will drop everything and buy it."

He didn't. Although he read the digest at once, and on the face of it the project should have seemed irresistible—a twentieth-century work with all the nineteenth-century romantic ingredients that he adored—Selznick resisted. While the nostalgia and sweep of the material intrigued him, his business sense made signals of alarm. Pictures about the Civil War, with the exception of *The Birth of a Nation*—and that was a long time ago—had never been successful at the box office. Only the previous year, *So Red the Rose*, directed by his friend King Vidor with the popular stars Margaret Sullivan and Randolph Scott, had confirmed the jinx all over again. A cabled memo to Kay Brown ended, "Most sorry to have to say No in face of your enthusiasm for this story."

A few days later, second thoughts began. Another cabled memo to Kay Brown agreed that the novel had great possibilities, especially if filmed in color; but he was worried about the difficulty of casting the leads, and the high asking price for the rights, \$65,000. Torn between enthusiasm and doubt for six weeks, he made no final move. In the Hollywood phrase, he sat on it—"it" being the symbolic toilet seat which one cannot decide either to use or to leave. But Kay Brown was sure of her instinct. She sent the synopsis of *Gone With the Wind* to the company chairman, Jock Whitney. His response was immediate, and he told her that if Selznick didn't buy the rights, he would go after them himself. This had its effect. Selznick made an offer of \$50,000. A day or so later the director Mervyn Le Roy, who had by now got hold of an advance copy, offered \$55,000.

To the end of her life Margaret Mitchell remained aloof from the movies. She enjoyed going to them, but had no desire to become involved with their world. The reason she accepted Selznick's offer was entirely personal. She had seen *David Copperfield*, admired it, and felt that her work could not be in safer hands.

As a child, Margaret Mitchell loved to ride horseback, but a bad fall permanently weakened her left ankle. In 1926 she was still living in her birthplace, Atlanta, was four feet eleven inches tall

and as old as the century, married for the second time to John Marsh, an advertising executive, and walking on crutches, after violently spraining her damaged ankle. She was living the life of a semi-cripple and depressed by her lack of success as a writer. (Two years on the *Atlanta Journal*; a handful of short stories that nobody would publish; an abandoned novel dealing with the Jazz Age.) It is probable that she would have given up writing altogether if Marsh had not believed in her talent and applied pressure at a telling moment.

There seemed no way out of trying again. As long as the ankle refused to heal, her social life was curtailed, she was unable to dance, which she loved, and the days were spent in reading and playing bridge. Most of all, it would please her husband. So one morning she limped to her typewriter and began writing a novel about the Civil War. Until she was ten years old, she hadn't even known that the South had lost it. Her mother took her on a buggy ride, showed her the surviving ruins of gutted plantation homes in the countryside beyond Atlanta, and broke the important news. Later she said that this tale of defeat haunted her and the war itself continued to cast a shadow across her life. She grew up in a city where memories of it, through people and places, were still vivid; and another journey that lingered in her mind was a visit to some relatives on a farm twenty miles south of Atlanta. It had belonged to her grandmother, who escaped there on the last train out of Atlanta before Sherman arrived.

When she began the novel, she knew only the beginning and end of the story, and wrote the last chapter first: Rhett Butler walking out on Scarlett. In fact, she hardly ever wrote in continuity, skipping between events that took place years apart and storing each chapter in a large manila envelope. As time passed, the envelopes faded and became blotched with coffee stains. On some of them she scribbled kitchen recipes and grocery lists. Lack of confidence made her secretive; she allowed only her husband to read the work in progress, but disclosed something about it to a close friend, Lois Cole, who later went to New York to work for the Macmillan publishing house. The rest of her friends knew that something was up, because a visitor would arrive unexpectedly from time to time and catch her hobbling to hide a bulky envelope underneath a cushion on the sofa. No questions were asked because they had always considered Peggy Marsh a mystery, and she had an aura of privacy that people instinctively respected. A Catholic, she'd divorced her first husband after a few months, and married his best man. Uncommunicative about herself, she was a lively conversationalist on many other topics. "If you want your dinner party to be a success," said a friend, "invite Peggy Marsh." After the novel came out, many people said that she looked like Melanie Hamilton

but in person was really much closer to Scarlett. This displeased her. The tiny, soberly dressed lady always insisted that Scarlett was "a far from admirable character."

Her heroine began as Pansy O'Hara, a character from one of the author's unpublished stories, Melanie was at first called Permelia, then Melisande, and when she'd been writing for about a year Fontenoy Hall became Tara. This accidental, haphazard method continued for two more years, with alternate versions of several episodes adding to the pile of manila envelopes. (How to kill off Scarlett's second husband, Frank Kennedy, was not solved until a few months before publication.) It is clear she drew a few scenes from personal experience. In 1918, while she was away at Smith College in Massachusetts, her mother died during a flu epidemic in Atlanta; in the novel, Scarlett returns to Tara and learns that her mother died of typhoid. Later that same year she became engaged to a young lieutenant who went to France and was killed there, just as Scarlett's first husband goes off to war and loses his life (less heroically) right after their marriage. In 1919 she scandalized Atlanta society by performing an exotic Apache dance at a party organized for charity by local debutantes. No well-brought-up girl was expected to behave like this so soon after her mother's death, and *Gone With the Wind* echoes the situation when Scarlett appalls everybody by dancing with Rhett in her widow's black at the Atlanta Bazaar. In 1920 a major fire broke out in her native city, and she worked all night at a panic-stricken emergency center. For Scarlett's escape from a burning, terrified Atlanta she no doubt consulted her memories as well as the history books.

By 1930 the novel was about two-thirds finished and the manila envelopes contained over a thousand typewritten pages. It still lacked an opening chapter, several connecting passages, and a title. She hesitated between *Another Day*, *Bugles Sang True*, *Not in Our Stars*, and *Tote the Weary Load*, not really satisfied with any of them. And by this time the weary load itself was beginning to get her down. Her ankle finally healed and she could escape back to the social life, country club lunches, dinner parties, and dances.

When the Marshes moved to a new apartment, she stored all the envelopes in a closet. Because her husband continued to apply pressure, she worked at trying to finish the book from time to time, but the original impetus seems to have been lost. "I hit the book a few more licks in 1930 and 1931 . . ." She developed a curious, maddening indifference to the enormous amount of work she'd already done, and five years later the novel was still incomplete, the envelopes fading in the closet. In 1934 she hardly hit the book any licks at all, since her neck was in a brace after an automobile accident. In April, 1935, Harold Latham of Mac-



Margaret Mitchell

millan was visiting Atlanta, and he knew about the novel through Lois Cole, now an associate editor and his colleague. "If she can write the way she talks," said Lois Cole, "it should be a honey." Latham met her at a country club luncheon and asked to see the manuscript. "I have no novel," she told him, surprised and alarmed, but Marsh persuaded her to take it to Latham's hotel next day. Summoned to the lobby, he saw the tiny lady sitting on a divan beside the biggest manuscript he'd ever encountered in his life, the pile of envelopes reaching to her shoulders. "Take the thing before I change my mind," she said, and was gone again.

After buying a suitcase to carry the mass of envelopes, Latham began reading the novel on the train to New Orleans. Physically, it was one of the most discouraging manuscripts ever offered to him, the pages now yellowed and moldering, the typescript covered with pencil corrections. A cable awaited him at his hotel in New Orleans. "SEND THE MANUSCRIPT BACK HAVE CHANGED MY MIND." Ignoring it, he continued reading the work on the train back to New York; in spite of the gaps and the rough, unrevised quality of parts of the writing, he sniffed a best seller. He made an immediate offer to publish the book—if only she would finish it. Astonished, she said to her husband, "I don't see how they can make heads or tails of it." Then she worried about how the South would receive the book if she allowed it to be published. If Atlanta disapproved, wouldn't she be socially ostracized? Marsh cajoled her into accepting the offer; then both he and Latham pressured her to work for an-

other six months, during which she checked all the historical details, rewrote the opening chapter several times, decided that Frank Kennedy should meet his death at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan, and finally found her title in a poem by Ernest Dowson, "Cynara."

Macmillan scheduled the publication of *Gone With the Wind* for April, 1936, deciding to print 10,000 copies priced at \$3. Then the Book-of-the-Month Club wanted the novel for its July selection; publication date was delayed accordingly and 50,000 more copies were printed. By the end of July, it was clear that a phenomenon had occurred. The *New York Times* gave the novel an enthusiastic front-page review in its book section, the *New York Sun* compared it to *War and Peace*, Stephen Vincent Benét, Robert Nathan, and a visiting H. G. Wells endorsed it, and the entire Southern press quieted its author's fears with a chorus of praise. Within six months, half a million copies had been sold, and the figure would be more than doubled when the book had been out a year. In 1937 it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. Even the less amiable reviewers, the left-wing papers that accused it of glorifying slavery, the critics like Malcolm Cowley and Louis Kronenberger who found it indifferently written, had to admit its extraordinary impact and the appeal of its passionate escapism.

As a work of literature, *Gone With the Wind* is no better and no worse than most best sellers, but with women it struck a deep emotional chord, rather as the immensely superior *Jane Eyre* had done in England almost a hundred years earlier. Charlotte Brontë's heroine was the first emancipated young lady, determined to assert her independence in the face of social pressures, in Victorian fiction. Not beautiful, but sensual, not rich, but intelligent and strong-willed, her relationship with men was a duel. The emotional point she made to women readers was resistance to male domination. Scarlett O'Hara is a glamorized version of the same idea. Attractive, spoiled, selfish, she can still act like a man at moments of crisis, and even though Rhett Butler walks out on her at the end, it's not certain that she won't get him back. In any case, she's a survivor, and her unbroken spirit continued the revolution that Charlotte Brontë began. "I still feebly say," Margaret Mitchell wrote to a friend, "that it's just a simple story of some people who went up and some who went down, those who could take it and those who couldn't." Her Scarlett could take it, and for thousands of women she raised the basic question of exactly what "independence" involved and how high the stakes should be raised.

Her effect on her creator, Peggy Marsh of Atlanta, born Margaret Mitchell, remains ironic and a little sad. By writing *Gone With the Wind*, Margaret Mitchell struck her own blow for women's in-

dependence, but it was reluctant and painful and would never have been sustained without her husband's help. Fame and fortune, when they arrived, seemed more a threat than a liberation. She retreated even further into provincial married life and never wrote anything more. "I'm on the run," she wrote soon after the novel came out. "I'm sure Scarlett O'Hara never struggled to get out of Atlanta or suffered more during her siege of Atlanta than I have suffered during the siege that has been on since publication day." The limelight stunned her; she refused to go to Hollywood to meet Selznick and would have nothing to do with the production of the movie.

In 1945 her husband had a heart attack from which he never completely recovered, and Scarlett's creator became more Melanie-like than ever, patient nurse as well as devoted wife. In 1949, while crossing a street in Atlanta with John Marsh, she was hit by a speeding car and died five days later, a few months away from her forty-ninth birthday. Marsh survived until 1952, and was buried beside her in Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta.

His offer for the rights of *Gone With the Wind* accepted, Selznick went to Hawaii for a vacation with his wife, and started to read the novel he'd bought. He returned to find it a runaway best seller and already part of the national psyche.

At this point he'd made only one definite decision, that George Cukor should direct the picture. Circumstances propelled him quickly into making another. Thousands of letters from readers and movie fans were arriving at the company's office, and 99 percent of them demanded that Clark Gable play the part of Rhett Butler. Gable was also Selznick's first choice, but the star was under exclusive contract to MGM and Selznick's relations with his father-in-law, Louis Mayer, were approaching another crisis.

Early in September, 1936, Irving Thalberg caught pneumonia. He died two weeks later, and the Emperor at once made a firm offer to Selznick to become second vice president of MGM. He wanted to play vice president in charge of production to his young rival's second vice president, and he wanted *Gone With the Wind* for MGM.

Selznick turned down Mayer's offer, explaining that he wanted to continue running his own company. Mayer then suggested that MGM would be interested in buying *Gone With the Wind*, with David as producer. The Gable situation was not mentioned; cunningly, the Emperor talked only of his casting ideas for the other leading parts—Joan Crawford as Scarlett, Maureen O'Sullivan as Melanie, and Melvyn Douglas as Ashley. Selznick said he'd have to think about it. Meanwhile, he began exploring other possibilities for Rhett. Gary Coop-

er had already occurred to him, and he approached Sam Goldwyn, to whom Cooper was under contract. Goldwyn unequivocally refused to loan him out. Selznick next thought of Errol Flynn, the movies' top swashbuckler since *Captain Blood* and *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and under contract to Warner Brothers. This time he was offered a package instead of a refusal. Bette Davis, also the property of Warners', had begun an ardent campaign for the role of Scarlett, but she wouldn't play Scarlett to Flynn's Rhett.

Going through the other names most frequently mentioned in the letters, Selznick found that Warner Baxter had strong support from his native South; but he was too old, and lacking in sex appeal. Incredibly, Basil Rathbone had a sizable percentage of the remaining 1 percent, but Selznick dismissed this idea as well. Ronald Colman, under contract to the company, he had previously discussed with Kay Brown. In her first excitement over the book, she had called Colman long-distance and read him a few passages. "Ripping!" said the actor. "Oh, it's topping, absolutely topping!" Implacably British, he was really out of the question, but the fan magazines for a while took up his cause. Interviewed, he always replied that he thought Gable would be a better choice. (There is no record that Colman was ever considered for Ashley—perhaps the physical contrast with Gable would not have been strong enough—but he could certainly have mastered a Southern accent as well as Leslie Howard, and might have been a more interesting choice.) Reluctantly, Selznick had to admit that Gable was a necessity and he went back to MGM.

Not unexpectedly, the terms were stiff. MGM would lend Gable at a figure considerably above his usual salary, and provide half the financing (estimated then at \$2,500,000), in return for the world distribution rights through its parent company, Loew's, Inc., and half of the total profits.

Mayer knew, of course, that he had the power for a shakedown. His son-in-law needed not only Gable, but money. In fact, with three pictures in various stages of production at the time he went back to MGM, Selznick did not have enough capital to make *Gone With the Wind* on his own.

"My son-in-law is one smart fellow," said Mayer when he heard that Selznick had accepted the terms. The only problem was that Gable at first refused the part. Always lacking confidence, and with a habit of initially turning down roles that proved to be among his most successful (in *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *It Happened One Night*), he was frankly terrified at the prospect of Rhett Butler. The fact that he had been cast by popular vote only increased his alarm. "Too big an order," he told Selznick, "I don't want any part of him," and suggested Ronald Colman. But by the terms of his contract with MGM, he was in no position to turn



Rhett

down the role unless he went on suspension, and for private reasons this was no time to risk unemployment. Gable was still married to, though separated from, a Texas matron seventeen years older than himself; he had just fallen in love with Carole Lombard and they wanted to marry. Rhea Langham Gable was determined to exact vengeance by demanding an enormous divorce settlement, and, like Mayer with Selznick, she knew that she had the power for a shakedown. Her lawyers were already mentioning a figure of almost \$300,000, a heartache for anyone to part with and a tragedy for a naturally frugal man. On salary to MGM at \$4000 a week (the additional money demanded by Mayer for his services in *Gone With the Wind* would all go to the studio), he needed financial assistance from his employers. So, after protracted negotiations that were really a series of legal blackmails, with MGM and Mrs. Gable as the winners, he signed for the part.

The deal with MGM meant that Selznick would have to hold up production of the picture for at least two years. Since his company had a contract with United Artists to distribute all his pictures until the end of 1938, *Gone With the Wind* could not be released by MGM until after that time. The real problem was how to keep the public's interest in the project alive.

Out of this dilemma came the idea of a nationwide talent search to find an unknown to play Scarlett O'Hara. When he thought of it, Selznick was certainly not convinced that he *wanted* an unknown—even after shooting began he was still con-

sidering stars for the lead—and the search in the end yielded nothing except a girl in Charleston, Alicia Rhett, to play the part of India Wilkes, Ashley's unpleasant sister; but as an attention-getting device it was brilliant.

The most publicized and richly absurd moment of the search occurred on Christmas Day, 1937. What appeared to be an outsize package was delivered to Selznick's home by liveried messengers. Ribbons and paper were ripped away to disclose a replica of the novel in its dust jacket, out of which stepped a young girl in crinolines. "Merry Christmas, Mr. Selznick! I am your Scarlett O'Hara!"

Not surprisingly, the possibility that an unknown might be chosen to play Scarlett also had its effect on the stars and their fan clubs. As in the case of Gable and Rhett Butler, letters poured in from all over the country—from Europe, too, since the novel was repeating its triumph there—suggesting almost every leading lady of the moment. Many of the ladies suggested themselves. Of the write-ins, Bette Davis was easily the most popular candidate, with 40 percent of the vote, but her refusal to play opposite Flynn had taken her out of the running. The loss of the role haunted her for years. In the 1920s, when Cukor ran a stock company in Rochester, New York, he had employed her for one season, then let her go because there were no more parts he considered suitable for her. In Davis' mind the idea became fixed that he never liked her and always favored Katharine Hepburn for the role. As late as the 1960s she gave out interviews saying that if Cukor had really wanted her, a deal could have been made with Warners' excluding Flynn, and in her autobiography, *The Lonely Life* (1962), insisted, "His thumbs were down. By such intangibles are careers affected." Cukor has never been able to understand this. "Imagine," he commented to me, "since she became this great tragedienne and important person, I've been constantly reading that she was fired by George Cukor! And I'd really been awfully kind to her. . . ."

The long obsession reveals Davis' inconsolable desire for the part—which was indirectly rewarded. Discovering a story whose Southern heroine had obvious affinities with Scarlett, she persuaded Jack Warner to let her make it in 1938. The year before *Gone With the Wind* was a candidate for awards, she won her second Oscar for *Jezebel*, to Selznick's considerable annoyance.

Katharine Hepburn, the imagined cause of her downfall, was in fact a self-announced contender, one of several stars who either suggested themselves to Selznick or put their agents to work. Because of her association with both Cukor and Selznick, she was thought for a while to have the inside track; but although Cukor was receptive,

Selznick doubted whether she had the sex appeal to enthrall Rhett Butler for so many years, and was worried because at the time motion picture exhibitors were labeling her "box-office poison." He offered to test her, however; but she refused. Then, for a heady day or two, it seemed as if Hepburn had been endorsed by Margaret Mitchell herself. The author had declined to state any preference for an actress to play her heroine, but one day a friend asked her opinion of Hepburn. "I enjoyed her in *Little Women*," she said, "and thought she looked very pretty in hoop skirts." The remark somehow reached a reporter on the *Atlanta Journal*, which printed a story that Hepburn was Margaret Mitchell's personal choice for the role. When other newspapers picked it up, the author issued a public retraction, apologizing to the star for any misunderstanding that might have arisen, and repeating, "I have never expressed a preference and never will."

Another widely publicized candidate was Norma Shearer, with whom Selznick had discussions concerning the part, but her fans created an outcry at the thought of an actress renowned for her sweet and ladylike qualities playing a Southern minx. Ed Sullivan joined the protest in his column, and in spite of encouragement from an editorial in the *New York Times*, Shearer graciously withdrew from the race. It became another example of a star's career being deeply affected by not playing Scarlett. Long impatient with her refined image, Shearer now pressured MGM for the *femme fatale* part in *Idiot's Delight*, in which she played opposite Gable immediately before he started *Gone With the Wind*.

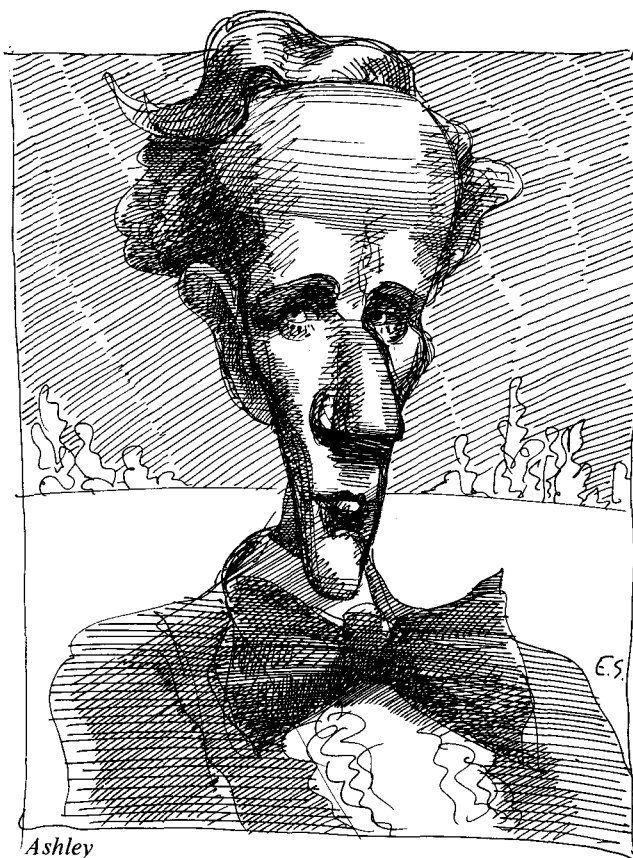
The list of actresses who wanted to play Scarlett, or were touted for it by the fan magazines, press and radio commentators, and their agents, is amazing not only for variety but incongruity. The story begins with Scarlett at the age of sixteen, and yet among the serious contenders were Shearer (thirty-seven), Miriam Hopkins (thirty-five), Tallulah Bankhead (thirty-four), Joan Crawford, Jean Arthur, and Irene Dunne (all thirty-three). Some of these were actually tested. This is a comment, of course, from a society that is much more conscious of age (or youth) than were the 1930s. The most popular figures of that time were women rather than girls. In Jean Arthur's case, one suspects the test to have been partly a sentimental gesture, since Selznick was in love with her before he married Mayer's daughter. An original and charming actress, she was clearly too old for the part, with no hint of the Southern belle in her temperament, and the test looks strained and embarrassing. So does Bankhead's, for mainly the same reasons; demureness was never her stock-in-trade. Miriam Hopkins, who read for the part but didn't make a test, came from the South and had recently starred in the movie *Becky Sharp*; the similarities be-

tween Thackeray's heroine and Margaret Mitchell's had been pointed out in several reviews. She had a strange, powerful intensity and, like Shearer, could create the illusion of physical glamour. You feel she might have got away with Scarlett on the stage.

Other actresses tested were Joan Bennett (from *Little Women*), Paulette Goddard, the young Lana Turner, who had just attracted attention in her first, small movie role in *They Won't Forget*, and a New York model called Edythe Marriner whom Irene Selznick spotted at a fashion show. Loretta Young was also a favorite possibility with Selznick for a while. To see the film on the contenders is to see why Cukor and Selznick continued to hold out. Some are instantly out of the question: Lana Turner at sea, dazed and ringleted. Edythe Marriner—who changed her name to Susan Hayward after the test—looks right; she was nineteen then, with a slight resemblance to Vivien Leigh, but there's already a career-girl toughness in her screen presence. Paulette Goddard, recently launched by Chaplin in *Modern Times*, is the only one who comes close. Chaplin had sensed her *gamine* quality and brought it out very effectively in his film; in the test it is still there, appealing but somehow too city-ish for the daughter of Tara. Still, for a while she was under the strongest consideration, and then almost signed.

Of all these, Hopkins was the most hotly tipped by the press, and coincidentally she had also worked in Cukor's stock company. He admires her talent but says he never felt she was right for Scarlett. Other names tossed into the arena were Carole Lombard, Margaret Sullavan (both represented by Myron Selznick), Claudette Colbert, Ann Sheridan, and Jean Harlow, but here we seem to enter the land of delusion and publicity gimmicks. And when Selznick asked the other studios to suggest any actresses they might have under contract, RKO came up with a twenty-seven-year-old unknown called Lucille Ball. "Are you kidding?" was her forthright reaction, but the casting agent pressed a vocal coach on her and arranged a reading with Selznick. He was polite but noncommittal. A few years later, she was sent for an equally unsuitable audition to Orson Welles, for the part of the girl whom *Citizen Kane* tries to turn into an opera singer.

Publicity made it appear that Selznick spent most of his time from the end of 1936 to the fall of 1938 supervising the search for Scarlett, auditioning and looking at tests. In fact, the search for a script was to prove equally exhaustive. He first engaged the Broadway playwright, Sidney Howard (*They Knew What They Wanted*, *The Silver Cord*, *Dodsworth*), to write a basic draft. The winner of a Pulitzer Prize, Howard had all the



prestige credentials and some familiarity with movie technique, since he had previously worked with Goldwyn. Selznick's only doubt—which was to prove justified—was whether the distinguished Easterner would be amenable to the producer's exacting methods of work. "I have never had much success with leaving a writer alone to do a script without almost daily collaboration with myself and usually also the director," he wrote in a cabled memo to Kay Brown, who was negotiating the deal with Howard in New York. "Anything you can do to make Howard available for conference with us during the actual writing of the script will, I think, be safeguard. . . ." However, like many New York playwrights, Howard was not fundamentally interested in writing for films, and didn't care for California. He agreed only to come out to Hollywood for meetings with Selznick and Cukor, then went back East to work. He wrote to Margaret Mitchell, expressing delight with his assignment and asking for help on the Negro dialogue. Once again she refused to be involved. Howard embarked on what he considered a well-paid craftsman's job, and performed it with skill and considerable speed, structuring a series of master-scenes from the half-million words of the novel in two months. While basically sound, clearing away many repetitions and disposable minor characters, it still presented a problem; it was over four hundred pages long, almost six hours' running time on the screen.

Selznick's first reaction was to consider making the film as two pictures. Faced with his principle of adhering faithfully to a classic, he was alarmed that further cuts might betray it. He had been

thinking in terms of a picture that would run about two and a half hours, but Howard's first draft, with all its omissions from the book, made it clear that *Gone With the Wind* could never be contained within this length. The idea of two separate pictures was dropped when Selznick learned that theater owners reacted unfavorably to it; instead, he asked Howard to come back to California and discuss with Cukor and himself more drastic ways of cutting the material down to size. At these talks, several new and deep incisions were made. They agreed to exclude from the film all members of the O'Hara family not living at Tara (in the book, neighboring plantations are thick with them); Selznick wanted to lose Scarlett's second marriage, to Frank Kennedy, but both Cukor and Howard were against this, so they dropped only the child of that marriage and, at Cukor's insistence, Scarlett's child by her first marriage as well; all the Ku Klux Klan episodes were thrown out, and Howard was reproached for having added some scenes showing Rhett as a blockade runner. In this way the script was cut by another seventy pages or so, and Howard went home again.

Selznick then laid the script, such as it was, aside. Sporadically, over the next few months, he checked all the favorite scenes and lines that he'd noted in his own copy of the novel, to see if Howard's structure allowed for them all; but he made no move to engage Howard or anyone else to proceed with further writing. When Cukor inquired about this, the reply was somewhat evasive: "I am weighing every line and every word most carefully. . . . We are also double checking against our Story Department's notes on things that they missed from the book." Struck by Howard's comment at their last meeting that Margaret Mitchell "did everything at least twice," he ordered an assistant to make a complete index of the book, listing the main characters and what happened to them, how many times Rhett talked about the war and Ashley about the dissolution of the South, and so on, with the idea of eliminating repetitions and choosing the best passages of dialogue to combine from related scenes.

So by the end of January, 1938, Howard's original draft was effectively on the shelf, along with piles of suggested cuts and revisions. Part of the reason for this was that although Selznick was on the whole pleased with Howard's progress so far, he was displeased by the writer's refusal to stay out in California indefinitely and continue to work under his supervision. Already, in the back of his mind, Selznick was casting about for a more amenable successor; but in the front of his mind were several pictures he was committed to produce, and he had no intention of relaxing his detailed personal control over any of them. Justifying his methods of total control, Selznick declared that a film, to be a work of art, had to bear a personal

signature, like a painting. In this way he expounded the *auteur* theory years ahead of his time, with the difference that to him the *auteur* was the producer and not the director.

The casting of Melanie and Ashley was only slightly less problematical. Anne Shirley, who suffered sweetly in *Anne of Green Gables* and *Stella Dallas*, Andrea Leeds, who attracted attention as the suicidal young actress in *Stage Door*, and Elizabeth Allan, the gentle mother in *David Copperfield*, were tested first. None quite hit the mark. Geraldine Fitzgerald and Priscilla Lane were considered, then dismissed. Selznick then approached Janet Gaynor, but the actress had decided to give up her screen career. One day Joan Fontaine, only twenty years old and under contract to RKO, where she'd had little success, came to see Cukor under the impression he wanted her to read for Scarlett. When she found he was considering her for Melanie, she told him the part didn't interest her—but suggested it might interest her more famous sister, Olivia de Havilland. The idea interested Selznick and Cukor as well, and she came to the producer's home for a reading. De Havilland has described the experience: "George read Scarlett's lines while I read Melanie's. For some reason, George had to stand clutching some velvet curtains. He was absolutely marvelous—I'm sure it was his performance that got me the part." Both Selznick and Cukor agreed that she was the Melanie they wanted, but Warners' had to be approached again, since the actress was under contract there. At first Jack Warner refused a loan-out on any terms; like others in the industry, he felt that *Gone With the Wind* was a foolhardy project and predicted, "It's going to be the biggest bust of all time."

In spite of the demure parts in which she'd been cast so far, nice virginal girls in love with the dashing Errol Flynn, de Havilland was spirited and shrewd. She went to work on Warner's wife, knowing her influence, and played a very effective tea-and-sympathy scene with her one afternoon at the Brown Derby. Mrs. Warner's influence was brought to bear on her husband, negotiations were opened, and a deal signed.

For Ashley, Selznick's first choice had always been Leslie Howard, then at the peak of his reputation as a "sensitive" leading man in movies and the theater. After *The Petrified Forest* and *Of Human Bondage*, he played *Hamlet* on the New York stage, then went back to England to give his best performance in the film of *Pygmalion*. Howard at this time was writing a play (which he never finished), and wanted to produce and direct. Approached by Selznick on his return to Hollywood, the actor's response was lukewarm. He was not interested in reading Margaret Mitchell's novel, and

in fact never did so; when Selznick showed him a few scenes from the script, he remained unimpressed. Knowing the actor's other ambitions, Selznick offered him a package deal, with a job to follow as associate producer on a forthcoming picture. Howard finally took the bait, giving the usual reason in a letter to his daughter in England: "Money is the mission here and who am I to refuse it?"

The forthcoming picture was to be *Intermezzo*. During the fall of 1938, Selznick also found time to follow up another tip from Kay Brown, who had seen Ingrid Bergman in the Swedish version, and to sign the actress to a contract. His schedule, it seemed, could never be full enough, and he embarked on plans for an American remake.

By November, 1938, ten months after the final meetings with Sidney Howard, there had still been no progress on the script, and there was still no Scarlett; but a date had been fixed for the start of shooting. The deal with MGM specified that Gable had to begin work during the second week of February, 1939, and there was no guarantee that he would be available for more than twenty weeks, which was less than the established shooting schedule. (In case it is wondered how a schedule could be established without a script, Selznick had given his production department a list of all the principal scenes and sets that would definitely be included in the picture, and on this basis the department worked out a shooting period of approximately twenty-two weeks. Simultaneously, the many background and incidental shots not requiring direction of actors would be done by second units.) Now pressed for time, Selznick announced that a single sequence, the burning of Atlanta, would be shot on December 10, 1938. He planned to use the following two months, until Gable was available, on further preparation and on scenes without Rhett.

During November, too, he came to a decision. Paulette Goddard would be his Scarlett O'Hara, and her agent was contacted. However, at this time Chaplin and his star were openly living together, and no one was certain whether they were married. In more paranoid circles of the movie industry and the middle classes, Chaplin's alleged left-wing views in *Modern Times* had caused the first stirrings of the unpopularity that led to his eventual exclusion from the United States. Now the cry of an "immoral" private life was raised. When it became known that Goddard was on the verge of being signed, women's clubs all over the United States fired salvos of protest, and Selznick felt obliged to ask his Scarlett whether or not she was Chaplin's wife. Goddard insisted that a ceremony had occurred at sea, in the harbor of Singapore, while they were on a cruise to the Orient. (In *My*



Melanie

Autobiography, published in 1964, Chaplin states briefly, "During this trip Paulette and I were married.") Unfortunately, Goddard couldn't produce a marriage certificate or any official evidence that the wedding had taken place. Deciding not to risk a scandal, Selznick reluctantly ordered the search to continue.

In the meantime, he turned his attention again briefly to the script. After Margaret Mitchell refused his offer to inspect the existing material and give her opinion of it, he engaged Oliver H. P. Garrett, a screenwriter with whom he'd previously worked at MGM, to collaborate with him on further revisions to the structure and continuity. This job began on the train to New York, where Selznick had to go for a week of business meetings. Together they made some more cuts and reworked several major scenes—the barbecue at Twelve Oaks, the meeting of Rhett and Scarlett at the Atlanta Bazaar, the escape from Atlanta, Ashley's return from the war, and the new events leading up to the death of Frank Kennedy. Like other writers who followed him, Garrett was limited by being allowed to work only on isolated sequences, by the fact that Selznick was still uncertain about how long a film he wanted, and by the warnings not to tamper with a classic: "The ideal script, as far as I am concerned, would be one that did not contain a single word of original dialogue, and that was one hundred per cent Margaret Mitchell, however much we juxtaposed it." A difficult order when Selznick also demanded the invention of an occasional scene not in the book.

Like his successors, Garrett was employed only

for a week or two, and never knew which of his ideas had been accepted until he saw the finished picture. Until the middle of January, 1939, other writers—including John van Druten, Scott Fitzgerald, and the scenarist Jo Swerling—were brought in to work in the same piecemeal way. In spite of his demands for close collaboration, Selznick seems to have been unwilling to work with his writers for more than a few days (or nights) at a time, and to have remained curiously indifferent to the confusion his methods created. As late as a day before the start of principal photography, a note to Whitney tells him not to worry about “the seemingly small amount of final revised script. . . . It is so clearly in my mind that I can tell you the picture from beginning to end, almost shot for shot.”

While the mounds of unrevised pages continued to grow, he began conferring with Cukor on the casting of supporting parts. Lionel Barrymore was their first idea for Dr. Meade, but the actor was by now confined to a wheelchair, and they chose Harry Davenport instead. Selznick asked Kay Brown to sound out Tallulah Bankhead (now officially rejected as a candidate for Scarlett) on whether she would play Belle Watling, the Atlanta madam; Bankhead's reply, though not recorded, can be imagined, and the role went to Ona Munson. Hattie McDaniel was tested and cast as Mammy, Thomas Mitchell signed for Scarlett's father, and Barbara O'Neil (after Lillian Gish turned the part down) for her mother. Laura Hope Crews, a specialist in silly old women, landed Aunt Pittypat after Billie Burke was rejected as silly but not old enough.

The production team was already at work. For his designer, Selznick chose William Cameron Menzies, with whom he'd already been associated on *Tom Sawyer*, and who had other notable achievements to his credit, from the silent *Thief of Bagdad* with Fairbanks to *Things to Come* in England, which he also co-directed. According to Cukor, Hobe Erwin (who made the charming sets for *Little Women*) was also importantly involved in early conferences on the visual aspects, and influenced the general approach. Since both Menzies and Erwin are dead, this is one of several production matters that cannot be totally cleared up. Erwin has no credit on the film, and only worked on it for a few weeks before being replaced as art director by Lyle Wheeler; but this in itself is no reason to doubt Cukor's claim that he contributed vital ideas. On the other hand, there is the evidence of Menzies' involvement with the film throughout, his direction of several sequences, the color sketches for all the major camera setups in every scene that his assistant, McMillan Johnson, made under his supervision, and the sets he designed that were executed by Lyle Wheeler.

Lee Garmes, the cameraman assigned to the picture, had done brilliant innovative work throughout the 1930s, a pioneer in the development of low-key lighting, rich and muted halftones, seen at their most spectacular in the Von Sternberg-Dietrich films *Morocco*, *Shanghai Express*, and *Dishonored*. A cable from Selznick reached him in London, where he'd been working for several months with Alexander Korda on a project now in a state of collapse. This was *Cyrano de Bergerac*, to star Charles Laughton; by coincidence, Garmes (who was going to direct it) had just tested Vivien Leigh for Roxanne. Disagreements between Korda and Laughton caused the film to be abandoned. Garmes remembers that Selznick's cable astonished him, since he was convinced that *Gone With the Wind* must at least have started shooting. After his agent checked that it was not so, Garmes returned to Hollywood a day too late to film the burning of Atlanta, with which production began. He then worked on the picture for seven weeks, after which he had differences of opinion with Selznick and was replaced. Although he shot almost a third of the picture, and Vivien Leigh's tests, he received no credit.

For the costumes Selznick turned to Walter Plunkett, with whom he'd already worked on *Little Women*, and who had the eerie task of creating petticoats and crinolines for a nonexistent Scarlett. For the interiors, Joseph B. Platt, head of a large designing firm, was brought out from New York. He created special wallpapers and carpets, and supervised the choice of antique furniture. Both he and Plunkett worked in close collaboration with Menzies, evolving color effects and motifs for different scenes. Naturally, Selznick attended all their conferences and gave his seal of approval to the sketches.

Tara was to be built on the studio back lot, where various sets from *The Last of the Mohicans*, *King Kong*, *The Garden of Allah*, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* were still standing. Selznick's production manager, Raymond Klune, suggested that instead of clearing them away, they should be re-assembled, repainted, and then burned as Atlanta. Since this was to be a night scene, and much of the detail would be obscured by raging flames, it took only a few false fronts to prepare them for destruction.

While the old sets were being readied for burning, Selznick had another brief attack of interest in the script. With another Russian friend, Jo Swerling, who had written the screenplay of the studio's recently completed *Made for Each Other*, he went to Bermuda for a week. Notes were taken but no writing was accomplished. Returning to Hollywood, he was momentarily alarmed by Eddie Mannix, a vice president of MGM, who told him that the burning of Atlanta could be carried out much more effectively by the use of model shots. Men-

zies and Raymond Klune emphatically disagreed, and after some hesitation Selznick allowed the original plan to proceed.

The night of December 10, the night of the fire, was cold. Seven Technicolor cameras—all that were available in Hollywood at that time—had been positioned to cover the burning, of which there could obviously be no retakes, and the setups and lighting were worked out by Ray Renahan, the cameraman-adviser supplied by Technicolor. Pipes carrying gasoline had been run through the old sets; 25 members of the Los Angeles police department, 50 studio firemen, and 200 studio helpers were standing by with equipment and 5000-gallon water tanks in case the flames should get out of hand. Sets of doubles were engaged for Scarlett and Rhett, who would be seen in various long and medium shots as they escaped from the city with Melanie, her newborn baby and Prissy the maid hidden in the back of the wagon. A special lookout platform had been built for Selznick, his mother (Lewis J. Selznick had moved to California in the early thirties and died soon afterward), and friends. Myron was expected, but had warned he might be late since he was entertaining some clients at dinner.

There was something Napoleonic in the image of the thirty-seven-year-old producer elevated on his platform, surrounded by a court, waiting to give the order that would set a world on fire. However, since Myron was late, the signal was delayed—like almost everything else connected with the picture. After an hour, Ray Klune told Selznick that it was impossible to keep the police and fire departments waiting any longer. Intensely nervous—what if Mannix should prove right, and the highly publicized funeral pyre should fail to make its impact on the screen?—the producer gave his signal. The famous old sets of dried wood blazed willingly. Cukor called the first “Action!” on *Gone With the Wind*, and the doubles of Scarlett and Rhett made their escape past the burning structures of *King Kong* and *The Garden of Allah*.

As the sparks flew upward and the buildings began to tremble, Selznick knew that Mannix had been wrong. He turned to Raymond Klune and apologized for having doubted him. And to some Los Angeles residents, always fearful of natural disasters such as earthquakes and holocausts, the overpowering glow in the sky announced that the city itself was on fire. A few dozen people hastily packed suitcases, got out their cars, and started driving toward the desert.

As the fire began to wane and the shooting ended, Myron arrived, slightly drunk, with his din-



Scarlett

ner guests. He led them up to the platform, ignoring David's reproaches and excitedly seizing his arm. “I want you to meet your Scarlett O'Hara!” he said in a loud voice, causing everybody to turn around.

Selznick looked from the acres of burning rubble to a young actress standing beside Laurence Olivier. Firelight seemed to accentuate the hint of pale green in the light blue of her eyes, the green that Margaret Mitchell has ascribed to the eyes of her heroine. He knew that she was Vivien Leigh, an English actress, and that she and Olivier were in love. He also knew that several months ago her name had been mentioned to him by one of his talent executives, and he'd screened two pictures she made in Britain, *Fire Over England* and *A Yank at Oxford*, and thought her excellent but in no way a possible Scarlett. Seeing her now, the moment turned into a scene from his own *A Star Is Born*. “I took one look and knew that she was right—at least right as far as her appearance went,” he said later. “If you have a picture of someone in mind and then suddenly you see that person, no more evidence is necessary. . . . I'll never recover from that first look.” □

(to be continued)

SPEAKERS OF THE WORD FOR HEAVEN

by W. S. Merwin

A hand has its grub
an eye has its grub
the grubs of the knees tell us to rise

There is a grub for each foot
each walks its own road

The grub of each eye travels ahead of it
out of sight

The grub of a tongue never repeats

The grub of an ear can hear smoke
but loves the sound and says nothing

The grubs of the fingers of the respectable
envy each other

The grubs of the nails
tick

The grub of a liver dreams it's a bee

The grubs of the organs of union
have only one side

The grub of a heart keeps the heart
bleeding

The grub of each vein wanders homelessly
through all its life
sometimes in great joy

They are there they give their hosts age
a grub of hair is white

They are knitting and unravelling
with the same movements

In the languages of those grubs
the word for heaven is Breath

The grub of each skull remembers the spheres

Each grub is the shape of a beginning
and will be the shape of other things
if they were not there we would not have been born

If they were not there we would have gone on
we would go on

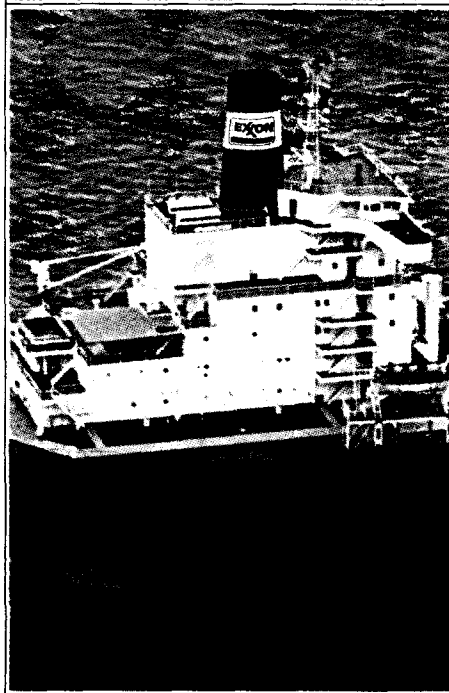
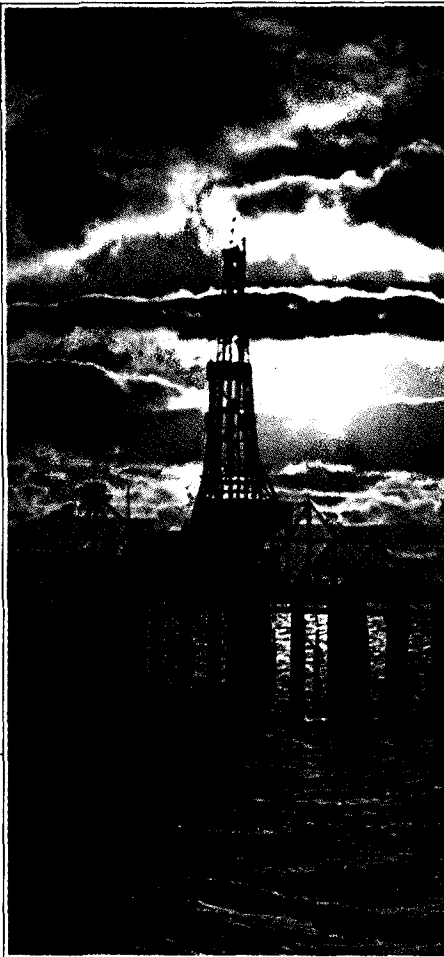
The grubs of the teeth
stand on mirrors
holding bowls

but not forever

The grubs of the legs swam
before they walked

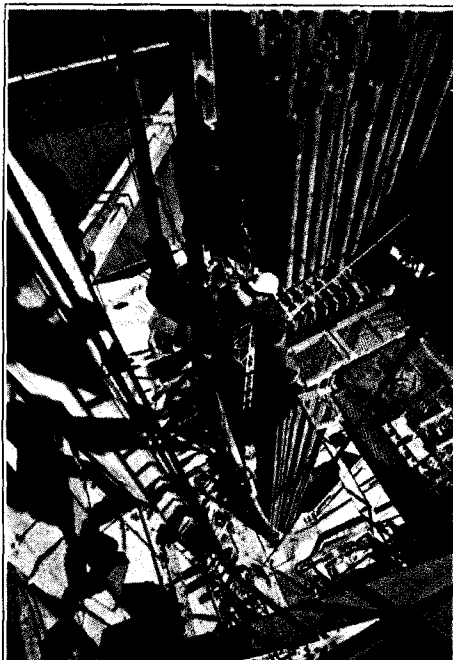
The farther we move away from them
the farther they go with us
urging us on

They led us here
following someone



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to know
about Exxon
Corporation.





Exxon explorers search for oil and gas around the world—the odds are usually against them.

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In the U.S. the Exxon explorers search from coast to coast and beyond, far out onto the continental shelf. They are drilling on every continent, with recent successes in Alaska, Australia, Canada, Florida, and in the North Sea off Scotland.

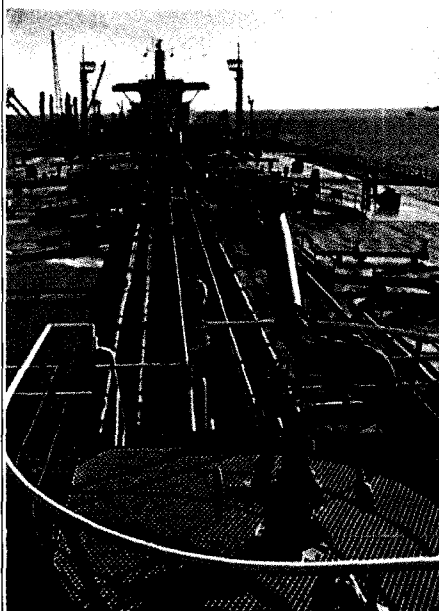
As a result of these efforts Exxon has over 20,000 oil- and gas-producing wells in the United States and another 7,000 abroad.



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As you read this, the oil is moving. It is moving in tankers across the oceans of the world and up and down the coasts of every continent. The Exxon tanker fleet is among the world's largest. Steaming along at a sedate 15 to 20 miles an hour, a single Exxon tanker can deliver 20 million gallons of crude oil from Texas to a New Jersey refinery in eight days.

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In the United States, Exxon has five refineries. Its affiliates abroad have another 60.

Today it's common to relate petroleum and chemicals, but before 1920 it was practically unheard of.

It was in that year that an Exxon refinery produced the first commercial "petrochemical."

From this beginning, Exxon Chemical Company has grown into a business with 60 plants in 24 countries. Its products are used in everything from plastics to cosmetics. Today, petroleum is the source of 80 per cent of the raw materials of modern chemistry.

Exxon is making a determined effort to minimize pollution, both from its operations and its products.

Simply running the business of oil efficiently these days is not good enough. That's why Exxon is investing some \$200,000,000 every year to remove sulfur, to clean up water and to do a lot of other things to help the environment. Here are just a few.

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Exxon has been instrumental in setting up many organizations dedicated to rapid and effective cleanup in the event of oil spills. Each of our U.S. refineries has a full-time staff of environmental specialists.

All of this is part of a continuing battle to get ourselves and our industry in harmony with the environment.



Exxon research scientists average a patent a day every working day.

Exxon scientists and engineers are involved in about 1000 different projects at any given time.

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Exxon researchers are developing better ways to make synthetic rubber, and better ways to extract more oil from underground reservoirs.

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And this is helping all over the world because Exxon research is multinational. It focuses the talent of more than 5,000 scientists and engineers in seven countries on solving the problems of our company and meeting the needs of our customers.

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The chances of coming face to face with an Exxon service station are pretty good—because there are 25,000 of them from coast to coast.

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We'd like you to know Exxon.

We hope these pages have told you something about Exxon Corporation—who we are, what we do and where we work.

We are U.S.-based with many affiliates abroad. There are, in fact, 143,000 Exxon employees around the world. Our primary task is finding, producing, transporting, refining and selling oil and natural gas to millions of customers.

In the United States, there are 40,000 of us; most of us work for Exxon Company, U.S.A., in itself one of America's leading oil and gas enterprises. In recent months Exxon Company, U.S.A. has carried out the change to Exxon that you've seen at your service station.

An important part of our world-wide business is chemicals. This is guided by Exxon Chemical Company. U.S. chemical operations are conducted by Exxon Chemical Company U.S.A.

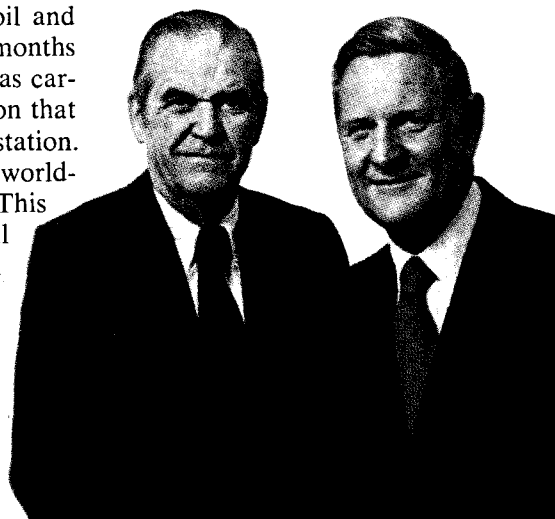
We are also companies that do research and engineering, international exploration, development of

non-petroleum energy sources, and land development. This should give you an idea of our scope.

Although the name of Exxon Corporation is new, we realize that our reputation will continue to depend upon the quality of our products, the service we offer and the way we conduct ourselves.

J. K. Jamieson
Chairman,
Exxon Corporation

C. C. Garvin, Jr.
President,
Exxon Corporation



A GUIDE TO THE ARCHITECTURE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

A story by Ward Just

The day after the election he took five of them through the Oval Office and all of the rooms in the West Wing. They were polite and attentive, but a little cold. Candler understood and didn't mind. He thought they looked very young and would improve with age; give them four years in the West Wing and they'd age quickly enough. Candler showed them everything, from the location of the coat closets to the safes and special communications equipment. He explained that many of the pictures on the wall were personal and would leave with the men who owned them. All of this was carefully taken down by the one with the notebook. There was no question that this new crowd would want a thorough housecleaning, which was entirely understandable. The old man told him to expect that, and be courteous about it.

Candler filled them in as best he could on the way the White House was run. Who had which offices, and the lines of authority each to each. It was a pointless exercise, because the staff followed the whim of the top man, and no staff was like any other. But there were certain practical considerations, and Candler understood those after eight years. The six of them made desultory conversation for thirty minutes, then got up to leave.

See you later, one of them said with a smile.

Anytime, Candler replied.

He showed them to the door and watched them walk away down the asphalt drive. They looked like college boys in their tweed coats and careful manners. He knew one of them slightly, from a conversation they'd had before the election. The old man had told him to offer his services to solve a financial problem and he'd done that, only to be refused. No thanks, they'd said; we can handle it. We appreciate your interest, and your boss's; but

no thanks. This was the new crowd, and they were very jealous about that. Also they were the new crowd running against the record of the old. Same political party, different generations.

Candler watched them go, and felt no regrets. Eight years was long enough, and he was tired. His work was done. Candler thought he would go to Sun Valley for a month and arrange to be back in town just before the inauguration. He hadn't missed one of those in sixteen years. It signaled continuity, an orderly transition. Then he'd go to New York and begin his book. And after that—time would tell.

The five men had walked down the asphalt and were now standing on the sidewalk on Pennsylvania Avenue, looking back at the White House. Measuring it for size, Candler thought; thinking about the offices. The offices in the basement, the ones on the second floor, and the *real* offices. The ones next to the Oval Office. He grinned, knowing *exactly* what they were thinking.

Then he turned and hurried inside.

He listened to Billingsly's slow drawl, the Southern drawl that had deceived two generations of lawyers. "Tell me again," Billingsly said. "What is Oldfield offering?"

"The usual guarantees. The front money, the fringes. For the usual services, and these are specified. It's a tight contract. I told them who I could bring in with me, and these are very, very good clients. Top-of-the-line people. But the thing is this. They won't talk about the other stuff. 'We'll take care of that when it comes up,' they said. Of course, they want me to stay public. They don't want an invisible man."

"No."

"And that's all well and good, they're good people and all that. Except that the guarantee isn't all that high. It's high enough, but it's nothing exceptional."

"How high?"

"... and they've been slipping lately. They were hurt when the judge died. To a certain extent, they're living on reputation."

"How high, Paul?"

"A hundred and a half, plus a percentage. Of course, they're counting on me to deliver."

"Any problem there?"

"No, none. As I said, these people are top-of-the-line people." There was dead air between them, and Candler lit a cigarette. They had plenty of time; there was no hurry. Candler heard his friend breathing heavily into the telephone. He switched buttons to the squawk box, so he could talk from anywhere in the room. "None at all," Candler said.

"It's a good offer, Paul."

"Fair, not good."

"When I began it was eight dollars a week and you walked to court and all the fees went into the hands of the senior partners. But I was twenty-five then."

"And I'm forty-one."

"And I'm seventy." Billingsly paused. "What are your options?"

"Christ, I'd like to get back into the game. Tom, I'd give my left nut to get back into it. But there isn't any entry. They're all new people now. Hell, some of them I don't even know. The guy there that has my old job, Christ, he used to be the Attorney General of, Christ, *Idaho*, or some damn place. I don't even know their names, where they came from. New crowd entirely."

"I know what you mean. Same damn thing happens every time the big man dies or is defeated. They bring in the new brooms, but the last time we had this kind of situation was Coolidge and Hoover. I mean where there was an election, a definite stop and start. I remember what happened then. They..."

"Hell, we didn't have a *government* then. All we had was guys sitting in offices. Not a government, the way it is now." Candler lit a cigarette. "Well, back to the problem at hand. What do you think of Oldfield's offer?"

"He's your ticket of admission, Paul."

"What do you really think of it?"

"I think it's a pretty good offer. That firm's right for you just now. You've got to think long-range. Oldfield must be older than I am, and his kid is a horse's ass. The judge is dead, but they've got five or six others in there who know their way around. Damn well. It's still a quality outfit, and your going there could make a difference. The front money's not all that important in the last analysis.

You know good and well that they can't get the sort of business you can, and that no one in that place has got your contacts. Just leave the contract open-ended. That's my free legal advice. Write it for a year, then renegotiate."

"Fisher got more," Candler said.

"Well, yes."

"More front money, and a guarantee he could move on damn near anything he wanted, anytime he wanted. He got *carte blanche*."

"... of a certain kind. But we've been through this before, and you've got to accept it. You've got to remember who Fisher was, and what he did. And how he did it. The kind of exposure he had. You know the truth and I know the truth, but Fisher's new employers don't know it."

"Those were great days," Candler said.

"Screw the great days. This is right now."

"Well, Fisher got his name on the door. Davis, Davis, and Fisher. The son of a bitch. I'm surprised he didn't make them reverse it. Fisher and Davis. Or maybe just Fisher and Partners."

"He's no novice at writing contracts."

Candler was silent for a moment. Then: "Maybe I ought to wait until the book is out."

"... he was more visible than you. That was just the way it happened, nothing to do with you or with him. You were too damn stiff with the newsies, Paul. Fisher wasn't, and that made the difference. The *Time* cover, all that horseshit. Everybody thought after a while that Ted Fisher was running the government, when in reality it was you." The old man barked a laugh and they were silent again. Candler stared morosely at his drink. He switched off the squawk box, and picked up the telephone receiver.

"Maybe if I wait until the book is out, maybe then..."

"Paul, the book is *now*. Your chips are *then*. The past in this case is more important than the present. Everybody is friendly as hell, but you've got to put yourself in their shoes. They're not buying an author, they're buying a lawyer. Historians are a dime a dozen, President's lawyers aren't. Now I know it's a fine book. But what you're giving Oldfield is the past. That's what you've got on the table, that's your ante. You know where to go, he doesn't. You know the passwords, he doesn't. You know the graveyard, and he hasn't a clue. That's your little secret. You can win the Nobel Prize with that book and it won't matter a damn to Oldfield. Believe me that."

"The book will get attention."

"Yeah, attention will be paid. But you're not getting this job through the *New York Times*."

"So you're saying this to me. Go now."

"Absolutely, unless you've got something better. The longer you wait, the more you've got to contend with memory. Memories fade. It's all on the instant now, and you've got to strike while you're

hot. You've been with that book for two years, and you're already a former. Am I right? How do they identify you? Paul Candler, former special counsel to the President. Right? Am I right? And it's an ex-President."

"Right."

"So you have a problem."

"I guess I didn't tell you that I let out the word that I was available, if they wanted me."

"You did *what*?"

"Well, I did."

"Christ, Paul."

"It took about a week for the word to come back, through a third party. They said they'd like to talk about it sometime, but there was nothing just now in the White House. They wondered, though, if I'd consider chairing a . . . study group." Candler listened to Billingsly's impatient breathing. "This was to be a presidential commission to do with auto safety. Me and about four hundred other distinguished citizens. To find out for Mr. and Mrs. America if driving is good for you. You know, there'd be me and the president of some third-rate university, a sports hero, a defeated politician, some women, a writer down on his luck. A retired Supreme Court justice—hell, that could be *you* except you're not retired. But don't worry, I'll pass your name along. I'll tell them that Mr. Justice Billingsly is ready and willing . . ."

"Paul Paul Paul."

"All right, a mistake."

"For a smart guy, you sometimes do the damndest things."

"But it's done now."

"Never never never never."

"Right."

"I would have done that for you. I see them all the time. I mean I see quite a lot of them, including The Man. That's the sort of thing that has to be handled with great diplomacy, because they don't know what's behind it. Those Midwesterners, they're suspicious as hell. It's the sort of thing where you deal face to face, after the initial contact. I would have done that. Pleased to do it. Why didn't you ask me about it, before you went ahead? Look, some of them are top-notch people. It's a mistake to think they're all opportunists."

"Right right right."

"Are you serious? Did they really ask you to chair a study group?"

Candler thought he had been too flip, that he'd made himself unnecessarily vulnerable. But if he couldn't trust Billingsly, there was no one he could trust. "Yes, I'm serious about the study group. The President himself suggested it, they said. The President himself would be honored. Delighted. Very pleased. By the way, they call him 'The Man.'" Candler was silent, waiting for a reply. When there was none, he went on: "The Man wants this. The

Man wants that. The Man says this. The Man believes."

"Yes, I know that."

"I was going to reply that I'd be pleased to do it. My experience in settling railroad strikes, negotiating with the Cubans, strong-arming the oilmen—let alone that Canadian business—that eminently qualifies me. Rich experience, put to good use."

"Well, they think they've got an identity problem over there. They want to separate this administration from the last, and that's why there are so few holdovers. For better or worse, Paul, you're identified with the *ancien régime*. So am I, for the matter of that. But they can't do anything about me, I've got my job for life. I'm sorry to tell you this, but the book won't help. It'll just serve to reinforce their paranoia about . . . loyalties."

"But Tom, the old man's almost dead. How can you have loyalty to a dead man?"

"It's who you're identified with. That's your problem just now. And it won't go away, not until the second term at least, and maybe never. Well, not *never*. But it's something you've got to face up to."

"Yeah, I suppose. I suppose." Candler put the squawk box on and went to the bar to mix himself a fresh drink. Talking with Billingsly depressed him. He said over his shoulder, "Well, Fisher seems thick enough with them."

"I suppose you know why."

"Unh."

"You *do* know why."

"I've heard," Candler said carefully.

"The meeting at the club."

"Right."

"Seven figures, Paul. And Fisher was the broker for that. Hell yes, he's in tight. You can't ignore that kind of help. And he spends a lot of time with the newsies, which doesn't hurt any. And it develops that he and The Man share a passion for . . . duck hunting."

"Oh Christ," Candler said.

Billingsly was silent for a moment. Then he added: "I hear on pretty good authority that he'll be offered Billy's job . . ."

"Deputy secretary of *defense*?"

"Right."

Candler stood at the bar, absently moving ice in his glass. He reached for the bottle of Scotch, and filled the glass to the brim. He sighed. Forbearance. "When?"

"End of year."

"But I keep reading about a campaign for governor."

"No, that isn't going to happen. They took some polls and it showed up very badly; he's got a carpetbagger image. And as a matter of fact, he's a lousy politician. He knows that, and the talk about running for governor was a screen to keep his

name out front. He wouldn't make a politician any more than you would."

"I don't know about that."

"I do. You and Fisher, you're inside men."

"You know a hell of a lot about what's going on, Tom. You sound like you're in pretty tight yourself." Candler paused, aware that he'd overstepped himself. "Sorry, Tom. I didn't mean that the way it sounded."

"No problem."

"It's just that Fisher irritates the hell out of me. I saw him a couple of weeks ago on the street. We went up to his office and had a drink. B-i-i-i-i-g corner office, a carpet up to your eyeballs. Two telephones, a lot of soup-can art on the walls. And that one photograph on the desk, of the old man before he got sick. *To Ted Fisher. Loyalist first last and always.* That was the inscription. Nice."

"Has Oldfield showed you around their place?"

"Yes. And to answer your question, my office there would be about a third the size of the one I had at the White House. Now that's a strange thing. A hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year guaranteed, and they give you an office the size of . . . an assistant to the deputy assistant under-secretary of . . . what? The Commerce Department. Some Daumier prints go with the office. It's got a view of another building, directly across the street. But if I strain, I can see the East River, at an angle, looking left out my window. It may be a mistake to go to New York with Oldfield. Wouldn't it make a lot more sense to stay in Washington?"

"Fisher didn't."

"No." Candler switched back to the receiver.

"I think it makes more sense to broaden your base. And those New York lawyers. They're a little awed by Washington. They don't *know* it, not like we do, and they're a little afraid of it. They're afraid of it and patronizing about it, all at once. Oldfield's outfit is old-line, and they're probably being deliberately casual. But that'll stop when they have a serious problem and you can solve it for them. That'll stop right away at that time."

"New York's a pain in the ass."

"Well, you force yourself, Paul."

"A hundred and a half makes up for the discomfort."

Billingsly coughed, and said casually, "Did Fisher talk to you at all about his plans? Did he say anything?"

"No. I got the idea he was going to make money for two or three years, then engineer a reentry. That's why I'm surprised at your news. But we're pretty cautious with each other, there's still some hard feeling. Not on my part, on his." Candler laughed a short, quick laugh. "Know anywhere I can scare up seven figures?"

"So he didn't say anything specific."

"Not to me."

"Well, wait it out."

"Sure. And I'll go to work for Oldfield, and we'll spend a lot of time reminiscing about the old man, and then he'll start to ask me the questions. What really went on at the meeting in Ottawa? Or tell me the straight story behind the oil deal, did Big Clint really say what they said he said? Or he'll buy me a big lunch at the Harvard Club and we'll have a drink or two and some fine wine and he'll say, just about the time the cigars come, Say, Paul, I was talking to old X today and it turns out he's got a problem with import quotas. Or with the FCC or the NLRB. Or someone from the White House is leaning on him, and isn't there a way to do a quiet end-around? And I'll say, Don't worry, I'll look into it. And I will, and maybe I can do something and maybe I can't, and the client won't be any wiser and we can hike the fee a couple of hundred percent, and he can be a big man on the golf course back in Cleveland by saying he's hired Paul Candler to solve his Washington problem. Wink. Smile." He paused, listening to Billingsly's breathing. "Tom, I want to be where it's happening. I know what to do and how to do it. I had the place in the palm of my hand. I'm good at it, what I did for the old man. No one could come in cold and move a man around like I could. I couldn't put it in the book because the book is supposed to be about the old man, but it was *me* who sealed the oil thing. *I* negotiated. *I* set the terms. The old man gave me blanket authority, and I took it and the thing was settled to everyone's satisfaction. It never broke in the press, and it never will. I let Fisher and the rest of them massage the press, and they did a hell of a job. And got their names in the paper. Well, I've hinted at the oil deal in the book. Anyone who reads between the lines can guess at the truth of the matter." Candler heard Billingsly laugh. "Or part of the truth, anyway."

"Yes, I was about to say."

"So now I'm out in the cold. Fisher's in, I'm out."

"Look at it this way. You'll make some dough for a couple of years. Then you'll come back in."

"The old man was some man to work for," Candler said. "Remember that look, the over-the-eye-glasses look? Just a glance across the desk. *Now you take care of this, and I want it done right.* Remember that, Tom? And we went off and did it, and didn't bother him again until the thing was done. Just *did* it, with no questions asked. And no publicity either."

"Absolutely."

"I loved that old man."

"We all did. Do."

"That's where it is, you know. That's where it counts. Up against that, Oldfield and Wall Street are Dubuque." Candler took a long swallow of his drink, and switched on the squawk box again. "But it's the old frontier now, that's for sure. And

Fisher's playing bagman for the new crowd." Candler swirled ice around in his glass, standing at the bar with his back to the telephone. A habit he picked up in the West Wing, strolling around the office while he talked into the telephone.

"Paul? You know I never really thanked you for letting me see the galleys of the book. And agreeing to the changes. It would have been awkward as hell for me."

"I understand. I don't know how the passage got in there in the first place. It was careless research."

"Well, you know I appreciated it."

"Yes."

"Well, I guess that's it."

"All right, Tom. One last thing. I want to pursue this for a minute, if you've got the time. *What if* you took it up in a private way with your friends back there. Casually, no big production. You say to them, Paul Candler wants to get back into the government. He knows it's hard for you. But he'd like to work in the White House again. He thinks he can be useful to the President, and he's willing to take on damn near any assignment. Troubleshooting, speechwriting, anything . . ."

"It's a hard nut, Paul. What did you do about the auto safety thing?"

"Oldfield represents about half of Detroit, so I said I'd be delighted to take it on. When Oldfield heard about that, he was pleased as hell. That announcement won't be made for three or four months, so there's no problem either way. What do you think about talking to them? You can say you're not speaking with my explicit authority, necessarily, you're operating on assumptions. You can say I'm bored with life on the outside."

"I could do it all right," Billingsly said slowly.

"Well, good."

" . . . except for the other thing. They *know* you're interested. You've brought your name to their attention. They know you're out there. I'd leave it to them now, and what I'll do is put in a word for you. I mean a very good word. Paul, they're hard as rocks right now."

"Well, hell. No hurry. We'll talk about it soon."

"Right, we'll do that. Meantime, you think about Oldfield."

"You think definitely that I ought to take it."

"I do. No question."

"In a couple of years, I ought to make half a million dollars."

"That's the spirit."

"Yeah. I'll buy some duck blinds." They are silent for a moment, the conversation almost at an end now.

"Take care, Paul."

"Give my regards to Fisher, if you see him before I do."

"You bet."

"And I ought to see you next month, when I get in town."

"Just let me know."

"And speak to The Man, next time you see him."

"You can count on it," Billingsly said.

Candler cradled the telephone, and turned back to the bar. He remembered everything, and he knew his life wouldn't ever be the same; he knew Billingsly too well, and understood all the nuances. He remembered the black Mercury sedans, with the telephones and the reading light in the rear seat. He was up every morning at seven sharp and swinging into the big circular lobby at a quarter to eight. He remembered the silence of the lobby, and the wan light from hidden lamps. In the early morning there were always one or two visitors seated on couches, nervous men waiting for appointments who put down their newspapers when they saw him. It was as if they felt newspapers were an unnecessary frivolity, a sacrilege in his presence, something profane.

He remembered the two guards at the door and the old Negro receptionist at the desk near the far end of the room. There were different Negroes at different times; he could never keep them straight. He'd pause—it always seemed an eternity—then stride swiftly to the corridor that led to his own office: he felt the others watching him, following his progress. From the corners of his eyes he'd notice the old man at the desk struggle to his feet, looking at him with large watery eyes, and glide like a bird, soundless, to the corridor entrance. He'd wait there, ready to be of service—who knew if Candler had a message to be delivered, someone summoned, something fetched? Candler never did, and the old black man would then offer to take the briefcase for him. Candler'd shake his head, No; grimly, No. His fists tightened around the briefcase handles as he swung by the Negro with a nod and a muttered good morning.

Then, safely inside the sanctum, he'd relax and stroll down the hallway to his office, and the morning's business. Before he did anything, he checked the appointment book to see what was scheduled. What was public, what private, and what personal. Then he checked the Oval Office, to see if the old man was in. To see if there was anything special that day. Anything that needed doing. Anything at all.

It was the office, not the man. That was what the historians said, and for once the historians were right. Oh, what a place Washington was, when you were there on the inside. Right in tight, near the Oval Office where it happened. He'd been there for eight years, a public servant, a President's man. Now he was on the outs. He hated being on the outs more than he hated anything. For a President's man, habit died hard, and suddenly he was afraid. □

REQUIEM 1935-1940

by Anna Akhmatova

Translated by Stanley Kunitz with Max Hayward

No foreign sky protected me,
no stranger's wing shielded my face.
I stand as witness to the common lot,
survivor of that time, that place.

1961

INSTEAD OF A PREFACE

In the terrible years of the Yezhov terror I spent seventeen months waiting in line outside the prison in Leningrad. One day somebody in the crowd identified me. Standing behind me was a woman, with lips blue from the cold, who had, of course, never heard me called by name before. Now she started out of the torpor common to us all and asked me in a whisper (everyone whispered there):

"Can you describe this?"

And I said: "I can."

Then something like a smile passed fleetingly over what had once been her face.

Leningrad, 1 April, 1957

DEDICATION

Such grief might make the mountains stoop,
reverse the waters where they flow,
but cannot burst these ponderous bolts
that block us from the prison cells
crowded with mortal woe. . . .
For some the wind can freshly blow,
for some the sunlight fade at ease,
but we, made partners in our dread,

hear but the grating of the keys,
and heavy-booted soldiers' tread.
As if for early Mass, we rose
and each day walked the wilderness,
trudging through silent street and square,
to congregate, less live than dead.
The sun declined, the Neva blurred,
and hope sang always from afar.
Whose sentence is decreed? . . . That moan,
that sudden spurt of woman's tears,
shows one distinguished from the rest,
as if they'd knocked her to the ground
and wrenched the heart out of her breast,
then let her go, reeling, alone.
Where are they now, my nameless friends
from those two years I spent in hell?
What specters mock them now, amid
the fury of Siberian snows,
or in the blighted circle of the moon?
To them I cry, Hail and Farewell!

PROLOGUE

That was a time when only the dead
could smile, delivered from their wars,
and the sign, the soul, of Leningrad
dangled outside its prison-house;
and the regiments of the condemned,

herded in the railroad-yards,
shrank from the engine's whistle-song
whose burden went, "Away, pariahs!"
The stars of death stood over us.
And Russia, guiltless, beloved, writhed
under the crunch of bloodstained boots,
under the wheels of Black Marias.

1

At dawn they came and took you away.
You were my dead: I walked behind.
In the dark room children cried,
the holy candle gasped for air.
Your lips were chill from the ikon's kiss,
sweat bloomed on your brow—
those deathly flowers!
Like the wives of Peter's troopers in Red Square
I'll stand and howl under the Kremlin towers.

1935

2

Quietly flows the quiet Don;
into my house slips the yellow moon.

It leaps the sill, with its cap askew,
and balks at a shadow, that yellow moon.

This woman is sick to her marrow-bone,
this woman is utterly alone,

with husband dead, with son away
in jail. Pray for me. Pray.

3

Not, not mine: it's somebody else's wound.
I could never have borne it. So take the thing
that happened, hide it, stick it in the ground.
Whisk the lamps away . . .

Night.

4

They should have shown you—mockery,
delight of your friends, hearts' thief,
naughtiest girl of Pushkin's town—
this picture of your fated years,
as under the glowering wall you stand,
shabby, three hundredth in the line,
clutching a parcel in your hand,

and the New Year's ice scorched by your tears.
See there the prison poplar bending!
No sound. No sound. Yet how many
innocent lives are ending. . . .

5

For seventeen months I have cried aloud,
calling you back to your lair.
I hurled myself at the hangman's foot.
You are my son, changed into nightmare.
Confusion occupies the world,
and I am powerless to tell
somebody brute from something human,
or on what day the word spells, "Kill!"
Nothing is left but dusty flowers,
the tinkling thurible, and tracks
that lead to nowhere. Night of stone,
whose bright enormous star
stares me straight in the eyes,
promising death, ah soon!

6

The weeks fly out of mind,
I doubt that it occurred:
how into your prison, child,
the white nights, blazing, stared;
and still, as I draw breath,
they fix their buzzard eyes
on what the high cross shows,
this body of your death.

7

The Sentence

The word dropped like a stone
on my still living breast.
Confess: I was prepared,
am somehow ready for the test.

So much to do today:
kill memory, kill pain,
turn heart into a stone,
and yet prepare to live again.

Not quite. Hot summer's feast
brings rumors of carouse.
How long have I foreseen
this brilliant day, this empty house?

8

To Death

You will come in any case—so why not now?
 How long I wait and wait. The bad times fall.
 I have put out the light and opened the door
 for you, because you are simple and magical.
 Assume, then, any form that suits your wish,
 take aim, and blast at me with poisoned shot,
 or strangle me like an efficient mugger,
 or else infect me—typhus be my lot—
 or spring out of the fairy tale you wrote,
 the one we're sick of hearing, day and night,
 where the blue hatband marches up the stairs,
 led by the janitor, pale with fright.
 It's all the same to me. The Yenisei swirls,
 the North Star shines, as it will shine forever;
 and the blue luster of my loved one's eyes
 is clouded over by the final horror.

The House on the Fontanka, 19 August, 1939

9

Already madness lifts its wing
 to cover half my soul.
 That taste of opiate wine!
 Lure of the dark valley!

Now everything is clear.
 I admit my defeat. The tongue
 of my ravings in my ear
 is the tongue of a stranger.

No use to fall down on my knees
 and beg for mercy's sake.
 Nothing I counted mine, out of my life,
 is mine to take:

not my son's terrible eyes,
 not the elaborate stone flower
 of grief, not the day of the storm,
 not the trial of the visiting hour,
 not the dear coolness of his hands,
 not the lime trees' agitated shade,
 not the thin cricket-sound
 of consolation's parting word.

4 May, 1940

CRUCIFIXION

*"Do not weep for me, Mother,
 when I am in my grave."*

A choir of angels glorified the hour,
 the vault of heaven was dissolved in fire.
 "Father, why hast thou forsaken me?
 Mother, I beg you, do not weep for me. . . ."

Mary Magdalene beat her breasts and sobbed,
 His dear disciple, stone-faced, stared.
 His mother stood apart. No other looked
 into her secret eyes. Nobody dared.

1940-1943

EPILOGUE

1

I have learned how faces fall to bone,
 how under the eyelids terror lurks,
 how suffering inscribes on cheeks
 the hard lines of its cuneiform texts,
 how glossy black or ash-fair locks
 turn overnight to tarnished silver,
 how smiles fade on submissive lips,
 and fear quavers in a dry titter.
 And I pray not for myself alone . . .
 for all who stood outside the jail,
 in bitter cold or summer's blaze,
 with me under that blind red wall.

2

Remembrance hour returns with the turning year.
 I see, I hear, I touch you drawing near:

the one we tried to help to the sentry's booth,
 and who no longer walks this precious earth,

and that one who would toss her pretty mane
 and say, "It's just like coming home again."

I want to name the names of all that host,
 but they snatched up the list, and now it's lost.

I've woven them a garment that's prepared
 out of poor words, those that I overheard,

and will hold fast to every word and glance
 all of my days, even in new mischance,

and if a gag should blind my tortured mouth,
through which a hundred million people shout,

then let them pray for me, as I do pray
for them, this eve of my remembrance day.

And if my country ever should assent
to casting in my name a monument,

I should be proud to have my memory graced,
but only if the monument be placed

not near the sea on which my eyes first opened—
my last link with the sea has long been broken—

nor in the Tsar's garden near the sacred stump,
where a grieved shadow hunts my body's warmth,

but here, where I endured three hundred hours
in line before the implacable iron bars.

Because even in blissful death I fear
to lose the clangor of the Black Marias,

to lose the banging of that odious gate
and the old crone howling like a wounded beast.

And from my motionless bronze-lidded sockets
may the melting snow, like teardrops,
slowly trickle,

and a prison dove coo somewhere, over and over,
as the ships sail softly down the flowing Neva.

March, 1940

NOTES

"Requiem": The full text of this lament for the victims of Stalin's terror was first published abroad (in Munich, 1963). A few excerpts have been published in the Soviet Union, but without any indication that they belong to a larger whole. The three stanzas of section 7 were published as long ago as 1940 in the literary journal *Zvezda* (one of the two Leningrad journals closed on Party orders in 1946, after the denunciation of Akhmatova), but without the title "The Sentence." The four lines of section 3 were published in a Moscow literary journal in 1966. The section entitled "Crucifixion" appeared in *The Flight of Time* in 1965. The various parts of the main text were written between 1935 and 1940, but the verse and prose prefaces were added in 1961 and 1957 respectively.

"Instead of a preface": "Yezhov terror" (*yez-hovshchina*). The name often given by Russians to the worst period of the purges (1937-1938), when Nikolai Yezhov, the Commissar of Internal Affairs, was ordered by Stalin to proceed to indiscriminate mass arrests. People waited outside the prisons in the hope of learning something about the fate of their relatives, or of getting a parcel to them.

Section 1: "At dawn they came and took you away." As Akhmatova mentions in her memoir on Mandelstam, this line refers specifically to the arrest of Nikolai Punin in 1935, before the Yezhov terror began. By then, according to a reference in the second volume of Mrs. Mandelstam's memoirs,

Punin was at liberty again, and appears not to have been rearrested, unlike Akhmatova's son.

"Peter's troopers." *Streletsy*, household troops founded by Ivan the Terrible. After their mutiny in 1698, they were crushed by Peter the Great's Scottish general, Patrick Gordon, and two thousand of them were put to death after torture. Their wives pleaded for them "under the Kremlin walls."

Section 2: "With husband dead" refers to Nikolai Gumilev, shot in 1921. These four couplets are a good example of Akhmatova's occasional use of very simple rhythms and diction, close to those of folk poetry. Despite her high literary culture, she had a strong affinity to this style and was very fond, for example, of the verse of the nineteenth-century populist Nekrasov. It appealed to the deeply "peasant" side of her nature once noted by Mandelstam. The diction here expresses her sense of the universality of the national tragedy.

Section 4: "Pushkin's town." *Tsarskoye Selo* in the original Russian.

"Under the glowering wall." The original here names the notorious Leningrad political prison *Kresty* (literally "Crosses," because of the shape of the internal layout), possibly with some intentional allusion to the literal meaning.

Section 8: "To Death": "Where the blue hat-band marches up the stairs." Members of the internal security forces (NKVD) wear blue hatbands.

ONE OF THE GREEN REVOLUTION BOYS

by Vance Bourjaily

Of Norman Borlaug, Nobel Peace Prize winner, and his counterrevolutionary battles with environmentalists.

My country neighbors, in this part of Iowa, felt that our community was honored in the fall of 1970 because I was sent to Mexico to meet Norman Borlaug.

They were really pleased about it—Earlis and Lucy Rohret, substantial farmers by whose family name the next road north has been called for several generations; Orval and Claretta Yoder, who have the Windham Garage, where cars and farm machines get fixed; Mac McKinney, who grew corn in Tipton until he decided it would be more fun to run a tavern; and Bob Asquith, the Soil Conservation Service technician. It mattered less to them than to me that I was the least prepared of any of us to meet Dr. Borlaug. I was a book writer, professor, buyer of much bad farmland; the man who didn't want the road paved; and the only one around who had never heard the new laureate's name before it was announced that an agricultural scientist from Cresco, ninety miles north of here, had won the Nobel Prize for Peace.

Norman Borlaug had been part of my neighbors' Iowa farm pride for a long while. His picture appeared on farm magazine covers, his name came up in sermons at church. His work with wheat breeding was as familiar to them in technical detail as, say, the prose of Hemingway or Faulkner is to me, and the international consequences of Dr. Borlaug's dedication were clear to them and frequently discussed. When he got the prize, they

had a true share in it, for he was a product of the way they lived and raised their children, a personification and perfecting of their values, one of themselves raised to the level of great man.

The Des Moines *Register*, recognizing this, gave the event an eight-column banner headline, all across the top of page one: IOWA'S OWN MAN OF PEACE.

An editor in New York, making the same connection, phoned to ask me to try writing the story, which was why I was going to Toluca, the old Mexican market town, near some of Dr. Borlaug's wheat fields.

At the university where I work, we were ignorant. The Humanities knew nothing of him. A friend over in Botany knew in a general way, but said: "Why Borlaug? There are quite a few fine plant geneticists around in Agriculture."

Agricultural science, you see, is spoken of as if it weren't quite a science—in the same way that ag school is inflected to indicate that what it offers is not quite education, and that agricultural life is spoken of as if it is not quite contemporary American life.

Only at the Law School, where some of the faculty go abroad to work, on loan to foreign governments in things like agrarian reform laws, did they know much about Norman Borlaug, and their knowledge was political: "Sure. He's one of the Green Revolution boys."

Here, as simply as I can put it, is the achievement of the Green Revolution: you recall the Malthusian catastrophe, that demographer's nightmare in which world starvation results from overpopulation, and we all go down together? It started happening about twenty years ago, beginning, of

course, in the most overcrowded and farmed-out places. India, for example, which had always had cereal grains to export, began importing them. So did Pakistan. The third horseman of the Apocalypse was in full canter there, and damned if mankind didn't shoot him between the eyes, with Norman Borlaug organizing the ambush.

That's what the prize was for. But it took me a while to understand that, just as it took me a while to feel that I understood the man himself.

Borlaug looks like a Viking prince, a light, muscular, compact man, with thin, white-streaked Scandinavian-blond hair, tough hands, and blue eyes that have seen a lot of weather.

In our first interview, we were both walking and he was working as well, part of a crew selecting plants from a couple of hundred acres of experimental wheats, pulling them up by hand from the hard Mexican soil. Standing among wheat, he was smiling—I noticed once—not at me but at the wheat; I hadn't really started asking about the Green Revolution yet. We were getting to know one another.

"Plants can talk to you," he said. "Laugh at me for saying it if you want, but plants speak, very softly, and you can learn to hear them. They tell you how they feel, or that it's a little cold for them this morning, by the way they stand."

I confessed I had a feeling of individual personality about three young apricot trees I'd planted.

"Of course," he said. "And if you studied them, I'll bet you'd find the differences are genetic."

I said I wanted to believe that—that I knew a biologist at home who felt that our elms would never succumb to Dutch elm disease, because they were so prolific—the genes to fight it were going to show up as they never had in the American chestnut, a much less varied and vigorous species.

"That assumes that there'll be a mutation," Dr. Borlaug said. "It may or may not happen. The resistant elms are on other continents. But, look, a couple of years ago I went to a conference of forest pathologists on the West Coast. They know I like to keep in touch with forestry, and they often invite me.

"They were facing Western white-pine blight. The white pines were dying like the elms, like the chestnuts. But out of every thousand, they said they were finding one or two that would withstand it. I suggested the foresters might have a fossil gene that was still active. Millions of years ago, when the white pine was native to Siberia, and in migration across what's now the Bering Strait, it could have carried resistance to this blight. It proved out. They found prehistoric Western white pine, frozen, in Siberia.

"Let me tell you why I made that guess. There

is corn in Africa now, old American corn species carried back on slave ships that were returning empty four or five hundred years ago. That corn hadn't known certain American diseases for centuries, until some material from this continent reached there—perhaps from an airliner flying over, dropping out corn cobs, after lunch. Quite a few African corns became diseased, but the old slave-ship species still carried their genetic resistance to American diseases that hadn't been present before in the African environment. You see, if we can put together what we learn in one field and apply it to others, we can get answers.

"So we might say, if plants can do that, then we should make our experiments in manipulating mutations, for example with radiation, much more imaginative than the things they're trying to do now. We could free our sophisticated researchers—with radiation genetics a physiologist might be able to produce a mutant alfalfa which would form its nitrogen-bearing nodes right on a corn root. Then you'd have corn that would produce part of its own fertilizer."

"Could I think of you as a kind of county agent to the world?" I asked, thinking of the extension men at home who visit and advise.

He was attracted enough by the phrase to pause.

"Well," he said, "I do think I'm able to talk to farmers. I have a sense of what they're thinking, how to show them things, even when I don't speak the language." He smiled, an odd, pursed-lipped smile in which his mouth contracted slightly as the teeth showed. "But no. I don't think that's it."

He gave me a glance that offered to fight this one out, words, fists, or free-style, and said flatly: "We move governments."

He was speaking for hundreds of urgent men. I learned that there were many others: Robert Chandler in rice, at the International Rice Research Institute in the Philippines. Ernest Sprague and Ed Wellhausen in corn. John Niederhauser in potatoes. Bob Osler in subsistence farming. Frank Zillinsky in triticale, the first man-made grain—one produced, that is, by geneticists manipulating genes instead of by evolution. There are man-made forages, the sudan grass-sorghum cross for example, but the parents were genetically close. Triticale, Dr. Borlaug told me, a wheat-rye cross, is something like breeding a dog to a cat. It was first produced fifty years ago, but what has finally been done is to overcome the problem of sterility in triticale—its high protein and productivity will make it miraculously useful as a cereal grain and for feeding stock, a rival to high-lysine corn, which designates the breakthrough in that plant family.

Many of these scientists, Borlaug among them, work under the sponsorship of an organization called CIMMYT, an acronym for a string of Spanish words (*Centro Internacional de Mejoramiento de Maíz y Trigo*) which is translated as International

Center for the Improvement of Corn and Wheat. All its fields of interest still wouldn't be represented if you expanded it to CIMMYTAPEA, adding *arroz*, *papas*, and *economía agrícola*. If you understand what is meant by the Green Revolution, think of CIMMYT as the high command; think of the Rockefeller and, more recently, Ford foundations moving diplomatically and financially in its support like a couple of sovereign nations; and think of the collective wisdom and experience of American farmers as having established, through the generations, its basic revolutionary doctrine.

That afternoon I learned at least about the first part of Norman Borlaug's contribution to the Green Revolution. Through the years, and incorporating (as he would insist on my saying) the work of many dedicated wheat breeders, he changed wheat from a tall plant with a fragile stem, which would fall down in the wind and rain, to a thick-stemmed, heavy-headed dwarf which would convert irrigation water and intensive chemical fertilization into grain instead of taller straw.

He bred into it resistance to rust and other parasites, and though this had certainly been done before, found a remarkably simple way of beating evolution. Wheat rust is capable of mutating annually, all by itself, so that a wheat which has been resistant one year may be susceptible to a new mutant rust the next. But in Mexico, Dr. Borlaug realized, he could produce two crops of new seed a year by simply taking advantage of the fact that there are two geographically distinct growing seasons, one in Sonora, the Mexican wheat belt, and the other near Toluca, which is much higher and has different rainfall and temperature patterns.

"We've got to keep moving," he said, as he explained that to me. "We can't stand around and preen like peacocks while the sky is falling."

Most recondite, and most important in its world implications, has been Dr. Borlaug's breeding into the new wheats a quality called "daylength insensitivity." Thus the highly productive, disease-resistant varieties may be used at many latitudes and altitudes, regardless of the hours-per-day of sunlight, so that there is no time-consuming need for developing special wheats for each locality.

What goes on, then, first at Toluca, then with the Toluca seed at Sonora, then with the Sonora seed back again, is that 4500 to 5000 new seed-producing varieties are planted and tested, and the best of them put into production for seeds to be shipped around the world every year. The breeding, the very first step in producing all this, is a kind of sacrament. Here is how you do it:

Choose a plant of ripe wheat which pleases you, in lineage and individual quality, and sit by it. Carefully open each kernel of the head, probing in with needle-nose tweezers, and remove the little male parts, discarding them—eating them, even, if unconsciously you are moved to. Now, with very

sharp scissors, cut the top from the case which encloses each of these newly emasculated kernels, rendering the whole head green, exposed, moist, and sticky. You must cover it—her now—with a little glassine envelope, and clip the envelope at the bottom with a paper clip, for in this condition wild pollen might find her before the mate is ready.

Choose a head of wheat from another plant, robust, of complementary ancestry, and cut it off with a short section of stem. Again with the tweezers, take out the female parts this time from each kernel, and again shear off the top of each encasement.

You have just created male and female.

Stand the male in the sun, or, if the sun be weak, circle him with the warmth of your hands, taking care not to touch. In a moment he will begin to swell visibly, and yellow filaments will push out of each opened sheath. Quickly: cut the top off the glassine envelope which shields the female. Blow it open into a cylinder. Holding him by the stem, turn the male upside down, and thrust him completely into the envelope. Rotate, swirl, shake—and in a moment a cloud of yellow pollen will emit millions of fertile spores, filling the envelope, clinging to the receptive female. She is bred.

It takes only one spore to fertilize. Throw the male aside. Fold the top of the envelope down. Put on a paper clip.

The following morning I had breakfast with the Borlaugs at their home in the Lomas, an upper-middle-class residential section of Mexico City, and we talked of Minnesota and the Depression. Mrs. Borlaug, formerly Margaret Gibson from Oklahoma, met Norman when both of them were living at the same Minneapolis boardinghouse and earning their keep by waiting on tables. He was studying forestry at the University of Minnesota, and was the university's star wrestler.

"We worked an hour for breakfast, didn't we?" she asked him. "Three prunes, a piece of toast, and coffee."

It was pleasant to hear them reminisce over tropical fruit and eggs and sausages, he in a strong tenor with a slight suggestion still of Scandinavian cadence, she in a voice no less deep which still carries a suggestion of the Southwest. To enjoy conversation was something young people learned in the thirties, and it was plain she was enjoying it now, for he travels a lot, and when he is home he works seven days a week, from first light to last.

"When was the last time you spent a morning here?" she asked, and he shook his head. Probably about the last time he got out his bass rod, for he likes to fish, or his waterfowl gun. "You can't do those things," he said, "when you're riding around the world on airplanes all the time."

One of the Green Revolution Boys

That morning, we drove to Toluca, his strong hands very firm on the wheel as he went with the wild Mexican traffic, using his three speeds resourcefully, changing lanes as frequently as the other drivers but always with care, so that I was able to make notes on the rest of what he and Mrs. Borlaug had told me.

He got his B.A. in 1937, and started work for the Forest Service. Then she took a job proofreading for a publisher, so that he could quit the Service and start graduate study. He did his M.S. and Ph.D. in three years, working on a forestry problem for his master's degree, shifting to plant pathology and working with flax for his doctoral dissertation. He was hired out of school by Du Pont, and was employed in its laboratories when the war started. Du Pont wouldn't let him go to war.

"I'd get myself reclassified to leave, and the boss would get me classified right back in again," he said. "We were fighting a tropical war for the first time, and ours was the only laboratory equipped and staffed to work on the new kinds of problem that came up. Rot-resisting materials, insect control, things like that. Once I had three generals in my lab, yelling about some piece of research on materials for the tropics. . . ."

Henry Wallace, another agricultural scientist, was Vice President in the first years of the war; our Mexican allies were having severe difficulties with their corn crop. Wallace took the problem to the Rockefeller Foundation, and the Foundation sent experts to make a detailed survey of Mexican agriculture. One of them was E. C. Stakman, Borlaug's former teacher, and one of the recommendations was that a plant pathologist be hired to work on the tortuous genetic problems of Mexican wheat, which, though there was land and water available, was so weak and susceptible to rust that thousands of tons had to be imported.

That was the job that was waiting for Norman Borlaug, whenever Du Pont might let him go, even though, he says, "I'd never farmed wheat or worked with wheat—except for a time in graduate school, when I had a job going to the wheat fields with garbage cans to collect rust for the men who were doing wheat work there."

But Henry Wallace, who interviewed him and noted his almost intemperate impatience to get to work outdoors, agreed that Borlaug might be the man.

Norman Borlaug arrived in Mexico brash, energetic, ready to start driving for solutions, and found himself in that sea of mud produced by his life's most persistent enemy, bureaucracy.

A short-tempered young man who needed physical work outdoors as much as he did food and sleep, Dr. Borlaug found himself instead confined to offices, to poorly organized agricultural stations staffed by the nephews of dignitaries.

He wanted to set up experiments directly on

farmlands. "The best farmers would hardly shake hands with us," he said. "They thought agricultural scientists were parasites on their taxes."

Twenty years later, the farmers who wouldn't shake hands named a street after him in Ciudad Obregón, in Sonora; Mexico's production of basic foods (wheat, corn, and beans) was up 300 percent.

One of the administrators of the program which he'd joined in Mexico recalled: "Norman came storming in saying, 'All I want is land, sunshine, and water.' So we let him have it. He took his sleeping bag and camping equipment into Sonora, and started breeding wheat."

Today he loves Sonora, and is nostalgic for the years he spent there. "I carry an American passport," he said. "But I have many countries, especially Mexico. And really I am a Sonoran. It's wide open country. Mesquite. Cactus. At first I found the desert frightening, empty by daylight. Now I think it one of the most peaceful things in the world, especially at sunset when the wildlife starts coming quietly out . . . and the people feel for the land as people did where I grew up."

He and Margaret raised their two children there,

Norman Borlaug



and with them whole teams of Mexican Little League ballplayers, for he was not a Schweitzer, but the man who brought Little League to Mexico. Nor did tame birds sit on his shoulders; his ballplayers began as little kids hired to chase birds away from experimental seed plots.

He'd wanted land, sunshine, and water. He began to want something else: young scientists from foreign lands to train. He got them, interns from Latin American and Asian universities, with good minds and social consciences.

"But they'd never had their hands dirty," Dr. Borlaug said.

The young scientists who began to come to him from foreign agricultural schools were generally upper-middle-class boys with some sense of idealistic commitment. It is sometimes objected that he takes them all—plant physiologists, pathologists, theoretical geneticists—and turns them into wheat breeders, but Dr. Borlaug sees it differently. The true need in his mind is for tough, disciplined men, above politics, loyal to science and humanity. After the training come production campaigns.

"We've told the FAO, whoever sends them: we don't want numbers, we want leaders," he said, about the time we reached Toluca. "We want to produce a combination of technical excellence, across all disciplines, the courage to say what needs to be said at the right time in the right place, and a sixth sense for human feelings. So we try to give them a philosophy about work, both as scientists and as men. Then we toughen them up.

"First there's about two weeks of seminars on the philosophy of research, scientific obligation. Then we stretch their backs."

They go to work in the fields, either in Sonora or Toluca, side by side with Borlaug.

What they must do is plant by hand the 4500 to 5000 new varieties of wheat developed for the current year, or about a million and a half individual seeds. This must be done with both speed and care, working from sunrise to dark. As soon as the last seeds are in, the first have sprouted and the real ordeal begins: every one of the 1,500,000 plants has to be inoculated by a hypodermic containing wheat rusts in solution.

There were dignitaries in the wheat fields at Toluca that second day, being told about the training program, and Dr. Enrique Rodriguez, once a trainee—now staff pathologist—explained and pantomimed inoculating for them.

"It's muddy by the time we inoculate," he said. "Hard to walk." He began to slog, slip, and stoop his way along. "The plants are only a few inches tall, and each gets two shots with the hypodermic." He squatted, rose, squatted, leaned over. He showed us how the back begins to hurt, the legs. "By evening . . ." He grinned and became a man

dragging himself to bed, muttering rebellion. Not all of them last.

"You see," Dr. Borlaug told the dignitaries in his fluent Spanish, "we have methods of selecting plants, and also methods of selecting scientists."

Those who survive develop enormous *esprit*. It has enabled their work to survive disasters like the scattering of a whole year's production notes—105 pages—by a whirlwind one year. Only five pages were ever recovered, and a year's time lost.

It has also produced martyrs, for one year the valley where the seed was stored flooded unexpectedly. Two of the wheat team made a raft, fitted an outboard to it, and were making trips to the storehouse to save the seed, taking it out through a hole in the roof. In the high wind, their raft upended, and both men drowned.

But most of the disasters inherent in field science can be taken more lightly. There is a moment I always enjoy when tough, American intensity slides into pragmatism, conceding the irreparable. "Almost twenty-five years to the day," Dr. Borlaug told me, "after the *remolino*—the whirlwind—that scattered our notes, another came along like an anniversary present and hit the bundles of seed wheat we'd untied for drying. Oh, they were all mixed up. The boys were pretty upset, so I said, 'Well, we'll just name this batch Whirlwind '69, and send it on out.'"

Norman Borlaug grinned, took a helmsman's squint at the sun, and I noticed that his forearms bulged like Popeye's. "As long as we've got a chance, we're sure as hell going to keep on trying," he said, and that seemed to set up our last day's interview, which took place in the office he avoids, its desk piled with letters and telegrams of congratulation from all over the world, most of them unopened.

"There's one here from President Nixon," he said, but couldn't find it for me to read.

"Tell me about the Green Revolution," I said, but of course by then I knew a good deal of what was meant. Country by country, in the famine belt, the CIMMYT men had mounted national production campaigns, making vast use of those three factors, of which I've already partly described the first two. There is adaptive research, fitting the new-style seeds and production methods to the particular country; there are the young scientists, trained now and sent back to prepare localities like humane secret agents. Then comes the salesman, the evangelist, Johnny Applesseed in suit and tie, to inspire prime ministers and cabinet officers and get it rolling. The goal for Norman Borlaug is always a 100 percent increase in national wheat production in the first year.

"The very first attempt must be a success," he said, "or the game may be over. You've got to throw the long bomb and score the first time, because there won't be any second time."

We're lighting up the desert... and the future for those who live there.

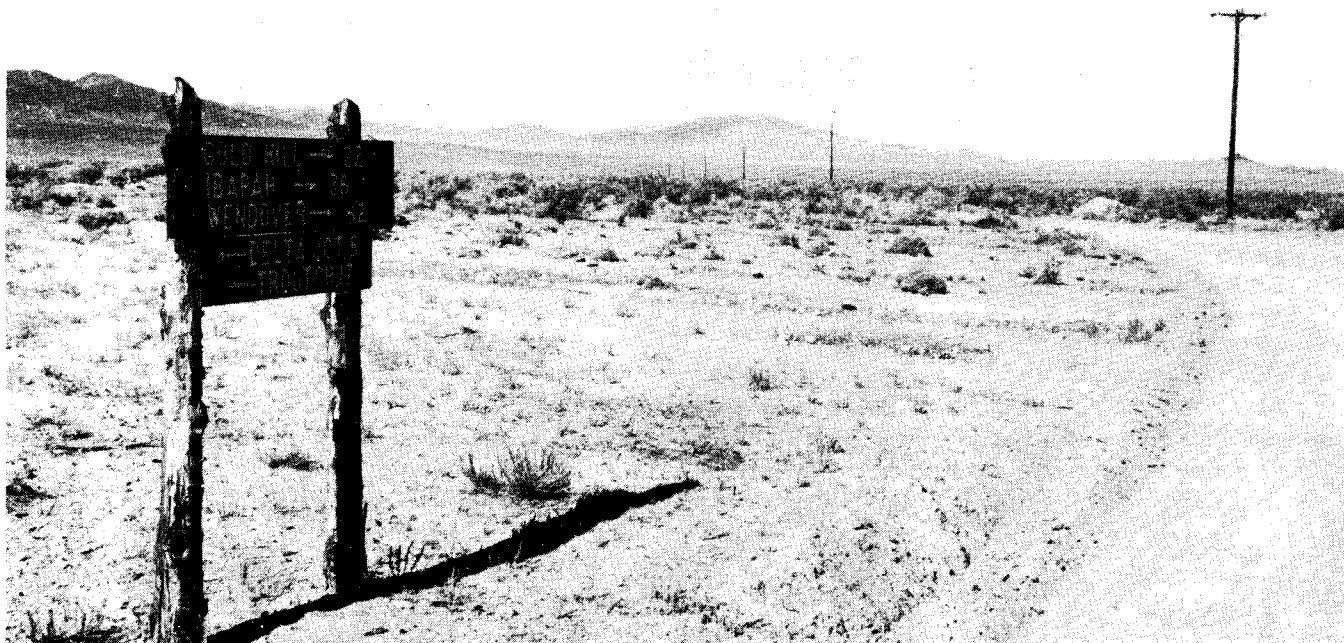
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He was comfortable talking sports jargon, and it made me think of the tone of service-club lectures back in the Midwest; and then of one service club in particular I'd been asked to speak to once, a branch of the Optimist Club which meets at 6 A.M. in Iowa City and calls itself the Sunrise Optimists. Dr. Borlaug, as an emissary, would be pretty much of a sunrise optimist himself, I thought, and imagined him talking to discouraged heads of state, charging them up, getting them going—"We move governments," he'd said.

Not always, of course. There have been failures, one particularly in Chile which still disturbs him and which, I think, he considers a failure of personal diplomacy. But there have been stunning successes.

"The so-called Green Revolution," Borlaug said, "started with the worst administrative decision ever made. That's exactly what they called it in New York. Ed Wellhausen was away from Mexico, and they'd made me acting director. We'd finally negotiated orders for three hundred and fifty tons of Mexican seed wheat for Pakistan and two hundred and fifty tons for India, and we'd arranged for enough acreage in those countries to make a massive demonstration.

"The seeds were to be shipped by American freighter from Los Angeles, and my colleague Ignacio Narvaez went up there to supervise loading. It would unload first at Bombay, then in Pakistan.

"We almost missed that boat. It was the time of the Watts riot, and the trucks were held up. Fortunately, the boat was, too. Finally, on a Friday afternoon, Narvaez called up to say he'd got the trucks through the police lines to the dock, and I had just time to reach the bank before closing with the letters of credit from India and Pakistan to get money to pay the Mexican Seed Office.

"The one from India was all right. The letter from Pakistan had three words misspelled in it, and the bank wouldn't cash it. I knew the Seed Office would be storming for the check, ninety thousand dollars, but we had to make that boat. So I called Narvaez back and said, 'Load it. I'll fix this up on Monday.' That was the decision.

"By Monday India and Pakistan were at war, communication stopped, and the boat had left."

Bombs were falling—it was not the 1971 war, of course, but the one before. New York pointed out that it was uncertain that the boat would be allowed to proceed from Bombay.

"I said, 'By God, I'll get the money,' and stopped answering the phone." Dr. Borlaug told me, and a month later, he said, the corrected letter of credit did come through.

The seed arrived in both countries barely in time for planting, with Dr. Narvaez there to supervise on one side of the battle lines and Glenn Anderson, another colleague, on the other. There'd been no chance to test the seed from the Mexican ware-

house beforehand for germination. When Dr. Borlaug arrived in Asia, local germination tests were completed and plants were coming up—just 25 percent of them.

"We sat in a miserable hotel, opened a bottle of Scotch, and said, 'What in hell are we going to do?'"

"The only thing we could do was double the rate of seeding, and use up our reserve. Kick up the fertilization, and keep our fingers crossed. Fortunately, we could go from one side to the other by sea. Spring came, and it was the best wheat they'd ever seen." He smiled happily. "Narvaez and Anderson were wonderful. That's when you have to be the kind of quarterback who can scramble. When you don't have that big line in front of you."

Then: "We've made Pakistan self-supporting in wheat. India will be. If we could have gotten into Nasser's office before he died, we could have made Egypt self-sufficient in two years."

Whenever he can enlist support at the top for his own aggressive young scientists in the field, Dr. Borlaug can move, asking only for one chance, confident of being able to make his psychologically overwhelming demonstration of 100 percent improvement in yield. The people at the top will protect his young men from the bureaucrats in the middle, he feels—but he is no longer the hot-headed, undiplomatic disrupter and bypasser of channels.

"Norman is a different man outside of Mexico," Dr. Wellhausen was to tell me in Acapulco next day. "He has learned to solve his own administrative problems. He's mellowed, more patient, and he creates that total support in others. He's the most inspiring man to others I've ever known. Our only problem with Norman now is to develop younger inspiring men to back him up."

The Malthusian possibility is still here, and will be as long as population spews unchecked. "Everything considered," Dr. Borlaug said, "Mexico's made a hell of a lot of progress . . . if the damn population didn't grow so fast. For example, they've cut illiteracy by 50 percent, but there are more illiterates: 25 percent of fifty million instead of 50 percent of thirty million." He blames stupid politicians chiefly. "Ayub Khan was for family planning, and it was used to destroy him politically." Then he cited with disgust another leader, whom I won't name, in another country in which the cities teem with rural poor who have left the land that won't support them any longer. This man's campaign theme was that there were vast depopulated areas, so obviously his people, in order to become great, should multiply vigorously and fill the spaces.

But let me quote a letter of Borlaug's, so that I

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can put his case for the Green Revolution in his own words. He had received a letter from an acquaintance, mounting the standard attack on his work: that the heavy reliance on pesticides and chemical fertilizers was harmful to environments, that creating more food encouraged higher birth-rates, that modern plant breeding moved toward a dangerous depletion of genetic variation in plants, that rich farmers were helped more than poor, and so on.

. . . You are barking up the wrong tree. The correct tree is population growth—but why then attack the Green Revolution? . . . I know the population explosion cannot be stopped immediately . . . education must lead the way. . . . So what is to be done? Are we to sit idly by and watch the world starve? This I cannot watch! . . . Do you think for a moment they will die peacefully? . . . A biologist knowing anything about animal behavior can't be that naïve. . . .

I have spent my professional lifetime trying to increase world food production . . . and through this process buy time—perhaps two or three decades—in which to permit population control programs to become more effective and dynamic.

Is the so-called Green Revolution expected to correct all the social ills that have accumulated since the days of Adam and Eve, and then on the Sabbath (while resting) solve the population problem as well? How stupid can educated people be? What has happened to the indispensable, rare character called common sense in the over-populated, over-sophisticated, over-computerized so-called educated American society?

. . . Food production need not be the number one problem for the next twenty or thirty years. We have bought you time. Use it wisely . . . sell the need for population control.

I am sure my colleagues feel as I do that the most unfair of all criticism are those that . . . say we have . . . created more problems than we have solved. Perhaps we have, *but we have also generated hope where there was despair.*

The last thing Norman Borlaug said to me before I left Mexico was, "Say anything you want about me, Vance. But don't say anything that would damage my effectiveness."

I hope that I have not done so, and hope I will not in the few additional paragraphs that follow.

About a year after the Mexican trip I saw him again. I hadn't published anything, so I'd obviously had no bearing on his effectiveness. But he may have done it some damage himself, not in terms of the acceptance of his work abroad, but of support for it at home. If the agricultural techniques of the Green Revolution were much more widely admired now because of the Nobel Prize, there was also more publicity for its critics, who continued to take alarm, particularly at the world-

wide spread of pesticides, on which much of the new productivity depends.

He responded to the criticisms in his younger character; he reverted to being a fighter, with scores to settle. In a controversial speech in Rome, he called environmentalists "myopic and hysterical" and their policies "disastrous." He had had a chance, been in a position, to have great impact on people in this country. There were not, after all, very many Nobel Peace Prize winners around who were first-rate speakers, inspiring men, crack scientists, and experienced at moving governments. He'd lost the chance. And I'd become too much his advocate in our few meetings not to care.

I think he was too much out of touch with valid and important currents of American concern about the environment, and did not know the quality of its leadership, only that of its cranks; and I think he simply didn't take time (or maybe have time) to think through the relationship of his work to those concerns in a way that would permit him to offer us fresh wisdom from a man of demonstrated judgment and integrity, a scientist and humanitarian established beyond criticism in his field.

I can see the difference, in my notes from Mexico, between the things he had to say about conservation in 1970 and those he was saying about conservationists a year later, in the fall of 1971. As a forester, he had a deep knowledge of ecology as a field of study years before most Americans had ever heard the word. His attitude in Mexico had been judicious, humane, and not without sorrow. On the North American continent he felt we still had the space, the lack of population density, and the affluence to be able to afford to concern ourselves with environmental deterioration. We could try to save our wildlife, our water, our air, our woodlands, and then function best, if we could learn to control our own population, and thereby demonstrate our restraint and good management to other nations. We could try to prove, for example, that breeding disease resistance into crops is better ecology and better economy than heavy use of pesticides, and try to become in this and many other ways a model environment.

Meanwhile, though, as far as other continents were concerned, if the tragic choice had to be made—and often it did—between, say, preserving wildlife and saving human lives, he didn't have it in him not to choose humanity. For another example, disease-bearing insects had to be controlled or the tropics would become uninhabitable—wouldn't it make more sense to support crash programs of research on how to control them with the least environmental damage than to insist on a worldwide ban of DDT? It did not seem to him acceptable to limit the alternatives to a baby dying of malaria on the one side, or a hawk laying thin-shelled eggs on the other.

The voice I heard saying these things in Mexico

was calm, deeply thoughtful, and the things I heard it say genuinely quieted the delirium in which I myself had advocated—to stick with the last example—public flogging for chemical manufacturers. Like all extremists, I needed moderating; there were many like me, and he was someone we could listen to.

But I don't think Norman Borlaug realized we were there. He had barely begun speaking his views, after the prize was awarded, before the hotheads began to attack—as, indeed, some of them had before then. And he came out of his Mexican corner, as I should have known he would, with the puckered grin and his arms ready to grab hold and wrestle.

The occasion of our second meeting, in 1971, was the dedication, in Cresco, of a monument to Dr. Borlaug, and I heard, in his acknowledgment speech, a brief and not very careful version of what he'd been saying. Again, I'll summarize, and take responsibility for it: environmentalists were attacking farmers, who were his people, and he wouldn't stand for it. They were scientific halfwits, callous to human suffering, selfish in their demands for an environment which would serve chiefly their personal pleasure. They were dangerous radicals.

I didn't, and still don't, know what his political inclinations are. It did seem clear that he was not aware that the conservation movement here is a wild political coalition of the far right with middle-class liberals of both parties; the affluent young with the deprived old; intellectuals with outdoorsmen; suburban consumers, who have little idea what it will cost them in increased rates and prices, with our purest romantics, the hippies, who don't care. It is only a secondary cause to most radicals, who are suspicious of the accompanying population control proposals.

What I wanted to tell Dr. Borlaug was that the people he was counterattacking included, along with the cranks, most of his natural allies in the fight against the terrible, underlying problem of population glut, and that he might disregard the shrill and the embittered among them and find many people with that common sense he holds so precious.

Mostly, though, I wished he could talk with some American farmers—my neighbors—in whose defense he felt he was speaking, for the Green Revolution began with their fathers and grandfathers—men who sent their sons to agricultural school, and then pioneered chemical fertilization and new seeds, mechanized farming, and chemical control of weeds and insects. They made America,

as I had to move to Iowa to learn, as much a great agricultural as a great industrial country, and those who are farming today are proud of that. They are, I contend, a more concerned and knowing group than either Dr. Borlaug or the conservationist-politicians realize.

To take the four neighbors I named to begin with (and I didn't set it up this way): Earlis Rohret concedes readily that meat raised naturally is of better flavor and texture than the pork he supplies—but he will also add that the pressure on him is to achieve acceptable quality and very high quantity at low cost; he feels strongly and directly a responsibility to keep this country fed—meanwhile, the condition in which he keeps his non-farmable land is a joy to see. Orval Yoder, who has probably been more inconvenienced than anyone else by my resisting the paving of our road, since he takes care of the vehicles that use it, has nevertheless been my ally in trying to get the county engineer to rechannel the creek for road-building in a way that will preserve water quality, though it would be more costly. Mac McKinney, before he bought the tavern, was raising 160-bushel-to-the-acre corn, but he was also planting all his fencerows to wildlife cover, though to do so loses the space for additional rows of grain. And Bob Asquith, the Soil Conservation Service technician, has been selling and engineering soil-and-water-conservation practices all his professional life. To any of these men, food production is obviously the basic job, and they are as proud of the way they do it (maybe with more reason) as Detroit is of its cars. Nor do I know a single farmer out here who isn't eager to learn, and even try experimentally on his own to discover, those ways of supplying the national need which least damage the land they live on and love.

I didn't get a chance to say those things to Dr. Borlaug at the gathering in Cresco. Though we greeted one another with some affection and managed to have a drink together, our attempts at conversation were pretty constantly interrupted by old friends of his, and by a couple of anxious Madison Avenue men, employed by the chemical industry, who'd been following his speeches, hoping he'd become a soothing, respectable spokesman. I was almost sympathetic with them; they had a tiger by the tail. They wanted to hear him say moderate stuff no less than I did, though for them tact would only be a tactic.

But what I really wanted was a good deal more than moderation. I wanted to be inspired, I guess; I wanted him to turn his back on the hotheads, and start getting us sunrise optimists together again. □



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THE DUBLIN SOCIAL SCENE

by Mary Manning

"Edmund Burke who the devil is he?"

"I don't know sir
but I'm sure he's a member.
Soda sir?"

The Dublin social scene around six o'clock is varied and unpredictable. At the moment there is a craze for forming committees and having meetings to save something or somebody. The invitations, usually received the very morning of the meeting, are so vaguely worded that you are quite uncertain what you're there to save until you get there and even then nobody is quite sure. The only thing you can be assured of is that nothing will come of it. I asked a member of the diplomatic corps what he thought of these meetings. He shook his head and murmured smiling enigmatically, "My dear lady it's a form of sadistic amusement."

The meetings always run true to form. There is invariably one drunk man present who insists on asking irrelevant questions until asked to leave. The other evening one of these boring agitators having been forcibly urged to the nearest exit turned at the door and shouted at the chairman: "Farewell, a long farewell. We'll meet again at Philipstown. Bet you can't say that in Irish." The chairman hardly hesitated before retorting quietly: "Yes I can. FUCK OFF." Some of the meetings got so fierce that the last Abbey Theatre conference served only coffee and sandwiches. This happened to be a particularly vague meeting about the necessity for joining in with International Theatre. A good many people deprived of their usual stimulant seized the opportunity to nap, except Mary O'Malley who had hastened down from war-torn Belfast to chair the meeting and has of course lost the power of sleep. *Conor Cruise O'Brien could not be present. He was in Haiphong.*¹

Then there are the Openings. Art shows. Independent Artists. Living Art and a great deal of dead art. At one opening I attended we had to wade through pools of blood—brought down every



evening in a bucket from the abattoir—meant to remind us of Bloody Sunday. My eardrums were seriously damaged by the deafening pop music. Red wine was served in paper cups. The girls were either dressed as Russian cavalry officers or Fanny Hill, and the fellas were covered with hair and flaunting their body odor. During this opening the Tinkers charged in, en masse, stole sculpture, small pictures, overcoats, purses anything they could lay hands on drank up all the wine and rushed out before they were identified as Tinkers.

And the Sales of Work; the Charity Auctions all in aid of various good works. Protestant Orphans; a mysterious organization called the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers Society; the Distressed Irish Gentlewomen; the Broken Governesses; the Down and Out Nannies; the Cats' Home; the Dogs' Home; and the Hospice for the Dying. The latter would seem to be a discouraging welcome for those who enter its portals in a wheelchair or ambulance, but I am told by those who know that it is perfectly extraordinary what a challenge this is! People who have been given up for dead seem to take on a new lease of life and WILL NOT DIE. This of course is very disappointing and presents many monetary problems. Not only are the dead raised but money has to be raised to keep them raised. These charitable affairs are usually opened by the Minister for Finance. Does he suspect?

Dinner parties are not often held. Dublin when you really settle down in it is a most inhospitable city and very few people have the good manners

¹Conor Cruise O'Brien runs like a melody through my report because he runs like a recurring theme through Dublin life.

or maybe the energy to return hospitality. The few bachelors here are singularly brutish in this respect; they behave like prize bulls. One of the few bachelors in the city who entertains is the poet-art dealer Sean O'Criadin who commutes between Dublin, New York, London, and Paris but when he is here you know it. He gave a dinner party for my sister-in-law Helen (*The Gentle Americans*) Howe when she was in Dublin the other day and it was one of those evenings you remember. We were surrounded by beautiful objets d'art and ate off Royal Worcester and the host cooked the dinner himself, emerging now and then from the kitchen to say a few words and disappearing again. Helen swears she saw him at one point, kneeling carving an enormous roast on the floor—on a platter of course. She sat next to Niall Montgomery a famous Dublin wit. There were twelve of us and the conversation turned as it often does to an analysis of *Conor Cruise O'Brien's talents*. People had reached the shouting and pointing stage when during a pause for breath Niall Montgomery was heard murmuring plaintively to nobody in particular, "Yes I like *Uncle Vanya*, but I like *The Cherry Orchard* best." When challenged on the relevance he said, "I heard the sound of chopping." Sean's party was exceptionally civilized however. We sat down to eat at eight as programmed and we left sober and happy at a reasonable hour. It is not always thus. The grander the party the more pretentious the occasion the more uncivilized it becomes. When you're asked for around eight-thirty expect the worst. You will not see food until ten, by then there are quite a few stretcher cases and the heads will be rolling in the soup. At one very grand party given by a hostess who is breathlessly climbing (her husband is in the building trade and has Dublin in ruins), all the status symbols were in and around the mansion: the heated swimming pool and sauna, the Mercedes car, and an atrocious collection of modern art. Two teen-age footmen or servitors had been corralled from the village and popped into white coats. They wore bashful expressions and had exceptionally large feet. The fat lady near me wreathed in smiles and pearls murmured, "Be kerful! They look like IRA." At that moment one of the boys approached us with a platter of caviar. "Fishes eggs ma'am," he said helpfully; "these is the black but the reds is coming!" "What did I tell you," said the fat lady when he had moved on: "Bolshies." I sat between a deaf baronet (the hostess had been after him for a year) and a sleeping architect. "This dreadful General Anim," the lady on the other side addressed the baronet, "only stirs up more African violence." "All they need is a window with a northern exposure and don't water the leaves," was the peculiar reply. "I think he means violets dear," whispered the hostess encouragingly. At this moment the architect woke up, peered at his food, poked it

with a fork and said loudly, "What's this—human flesh?" *Conor Cruise O'Brien was not mentioned.*

Dublin society is now swarming with got-rich quick parvenus. Most of the money is made in land speculation, chain market stores, chain pubs, manure, and one thing and another. In spite of their thing for the Irish language (they name their children Naoise, Cormac, Finn, Fiona, Derbhla), they do seem to fall into Anglo-Irish attitudes. They keep horses, their children ride in pony shows and hunt. They buy old masters and quite blatantly keep young mistresses; they go through mysterious divorces and still stay within the Church. As they rise, or rather spread, socially, they move into the country buy large houses and stud farms and cultivate assiduously the very people whose houses their rebel fathers had burned forty-five years ago. This seems to me the final irony and one which Proust would have relished. The Dublin Grand Opera which functions once a year in the Gaiety Theatre brings out the nouveaus in their mink capes, long gloves and satins and me diamonds. Nobody but a handful of shabby music lovers and the two critics ever listens to the music. They're all much too busy taking inventories of each other's clothes and thereby evaluating the husband's intake for the year. The wife of a cabinet minister told me quite frankly she didn't even know the name of the opera. "We just subscribe dear and hope for the best." The genteel accent which Thackeray lampooned in *Vanity Fair* and his *Irish Sketch-Book* is still rampant. "Do be kerful Des," one tycoon's wife murmured to her husband who was looking exquisitely miserable in a dinner jacket, "I bought this in Pors [Paris] and you can't get anything like it hur." *Conor Cruise O'Brien was in a stage box with a veiled lady.*

The Kildare Street Club now in a condition of stately dilapidation remains the last stronghold of the gentry. Nobody in trade here, dear! Quite a few professionals, doctors, lawyers, are admitted but even their pedigrees are scrutinized. In spite of the fact that the club is only holding on by its Norman eyelashes, the nouveaus can't get in because the club doesn't like "that sort of money." It's impossible to buy your way into this consecrated ground. It is usually rather empty, but it's crowded when the bloodstock sales are on and everyone comes up to shop on Thursdays and meet and greet each other for lunch at the club. The conversation is carried on in well-bred shouts because a great many of them are hard of hearing but bloody well determined to be heard. Those voices have been barking out orders in Norman castles, Jacobean dwellings, Georgian mansions, and of course, the playing fields of Eton for centuries. "Saw Poopsey at Goodwood. Nice gal. Is she married?" "Oh, I think so. She nearly always is. Do order whitebait. Denis we'll have a bottle of that German stuff. Roger's leg's kicking up. His

wife's foaled again. No I won't hush. Why the devil should I hush? WHAT? Oh! Roger's behind me. He can't hear. Deaf as a post . . ."

A very sporty old lady in high boots limps over and smacks one of the speakers on the shoulder: "Halloo Corky! What are you doing here?" "Bloodstock. You look blooming Pugsy." "I'm not. Up for an operation. Me guts. Awful bore! Have to have the wretched things out. So I came up to have Whatshisname do a whatyoumaycallit." "Damn bore. I always say to the girls keep your crotch warm and you won't have any of those female troubles. Ha! Ha!"

Over there at that table in the corner sits the lone American member O. Z. Whitehead, but then he's a "nice" American (St. Mark's and Harvard) with an impeccable Edith Whartonish New York background. "Even allowing for the fact that he's an American—poor fella—he is one of us." The American Ambassador is always an honorary member, in fact this applies to the corps diplomatique in general, which means—oh dear—the club swallowing all those foreigners. The most endearing thing about the club is the close bond between the staff and the members. Paternalistic of course and I guess somewhat on the lines of the old Southern plantations, but nevertheless warm and genuine. Consequently they have the best service in Dublin. Nan who presides over the unisex bar (the gents have their own) knows everyone by name and I suspect knows even more than the name. She can keep her cool under the most trying circumstances. That evening for instance when Colonel Blank rushed in, thumped on the bar, and shouted: "What the devil is going on here? There's a fellow downstairs wandering around in a dinner jacket and WHITE TIE."

"Gracious Colonel I'll ask Hickey." Nan reached for the house phone. "It can't be a new waiter."

"SOMEBODY SHOULD TELL THE FELLA," shouted the colonel dashing down a double Scotch.

"It's all right sir." Nan put down the phone. "It's a member of the Edmund Burke Society; they're meeting here tonight."

"Edmund Burke who the devil is he?"

"I don't know sir but I'm sure he's a member. Soda sir?" *Nobody in this joint has ever heard of Conor Cruise O'Brien!*

First nights at the Abbey also afford an opportunity for social show-off. Here it is intellectual celebrities and oh what a holocaust! The curtain is hardly down, the play having been given a tumultuous reception, author appearing flushed with success and drink, thanking everybody and everyone, then the evisceration begins—in supper places and bars all over the city and you daren't turn your back because of the knives flashing. "Never sat through such shit in my life." "What's the Abbey coming to?" "Beautiful did you say? Every time she opens her mouth I can only think of the

Black Hole of Calcutta." "I know they all have to speak Irish in the Abbey but why the hell can't they learn to speak English?" "After tonight they're going to play the second act first." "Wouldn't make any difference if they played them both together." "Des, I am being perfectly sincere when I say this—you all know I'm sincere, if I'm nothing else I'm sincere but I'm just asking in all sincerity what the hell the goddamn play was about?" A few minutes later author drifts in, Miss Sincerity addresses him effusively: "Oh, Tom darling, I was just saying in all sincerity how wonderful your play was. Super, simply super darling. Your health." She lifts the cup of cold poison.

"Sorry I can't ask you to dinner darling," murmured Micheal Mac Liammoir, holding on to me at some meeting or other. "Not dear until the run of *The Ideal Husband* is over because all our furniture is on the stage of the Gate Theatre. We finish about Christmas and then we'll celebrate with oysters and champagne." He lowers his voice: "Darling can you tell me why we're here?" "Hilton," he turns to his partner, "Hilton why are we here dear?"

"Don't be funny Micheal," is the brisk response. "Our Georgian Heritage."

"Ah! There's Desmond Guinness. Yes, it must be Georgian. Hasn't he extraordinary eyes?" He moves off and a few minutes later delivers an impassioned speech on behalf of a lost cause—Georgian Dublin.

The dinner parties in the Harcourt Terrace residence of Hilton and Micheal are famous and you haven't lived until you have experienced one. The one essential is to plan to spend the next morning in bed, for you do not sit down to dinner until eleven, sometimes twelve midnight. Your presence is not requested, is indeed openly resented before ten. The habit of after-the-show eating still hangs on, but the cooks don't. There is a perpetual turnover in cooks. The last one whom Micheal described as an Irish-speaking giantess from Connemara disappeared without leaving a trace. There was a rumor they had now acquired a Lebanese dwarf but you never know till you get there. Be that as it may the food is always varied and rich, the conversation is loud merry and uninhibited and it's very bad form to go home before two. Stormy discussions, usually concerned with the past, often take place between the two hosts, and the guests are naturally drawn into the maelstrom. Scenes have occurred when guests have stormed downstairs to the hall and ordered taxis. "Can't stand another minute of this. Hilton is simply impossible! No I will not go upstairs and apologize. Let him come down here to me and go on his knees." A compromise is usually reached and reconciliation does take place and Micheal who never fights with anyone suddenly becomes Mrs. Pat Campbell or Maud Gonne. Oh but they're won-

derful unique evenings and who would miss the happy chance. *Conor Cruise O'Brien loves them.*

One subject you must not drag into the open is the NORTH. It has become so dangerous that if you value your life you do not discuss the NORTH unless you are with people whose opinion coincides with yours. I was at a very enjoyable dinner the other evening, until the NORTH came up and then all hell broke loose. A glass was broken one lady threw her napkin in her host's face and ran crying from the room and my hostess who was handing round vegetables emphasized her point by knocking me on the head with a heavy silver serving spoon. She explained she thought it was the table. However someone cleverly brought the conversation round to *Conor Cruise O'Brien—knave or genius?*—and the demolition squad moved in: all was well.

Dulled by decades of the Fianna Fáil regime's dominance the Dublin-after-six set voted in the December referendum (on whether to abolish the Catholic Church's special constitutional status in Eire) like the rest of the country, "Yes" in its sleep. Owing to the intervention of heavenly powers for once they were right.

Eccentricity coupled with inefficiency is so widespread you begin to accept anything. It's not peculiar at all to see a chamberpot as a table center holding a flower arrangement, or to eat your dinner with a pet dog beside you seated on a child's high chair. Show no surprise if your hostess is one hundred and seven years old and lively as a cricket and had her knee patted by Parnell. This same old lady gave us a delicious tea, but the house did have a peculiar smell which I found out emanated from an immensely fat fox terrier, who shared a bed with our hostess. She still played bridge and "did" the flower arrangements in church. I since learned that when the old terrier died she had a nervous breakdown and had to be removed to a Home where she perked up wonderfully and is now teaching the other inmates to play bridge. Another very handsome old lady who lives near me boasts of being ninety-eight. She also plays bridge, makes her own jam, and serves you a gossamer sponge cake. She spent thirty years in Kenya and knew the Baroness Blixen well. "Here I sit my dear," she said to me the other day, "knitting dishcloths I who used to hunt lions in Africa. I who ran my own coffee plantation high up in the hills and never saw a white face for weeks on end. After a while my dear you find white faces rather boring."

Why does my gardener change his boots before entering the kitchen for his dinner but does *not* remove his hat? Why does my housekeeper only wear her dentures after six in the evening? Who is that white-faced hatless man wearing three raincoats and carrying two carpetbags who runs past my



house at least twice a week heading for the sea?

I phoned the local police station the other night and reported my Persian cat missing. Rang again the next morning to report him safely returned. The guard on duty exclaimed: "Thank God you called me ma'am. I had on the report pad Persian gentleman missing from his home." The conductor of the number 5 bus which passes the end of my road told me quite frankly he had absolutely no idea of their time schedule and they just did the run when they felt like it. It is a colorful scene this Dublin social pageant. There are so many big frogs puffing away in the small pond, dotty nonconformists, pseuds and nouveaus, but here and there some perfect darlings. The inefficiency is so deeply rooted in the national character one feels that the other Common Market nations are taking a grave risk. Might it not be infectious? I *know* I've become very odd since I returned. The only rock I cling to is that I *know* I'm odd. Still . . . Oh I just want to tell you that Major Hogan Eliot drew me aside in the supermarket and whispered, "If you find a dead kingfisher and dry it and keep it in your wardrobe your house will never be struck by lightning and it will keep away the moths." He is quite batty, poor love, but one must always pretend: "But I thought kingfishers were extinct Major." "I know," he smiled sadly, "but that makes it all the more interesting." And the *Irish Times* this morning reported "eight dead in Belfast, three of them seriously. . . ." And somebody has written "God is Love" all over my library book. You see what I mean and this happens day after day. □

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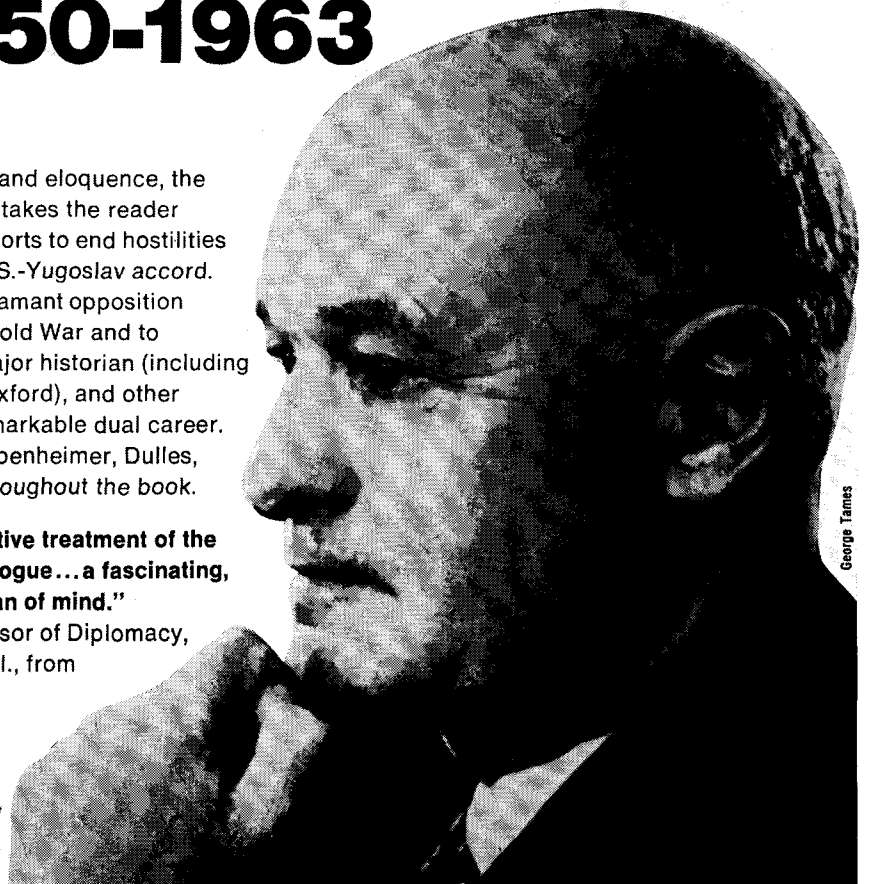
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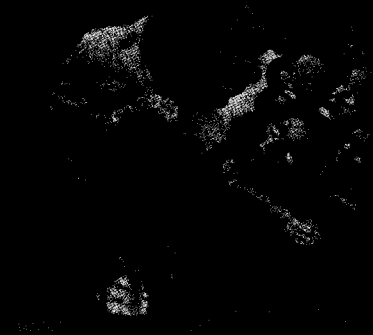


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CONCERNING THE CASE OF BOBBY G.

A story by Joyce Carol Oates

June 28, 1952

Bobby G. struggled with Frances Berardi and yanked her to the side, as if trying to knock her over. But she twisted her small body to keep from falling. She was screaming. They were near the boarded-up cabin in Reardon Park—a refreshment stand that had not been opened that year, though painted a tart black-green that still smelled fresh—and three friends of Frances', girls her own age, were on the wide dirt path nearby, watching, and other people in the park turned to watch, hearing the noise. Bobby G. noticed nothing. He shook Frances so that her head swung forward and back and her long black hair flicked into his face, stinging his eyes.

That seemed to drive him into a frenzy, her hair stinging his eyes.

She fell to her knees. Bobby G. was gripping her by the upper arm, and he yanked her back up onto her feet again and gave her a final shove, back at her friends. She collided with one of the girls. The girls were so surprised by all this that they hadn't had time to cry for help until it was all over and Bobby G. was running. By then people were coming—a man who had been sitting on a blanket nearby with his wife and baby and a portable radio, and some Negro men who were fishing at the river, and some boys on bicycles, attracted by all the yelling. But by then Bobby G. had run crashing through the bushes and was gone.

That was around seven-thirty on a very hot evening in Seneca, New York.

August 9, 1971

Frances Berardi, thirty-one years old, separated now for nearly two months from her husband, stood behind the counter in her father's music store, and thought about Bobby G. Cheatum.

In spite of the airless heat of the store, she was shivering. She stared, fascinated and contemptuous, at the prickly flesh on her bare arms.

She was helping out at Berardi's Music Store, in

its "new location"—since 1969—on Drummond Avenue. Her father was giving an organ lesson to a widow named Florence Daley, in the soundproof room at the rear of the store. Twelve free lessons came with each purchase of an organ; Mrs. Daley's son and his wife had bought her an organ for her birthday. From time to time Frances could hear the muffled breathless shrieks of the organ, though maybe she was imagining it. The room was supposed to be soundproof. She inclined her head, listening. Yes, she did hear the shrieks. She heard something.

If Bobby G. walked through the door, she would say to him, *I'm not Frances Berardi any longer. I'm Frances Laseck.*

Her father's store was small, only half the size of the shoe store on one side of it and perhaps one-third the size of the drugstore at the corner. He had crowded it with merchandise—pianos and organs lining the walls and out in the middle of the floor. It was hard to walk around in here. There were several counters of smaller musical instruments—accordions and guitars and drums—and racks of sheet music and records, though Frances' father made no effort to compete with the discount department stores that sold popular records so cheaply. He couldn't compete with them, he said angrily; there, records were stocked "by the foot" according to what sold fast, and nobody cared what kind of music was being sold. He didn't want to compete on that level, he said. But Berardi's Music Store kept going, year after year. Frances liked helping her father because the store was so familiar, so contained, like a box seen from the inside. There were no surprises here. She loved the smell of the clean polished wood, the pianos and organs that looked so perfect, handsome and mute and oiled, with their perfect white keys.

If she had to wait for Bobby G., she was safer here than at home.

Her eyes felt bright and glittery, her neck strangely long and thin. She had not slept well for several nights. She knew that her collarbones

showed in this dress, and that she looked wispy and shrill in it, like a bird, but she had worn it anyway. If Bobby G. did come to look her up, after so many years, he might take pity on her when he saw how thin she was. After the baby she had never gained weight. After the trouble with her husband she had never gained weight.

Frances checked her watch: four-thirty. A very long, hot, quiet afternoon. She looked at the clock on the wall behind her: four-thirty. Outside, people strolled by on the sidewalk and did not come in, sometimes didn't even glance into the window. Now someone was slowing down, lingering—a middle-aged woman in a housedress, who stared at the small \$898 organ for sale there, and at the music books displayed on a velvet cloth, *Gershwin's Finest Hours*, *Two on the Aisle*, *Songs from South Pacific*. The woman's name was Mrs. Fuhr; Frances knew her daughter Maude from high school. She hoped that Mrs. Fuhr wouldn't come in the store.

Only an hour and a half, Frances thought. Then they could close.

July 2, 1952

Again and again they asked Frances what had happened. Her face was hot and stiff from crying. If she cried hard enough they might let her alone. Why wouldn't they let her alone? Her mother sat broad and creaking in a cane-backed chair,

ashamed, silent. Her father was unable to stay in one place, kept jumping up from his seat and pacing around, making everyone nervous. "Just tell them, Frannie. Tell them again. Speak up nice and tell them, please," he said.

They were in the downtown police station, in one of the back rooms. The police station! Frances knew that Bobby G. was locked up somewhere nearby.

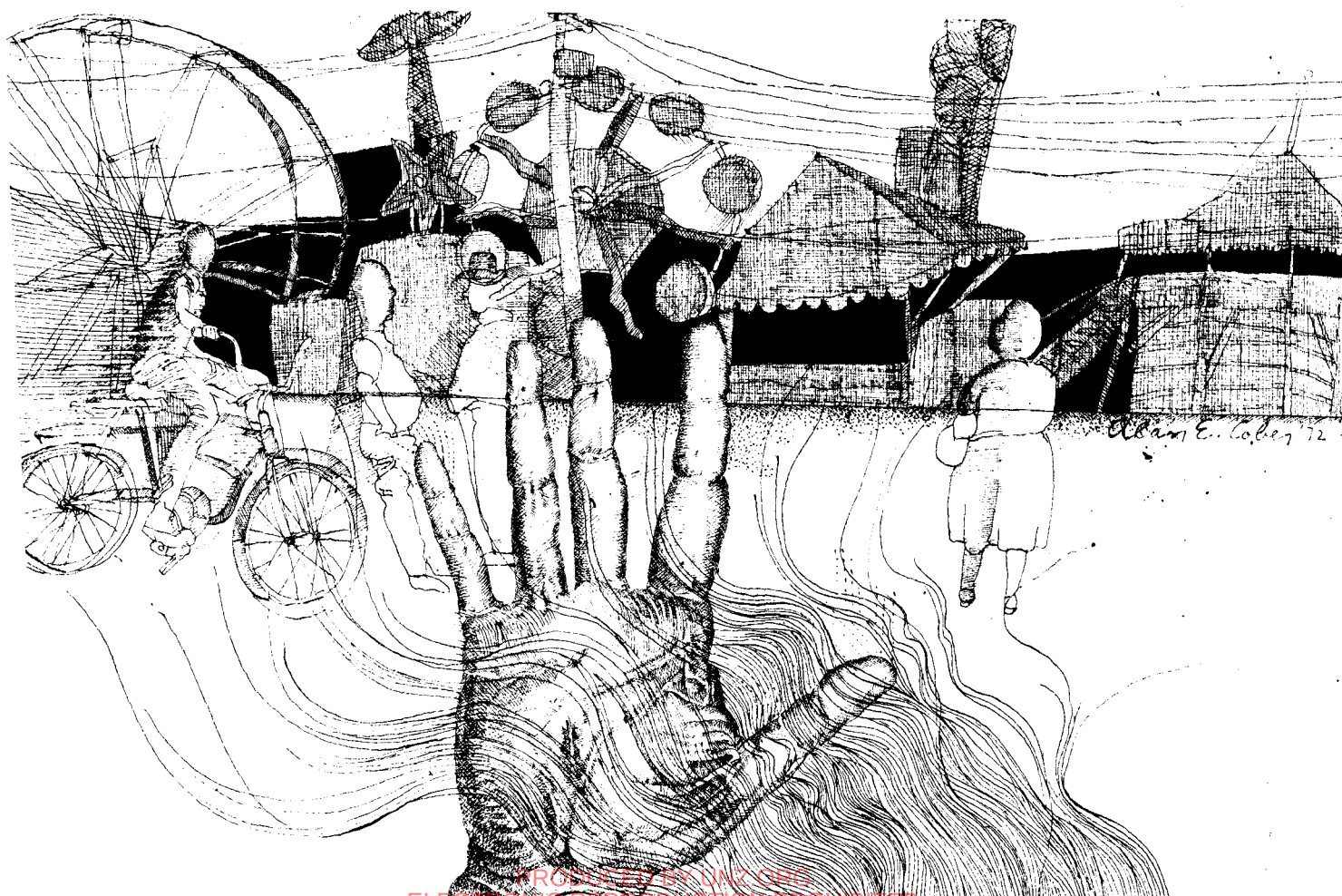
"Repeat, please, what you told us. Then what? Then, after he knocked you down, then what?" a man was asking her.

Frances went through it all again.

Her upper arm was bruised, ugly orange and yellow and purple bruises—look at that, her father said, turning Frances' arm for the man to see. Yes, he saw it. Her knees were scratched bad. The policeman tried not to look at Frances' knees. Anyway, the scratches were covered with bandages and adhesive tape her mother changed several times a day.

"She could get infection—bad infection—" her father muttered.

"Yes," said the policeman. He was a sizable man with a gleaming bald head, her father's age. He did not wear a uniform like the other policemen who were listening. As he talked, Frances stared at the grim creases around his mouth. From time to time he rubbed a handkerchief into these sweaty creases because it was so hot, even with the fan



going. It had been hot now, up in the nineties, for over a week. Everyone in Seneca was sick of the weather.

"Bobby G. Cheatum was always a wise guy, smart-assing around," the policeman said, "but I never thought he'd go crazy like this."

"You just keep him locked up," Frances' father said loudly. "If he breaks out—"

"He isn't going to break out."

"No? Who says so, a jail like this? I know this town. I know how my kids and my neighbors' kids get chased around—boys or girls, it don't matter. Look, you see this goes to a trial—in a courtroom, with a judge and all that," he stammered, "because there are some things this town should learn . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Berardi, that's right. I happen to agree with you," the policeman said, wiping his face.

Frances had no more tears left. She wondered if they had come to the end of the questioning. For four days now she had been kept in the house; her father had closed up the store and stayed home, sometimes weeping angrily in the bedroom, sometimes storming out of the house, bypassing Frances, not even looking at her. As if he hated her. Frances had cried until she was worn out. She thought in a flash of anger that Bobby G. was a stupid goddamn nigger, though he thought he was smarter than the other niggers, and the next time she saw him she would tell him so.

November 19, 1956

"My name is Herbert Ryder from Legal Aid. I came out here the other time with your sister Bonnie. Do you remember me, Bobby?"

Bobby G. Cheatum sat with his arms listless on his big knees, knees parted and tilting to either side of his body. His face was oily with a peculiar sweatless perspiration, especially the wings of his broad nose. His eyes were yellowed. Sometimes his lips were pursed, sometimes slack. He did not glance at Herbert Ryder.

"Bobby, I want to ask you a few questions. Are you listening, Bobby?"

They were in a visitors' room, an alcove off the veranda used for arts and crafts instructions on certain days of the week. This was a Wednesday evening, the only time Ryder could come to the hospital. The alcove was quite cold. There was no one around except a nurse at the reception desk in the foyer; she was typing in brief, hacking spasms, and listening to music on a small transistor radio.

"As soon as you can be examined again, and released from here, we'll get you on the court docket. I'm confident the charges will be dismissed. Bobby, are you listening?"

Bobby did not reply.

"Why aren't you listening? Don't you trust me? Your sister Bonnie came to me for help—don't you remember, she introduced me to you? You know who I am. You want to get out of here, don't you?"

Bobby shrugged his shoulders. "Hell," he mumbled.

"What?"

"Hell with it," he said hoarsely.

"What do you mean? Don't you want to get out of here?"

Bobby stared at the floor. His hair was oily and very woolly. The tight, tiny curls gave his face a look of tension that was misleading. Really he was very relaxed, slack, almost unconscious.

"Everything will be cleared up. . . . I'm confident that the charges will be dismissed. But you have to get well. I mean you have to be declared well. If you would only make an effort . . ."

Bobby appeared to be listening.

"When you're scheduled to be examined, if you would only try to be . . . try to . . . if you would only make an effort to act normal . . ."

The nurse in the foyer began typing again, interrupting the music. Bobby G. flinched: it had been the music he was listening to, not Ryder.

"Do you want to rot in here?" Ryder asked.

Bobby G. did not bother to reply.

July 6, 1952

Bounding on and off the prison cot at the downtown Seneca jail, shouting. On and off the bars, throwing himself against the bars, which he couldn't believe in. They had dragged him here and locked him in! Bobby G. Cheatum himself!

When he got out—

He mashed his sweating face against the iron bars. His eyeballs itched with the heat and this way he could scratch them. Roll them hard against the bars, then harder, and then he knocked his forehead against them—it maddened him to think of how he was locked up while everyone else was loose. Probably laughing at him. Shaking their heads over him. His mother had predicted all this, with her used-up sour laugh. *Bobby G., your troubles and mine are set to begin soon, with that lip of yours.* She wouldn't come visit him. But she sent him a message through his sister: *I give you my undivided love and attention. God bless you always.*

He kept hearing Frances Berardi's scream. Why had that little bitch made so much noise? And when he looked around, sure enough Roosevelt had run, and the girls started to scream for help. Where had those girls come from, anyway? Dawdling on the path, holding back and then walking forward, fast, right up out of the awful waves of heat, heat like air easing out of an oven, and no place to hide from it. He worked all day at Allied Storage, loading and unloading vans, and what he looked forward to was the evening—strolling down to Reardon Park to see who was around.

He could shut his eyes and see everyone there, hanging around the concrete abutment, telling jokes about how Bobby G. had gotten dragged off to jail.

He banged his head against the bars, to see what would happen. Suddenly he liked the hard-soft feel of the iron, its cool flatness, the way it pushed back at his hot face. There was something to respect in those bars.

He remembered the little brash-faced Italian girls from when he'd been in school, how they joked with him and didn't even mind sitting next to him on the Uptown bus. He had gotten along with all of them. Everyone liked him. The kids from Lowertown all stuck together, riding the bus three or four miles up to Lawrence Belknap School. Frances Berardi hadn't been on that bus—she was younger than Bobby G. and his friends—he wasn't sure what age she was, but she was young. The little white bitch, with that yell of hers . . .

His mouth had been cut on the inside, and he'd spat out blood, but no doctor would come to see him.

He pressed his face, his cheek, his jaw against the bars. An idea came to him slowly. He could see it, beginning as a pinprick in his head, then swelling. He watched it swell until it was too large to stay inside his head.

"You let me out!" he yelled.

The noise of his voice astonished him. It was the noise he'd heard in the fight with Frances—not really his own voice, but another, that pushed its way out of him. Now that it was free it yelled again: "You're listenin'! You guys're listenin'! You let me out—you—"

He paused, panting. His heart was pounding now as if it had gotten away from him, jubilant and wild. *Yes, yes, Bobby G.*, he thought to himself, a thought that was like a shout, and something seemed to burst in his head. He picked the mattress off his cot and, grunting, threw it against the wall. Then he wheeled around and saw the frame, and seized it—it wasn't heavy, it was disappointing, but anyway it was something to grab, a real opponent. Not like little Frances Berardi who turned out to weigh almost nothing, for all her smart-aleck taunts—he could have snapped her neck in a second.

That face of hers froze in his head. He remembered the sudden springing madness he'd felt, Frances' face, how she'd turned against him and slapped him, right for everybody to see. He began slamming the cot against the wall. Again. And again. Beating the cot against the wall and the bars and yelling for them to let him out, until he couldn't stop, didn't want to stop.

"Let me out 'n' I'll kill you—the goddamn bunch of you—"

July 9, 1952

Nine-thirty in the morning. He knew that from seeing a clock. All night long Bobby G.'s eyes were rolling like crazy in his head, wanting to get loose.

Leather belts kept him in bed. To spite the nurse he wet the bed on purpose—let her clean it up. Sponge it up. She was a claw-handed white bitch, afraid of him, wouldn't come near him if she could help it. He tried to throw up on her but it caught somewhere inside him—wouldn't come up. So he had to taste it, seeping back down his throat. That drove him wild.

A shot in the left buttock and then he was up and into somebody's clothes, not clothes he recognized. Now his head was very heavy, though he knew that it was only nine-thirty in the morning and he had a long day ahead. They walked him out to an ambulance and helped him up and closed the door on him, with more leather straps to keep his arms against his sides, and an attendant sitting by the door to guard him. A white punk of maybe twenty, staring at Bobby G. as if he expected Bobby G. to leap at him.

So they really thought he was crazy!

He had to laugh, that was such a joke. The white boy by the back door, sitting on a little stool, stared at him and said nothing.

So he was mentally unfit to stand trial—so they said—so he had fooled them, all of them—

Mentally unfit to stand trial!

June 28, 1952

Frances Berardi and some friends of hers, girls her own age, were cutting through Reardon Park; it was after supper and everyone was out. They talked for a while with some boys they knew, and Frances took a few puffs of a cigarette from one of them—a small, dark, ferret-faced boy named Joe Palisano. She smoked with a squinting, adult detachment, as if assessing the taste of the smoke carefully, and finding it not bad. She and Joe were not older than the others, but they acted older; but then he started to tease her about certain things, about something that had been written about her on a viaduct nearby, and she told him to go to hell.

She led her friends away, walking stiffly and angrily. "I don't like guys who talk dirty," she said. "I don't have to put up with that crap from anybody's mouth."

She spoke with a tart philosophical air. She and her friends wandered down to the river, where people were fishing—most of them Negroes, boys and older men, even a few heavy black women, sitting on upended boxes and sighing with the heat. There was no one here that Frances was interested in. She and her friends walked along the abutment, kicking off Mallow Cup wrappers and Popsicle wrappers into the water. It was a very hot, airless evening.

Frances was wearing blue pedal-pushers and a jersey blouse that pulled tight over her head, pink and white stripes and a white stretch collar; she had bought it just the Saturday before, at

an Uptown store. She knew she looked good in it. She was twelve years old but mature for her age, her black hair glossy and loose, her bangs falling thick over her forehead so that they brushed the tops of her thick eyebrows. She was short, trim, athletic, with quick eyes and a brief upper lip, a little loud in her laughter and joking. You could always hear Frannie from a distance, one of her sisters complained—at school or hanging around the grocery store or here in the park, always Frannie Berardi with her big mouth, fooling around. Her friends stood around her, envious and uneasy.

There was nothing to do by the river, so they headed back up toward Market Street. Joe Palisano and his friends were gone. Frances regretted walking away like that, but she had thought maybe he would follow her. Right now she might be riding on the crossbar of his bicycle, hot-faced and excited. . . . "The hell with him," she muttered. She and her friends walked slowly, scuffing their feet. They all wore moccasins made of imitation leather, a bright tan, and decorated with small colored beads, bought at the same store Uptown. It was a thing they did, scuff their feet, especially when they walked on the pavement. They scuffed their feet now in the dirt. They all had the same dark-bright faces, dark eyes moving restlessly. Their minds were tipped in one direction by someone honking a horn up ahead—but it was nobody they knew—and then another way by a blast of music from someone's radio—but it was just a married couple with their baby, lying on a blanket nearby, a cousin of Frances' and her husband—and then in another direction by two Negro boys up ahead. Frances knew one of them, Bobby G., a big boy wearing jeans and a buckled belt and a white T-shirt tucked into the belt.

"Look who's hanging around," Frances called out to him, in a drawl.

He turned to her with a surprised grin. "I see a cute little fox," he said, raising his hand to sight her through his fingers, a circle made by his thumb and forefinger.

Frances laughed. "That's all you got to do, huh, hang around here? I thought you had a car. How come you're hanging around here?"

"Taking in the sights," Bobby G. said.

Frances looked Bobby G. straight in the eye. He was nineteen and had been in the same class with her brother Salvatore. But he acted younger and was always lots of fun. He was a good-looking black boy.

"Out for any special sight?" Frances said. She was hot-faced and bold. Her friends giggled at the way Frances walked right up to him with her hands on her hips, like someone in a movie.

"Could be we might take a drive Uptown. Want to come along?" Bobby G. said.

"Not tonight." Frances saw that he was barefoot

and that his feet were powdery with the dust. She giggled at the size of his feet. "Anyway I heard your car broke down. That's what I heard."

"How come not tonight? You got some special business?"

Frances shrugged her shoulders. She was very excited, almost giddy. It was as if someone were pushing her from behind, pushing her toward Bobby G. *Come on, don't be afraid! Stand right up to him!*

"Hell, my father would kill me," Frances said.

"Who's gonna tell him?"

"I heard your car broke down and anyway I got better things to do."

"Your father ain't going to know about it—he never knew about it the other time, did he?"

Frances hoped her friends hadn't heard that. A kind of flame passed over her face and she poked Bobby G. with her forefinger, right in the center of his chest.

"Somebody's got a big mouth," she drawled.

Bobby G. just grinned.

That made Frances mad. Something was beating furiously in her. She had to stand back on her heels, with her head tilted, in order to look up straight into Bobby G.'s face. She wasn't going to back down from him.

"I got better things to do than ram around with you," she said.

"How come you so fussy? That's never what I heard about Frannie Berardi."

She almost laughed. Then, lit by a sudden giddy excitement, a daring she had rehearsed in her imagination many times—slapping Joe Palisano's face in front of everyone—Frances reared back and struck Bobby G. on the side of the face, with the flat of her hand, slapping her palm hard against his cheek—

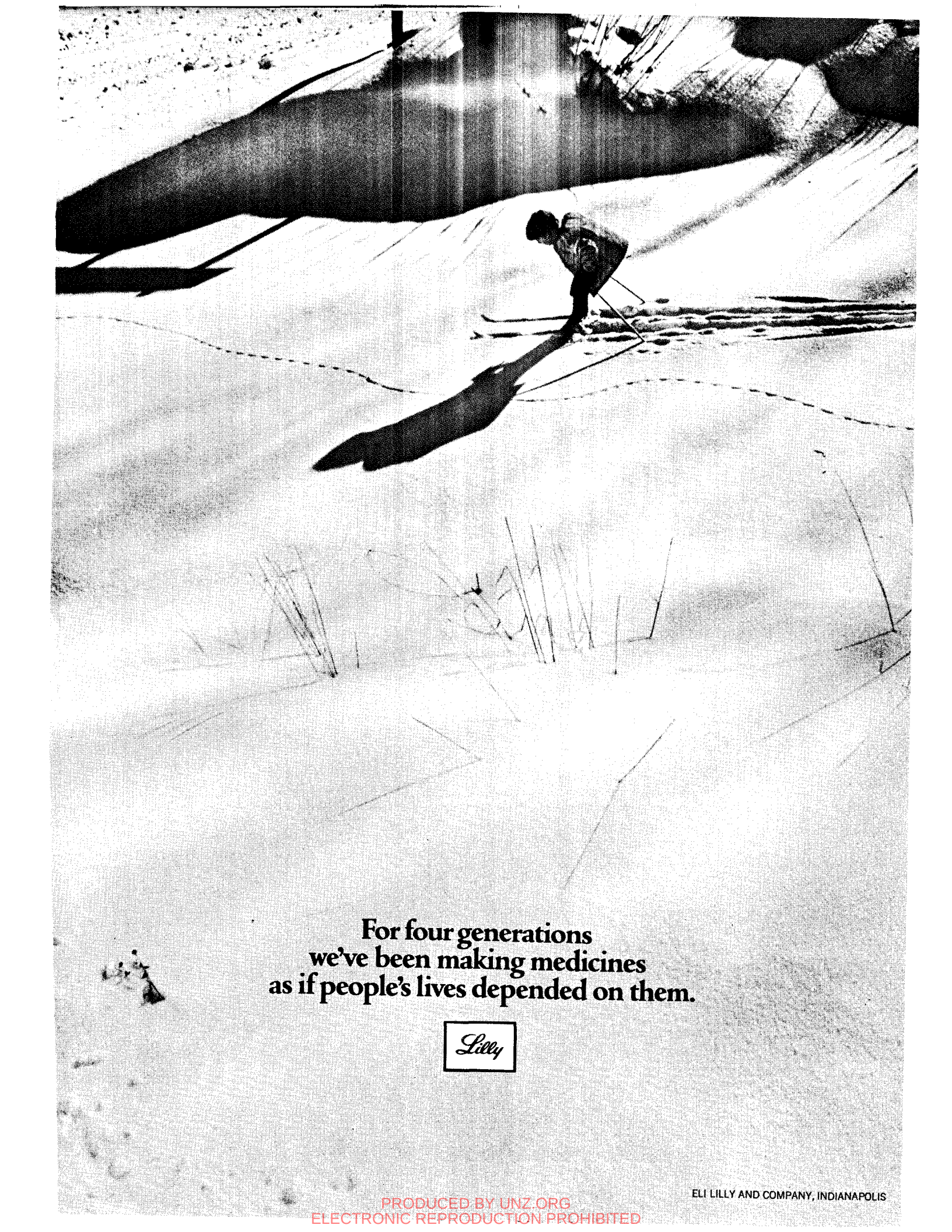
April 23, 1960

"So I slapped his face. I was just kidding around. And he grabbed my wrist and started shaking me . . . and I tried to kick him and . . ."

Frances hesitated, staring at Father Luciano as if she expected him to nod, to remember. But he couldn't remember. He couldn't see that summer evening, the park and the wide dirt path and the boarded-up refreshment stand and Bobby G. and herself . . .

"Didn't this all happen a long time ago, Frances? Years ago?" he asked.

"Yes, before we all moved Uptown, a whole lot of us moved," Frances said slowly. "It was like the kids themselves decided to move—you know—kids who were friends with one another—now it's mostly all Negro down there. By the river. Eddie drives me by there sometimes and I look at our old house and it's all colored, a big family. . . . Lowertown used to be all Italian and colored, now it's just colored. . . . It's funny how that changed."



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Father Luciano smiled a pursed little smile. His expression looked out of focus, not quite right. Wasn't he listening? Frances sat forward. She had to make him understand. There was something urgent she had to explain, she must ask his forgiveness and his absolution, she must confess it and get it all straightened out so that she could forget about it and get married and pass beyond that part of her life.

"It was a long time ago, yes," she stammered, "and I was such a brat, it makes me sick to remember myself! I was such a show-off. . . . We'd go roller-skating on Saturdays, and kid around with the Uptown boys, and ride our bicycles all over. . . . It makes me so ashamed to remember myself," she said. She took a tissue out of her purse and wiped her forehead. "And Bobby G.—Bobby G. Cheatum—he was a neighborhood kid a little older than we were. He was in my brother's class but he dropped out. We all played together, you know, white and colored, in the park and at school and all over, and Bobby G. was pretty nice—sometimes he had a bad temper, got mad, and you had to be careful of him—but he was pretty nice—kind of daring, the way he'd climb across the railroad bridge when a train might come at any time, while the other boys just stood and watched—"

Why was she saying all this? Father Luciano didn't know what she was talking about. Probably he had never even driven down to Lowertown. He was new to the city of Seneca itself and his parish was nowhere near the hill. He was from Buffalo, forty miles away. Frances was confused. She wanted to make him understand, she wanted to make him remember—those years in the cinder playgrounds, in the park, at Lawrence Belknap School, she wanted to make him remember again the kids in the neighborhood, who were all grown up now, a lot of them married, some still in the Navy or the Army, a few of them gone on to college, or disappeared, two of them killed in car accidents, and a few of them with crazy bad luck—like Bobby G. locked up in the state hospital all these years.

"Would you like to begin your confession now?" Father Luciano asked.

"No, not yet, no, wait . . . I want to explain something . . ." she said slowly, confused. Out in the anteroom Eddie was waiting and she could imagine him smoking a cigarette, frowning. This was taking too long. She knew what was coming: a little lecture on birth control, the paper she would have to sign swearing that she would not use any artificial methods of birth control and that her children would be brought up Catholic. Yes. She was ready for that. But first she had to explain something about those years of her childhood, her young girlhood, when she was twelve years old and had bought that pink and white blouse she

liked so much, when she had walked up to Bobby G. Cheatum that night in the park. . . .

"You said that the boy is in the hospital," Father Luciano said, when Frances did not speak for a while. "Don't you think he's in good hands there? He's out of danger and he can't cause danger to others. . . . I'm sure they have an excellent staff there to help him. If he were out on his own he'd just be a threat to himself and to others."

"But I was such a brat, I was always shooting my mouth off . . ."

"And the court showed the proper wisdom, I believe. I'm sure of it. Does anyone else ever talk about this incident, Frances? Does anyone else even remember except you?"

"Oh, no. No," Frances said at once. "Not in my family. We stopped talking about it right away. And Eddie used to live outside Seneca, he's from the country where his parents have a farm. . . . The kids are all sort of scattered now, except for some girls I see around, you know, shopping. We all moved Uptown. And Bobby G.'s people, well, I didn't know them . . . his father died a few years ago, I heard . . . but probably people don't remember."

Father Luciano shifted his weight in his chair. Over his shoulder Frances could see the lawn out front and the grilled iron gates decorated with golden crosses, cross after cross stretching along the sidewalk. She looked down at her hands, at the frayed damp tissue. She couldn't remember having taken it out of her purse.

"If he were out on his own," Father Luciano said gently, "he'd just be a threat to himself and to others. Isn't that so?"

"I thought if I could visit him . . . maybe I could explain it to him. . . . But that would drive my father wild, I couldn't even bring it up. Once some lawyer came to see me; he was from Legal Aid. I think that's what it was called. He was trying to get Bobby G. set for a trial or something. He asked me questions but my father was right there with me, so I had to keep saying the old answers. And . . . Oh, I don't know. That was a long time ago, too, three or four years ago. I suppose people don't remember now."

"I'm sure they don't," Father Luciano said.

August 9, 1971

Frances answered the phone on the first ring.

"Frannie? How is it there?"

Her mother again.

"What do you mean, how is it?" she said irritably. "The four o'clock lesson came and went—the lady with the organ lessons—and it's dead as hell in here, and hot. Why he wants to stay open till six is beyond me."

"You sure nobody came in?"

"If you mean Bobby G., he's nowhere in sight and what's more no Negro is in sight or has even

looked in the window all day. So. How's everything at home?"

"Frannie, I just happened to mention that this colored boy was being released today, you know, I just happened to mention it to Edith Columbo, and she said maybe we better notify the police. I don't mean asking for trouble, Frannie—but just sensible—to give warning—"

"No."

"You should let Eddie know, anyway. He would want to know. He would be worrying about you right now."

Frances made a despairing droll face, that her mother should be so stupid! That her mother should think Eddie gave a damn about her!

"How's Sue Ann?" Frances asked flatly.

"Outside playing with the kid next door. You sure nobody's hanging around there? Out on the sidewalk?"

Frances' father came out of the back room, looking at her. She mouthed the word "Mama" to him and he nodded, his face closing up. He walked to the front of the store and gazed out at the street. Traffic passed slowly. After a few minutes, Frances said, "Mama, I got to hang up, a customer is coming in—"

She stared at her father's back, his damp white shirt, and wondered what he was thinking. Not of Bobby G. No. He wouldn't spend five minutes in all these years thinking of him: that black bastard, that maniac, beating his daughter up the way he did, and then running so wild it took three policemen to drag him away. . . . Frances took out her compact and checked her face. It was always a surprise, that she should look so cute. *Cute*. That's all you could say for her face, but it was enough—with her short upper lip and her long thin nose and her dark, darting eyes, and the way her hair didn't turn kinky even in this hot weather. Yes, she was cute. Short and cute. What had someone said to her once?—Bobby G. himself?—*The best things come in small packages*.

Once she had been under the awning at the Rexall Drug on Main Street, waiting for rain to stop, and cruising along the curb in his rattletrap jalopy was Bobby G. and that friend of his with the funny name—she couldn't remember it now—and Bobby asked her how'd she like a ride home? Because they lived near each other. Frances hesitated only a second, then said OK. Great. And she had jumped in the back seat. She had always had a lot of nerve. They drove right down the big hill to Lowertown, Bobby G. showing off a little bit, thumping on the steering wheel as if it were a drum, but putting himself out to be nice to her. Yet he let you know, that Bobby G., that he was always thinking around the edges of what he shouldn't be thinking. That was the day he had said, teasing her, *The best things come in small packages*.

Bobby G.'s friend—his name was Roosevelt—couldn't keep up with her and Bobby G., the way they kidded each other. What a nerve she had! She knew that her father would kill her if he saw her in a car with any boys, let alone colored boys. But she had jumped in the car anyway.

Then, as they approached her own neighborhood, she began to wonder if this had been a good idea. Someone on the street might see her and tell her father. So she poked Bobby G. on the shoulder and said, "Hey, maybe you better let me out here."

"In the rain, honey? You'll spoil that high-class outfit of yours!"

She snorted at this—she was wearing shorts and a soiled blouse.

But Bobby G. let her out anyway, near a grocery store so that she could wait for the rain to stop. Nobody had seen her, evidently. Nobody told her father. And yet now, today, so many years later, she wanted to tell her father about that ride.

"I been thinking about Bobby G. all day . . ." she said.

Her father stood with his back to her, blunt and perspiring. He had grown heavy and bald; once a good-looking man, even when his hair had thinned unevenly, now he sagged with worry and irritability. Frances was a little afraid of him. She feared his peevish scowl, that scowl that had been directed at her over the years—because she was no good at the piano, because her marriage had been bad from the start, most of all because she had a pert, impatient, unserious scowl herself.

"What did you say?" her father said, turning suddenly.

His face warned her: *Better shut up, Fran. Shut your cute little mouth.*

"Nothing," she said.

"It better be nothing," her father said.

August 9, 1971

They had located Bobby G.'s older sister, Bonnie, who was married and living now in Buffalo. At first she had said no, no, she couldn't take him in, she was afraid of him, and her husband was in and out of trouble himself. . . . What would Bobby G. do around the house? Wouldn't he be dangerous?

A woman social worker told her: "Bobby has ten years' experience, working in the hospital laundry. He'll be able to get a good job in a laundry. He only needs to adjust himself to society again. He needs a friendly home for a while, to get him started again."

"How long's that gonna take, to get him started again?" she asked suspiciously.

She was a grave-faced, thick woman in her mid-forties, with a habit of shaking her head negatively as she thought, as if nothing seemed right to her. But in the end she agreed to take Bobby G. in.

So they brought Bobby G. to her one Monday afternoon. He turned out to be a tall, thin black man with a slight stoop, shy and apologetic. He was carrying a small suitcase. He had five dollars release money.

"Well, Bobby G.," she said awkwardly.

They shook hands like people in a movie. Bonnie didn't know what to do: she remembered her brother as taller and heavier, and maybe this man was someone else.

"Hello," he said.

A voice like a whisper, so hoarse! She didn't recognize that either.

She cleared off a place for him to sit on the sofa and he set the suitcase primly at his feet. So this was her crazy put-away brother Bobby Gaspar, the one nobody in the family liked to talk about. . . . He had a curious way of ducking his head. He would not meet her gaze, not directly. A tall, thin, scrawny bird, birdlike in his nervousness, with a glaze to his dark skin that was like permanent sweat, and a smell in his clothes of panic. Bonnie stared at him, her heart sinking. This was a mistake and she couldn't get out of it.

"Been a lot of time since we seen each other," she said slowly. "They treated you OK there, huh?"

"Yes," Bobby said.

"The big trouble—you know—the courtroom and all—I mean the trial—that got all cleared up, huh?"

"The charges were dismissed," Bobby G. said softly.

"Charges were dismissed, oh yes," his sister said seriously, nodding. That was an important fact. That was good news.

She couldn't think what to do—start supper with him sitting here?—so after a while she suggested that they go down to the corner to get some things she needed. "Just a five-minute walk," she said.

Bobby got to his feet self-consciously and followed her out of the building—she had an apartment on the first floor, a good location—and she

noticed out of the corner of her eye that he walked in a kind of crouch, leading with his forehead. He didn't look crazy, not the way some people on the street looked, but he didn't look quite right either, with that stiff walk of his, like an old man's walk and not a man of—what was he now?—thirty-eight? He kept staring out at the street, at the buses and trucks.

At the intersection he froze and didn't seem able to move. "It's just across the street, that's the grocery right over there," Bonnie said, panicked herself. *Oh Jesus*, she thought, *they brought him to me still crazy and they drove away again!* "Look, Bobby G., it ain't nothing to get across this street—nobody's going to hurt you—"

What was wrong with him? He stood on the curb, sweating, and wouldn't step off onto the street. He was staring ahead, his eyes wide. He stood in that crouched-over, crazy way, his shoulders hunched as if for battle. Bonnie broke out into a sweat, standing beside him. She didn't know if she should touch his arm, or what. He looked paralyzed. And all around them people were passing, some of them staring at him—didn't he have any shame, to act like this on the street?

"Bobby G., there just *ain't* no trouble getting over there. . . ."

He didn't look at her but he seemed to be listening. After a long wait he took one step forward, off the curb and into the gutter. Bonnie drew in her breath slowly, cautiously.

"See, how there ain't any trouble? It's real easy," she said.

He took another step, slow as hell; at this rate it would take them an hour to cross the street, but anyway it was a start.

She took hold of his arm and led him. "OK, Bobby G., you see how easy it is, huh . . . ? See how easy . . . ?" He was slow as hell and she was burning hot with the shame of it, but he was her brother, after all. Her baby brother. Anyway, today was a start. □

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For a quarter of a century, *The Atlantic* has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts"—short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prize-winners for the past year:

First Prize of \$750 awarded to
WALLACE E. KNIGHT
for "The Way We Went"
in the November, 1972, issue

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to
DAVID BLACK
for "Laud"
in the January, 1973, issue

LIFE & LETTERS

THE INDISPENSABLE VIRGINIA WOOLF

by William Abrahams

VIRGINIA WOOLF
by Quentin Bell
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$12.50

Quentin Bell's life of his aunt Virginia Woolf has been so widely reviewed and so justly praised that at this point in time a further summary of its contents and a tribute to the manner in which they have been set forth must seem superfluous. For students, of course, it is now and henceforth indispensable; more than that, I find it hard to imagine anyone with even the most casual interest in Virginia Woolf, or the Bloomsbury milieu in which she lived and worked, for whom the reading of this biography will not prove a fascinating, enlightening, and finally, a deeply moving experience. Bell, in both a literal and symbolic sense, is an heir of Bloomsbury, an exemplar in the second generation of the candor, clarity, and civilization that one associates with his elders. His book, quite apart from the interest and importance of its subject, is itself a splendid example of the biographer's art. As such, it is a valued addition to the Bloomsbury canon, where, if it ranks below Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, it is certainly superior to either E. M. Forster's *Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson* or Virginia Woolf's *Roger Fry*. Bell, in short, has done his inheritance proud.

In a brief prefatory note he writes: "The purpose of the present volume is purely historical; and al-

though I hope that I may assist those who attempt to explain and to assess the writing of Virginia Woolf, I can do so only by presenting facts which hitherto have not been generally known and by providing a clear and truthful account of the character and personal development of my subject. In no other way can I contribute to literary criticism. Even if I had the equipment for such a task I should not have the inclination; I have found the work of the biographer sufficiently difficult without adventuring into other directions and indeed the business of gathering and presenting the facts would hardly have been completed without help."

The note is characteristic in its modesty; it is also, I fear, likely to mislead those who accept at face value the view that "the work of the biographer" is "gathering and presenting the facts." The superior qualities of Bell's own book are reminder enough that the process is a good deal more complex than this modest view of it would suggest. Obviously, facts are the basic materials upon which the biographer depends if he is to provide the truthful account of his subject that must always be his primary concern. But once the facts have been gathered, sorted out, evaluated, and sometimes discarded, he enters upon a task of an altogether different order: their presentation. The mere gathering-in of facts, no matter upon how epic and indiscriminate a scale, does not, paradoxically, ensure a truthful

account—not, anyway, of the sort that distinguishes biography as a work of art from the bleak accuracy of a census record. (Bell neatly illustrates the point. He has included as appendices to his biography two detailed chronologies, crammed full of facts—thus, in 1907: "23-25 March, Virginia and Adrian sleep at Violet Dickinson's house in Manchester Square while their move to 29 Fitzroy Square takes place; 28 March, Virginia and Adrian go to Paris with Clive and Vanessa Bell, meetings with Duncan Grant; 10 April, Virginia and Adrian return to London and take up residence in their new home, 29 Fitzroy Square, W.1." While these facts undeniably make for a truthful account, that account stops far short of the level of art and fidelity to life that Bell achieves in his presentation.)

Presentation brings us from research to interpretation, to subjectivity, to point of view—how the facts are given to us, the text and style and intention of a work. Since in most biographies the author is an invisible presence—Boswell being the classic exception—it is too easy to conclude that he is not there at all, and that the biography, in effect, produced itself.

But Quentin Bell is in a special case: he is the nephew of Virginia Woolf, and this relationship between biographer and subject brings to the forefront those questions of interpretation, subjectivity, and point of view to which, generally, too little attention is paid. I hasten

(Advertisement)

February Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



All writers and their starving agents agree: all publishers are icy-fingered penny pinchers. True? Maybe. But sometimes, on sighting an extraordinary new talent, the *Atlantic* and *Atlantic Monthly Press* editors come all over shivery, and the result is an *Atlantic Grant*. It is an outright gift of enough money to enable the completion of a promising work in progress. Or you could call it a bet.

In the past we have bet on such writers as Jesse Hill Ford, Dr. Robert Coles, and James Alan McPherson. Two years ago we read forty pages by a young registered nurse from Wyoming, **SHARON R. CURTIN**. She was writing with rage and love and humor about old people and how they are treated in America, how their talents are so often wasted and their loneliness ignored. She seemed a born storyteller, telling simply yet stirringly about her own family, friends and patients, rich or poor, happy or wretched, brilliantly lucid or pitifully disturbed.

We were moved and challenged. So we gave Ms. Curtin a *Grant*. *The Atlantic* printed part of the manuscript in July, 1972; and now we proudly publish the book. It is just as good as we had bet it would be. A good bet on our part, and a good bet for anyone who ever had a parent.

**NOBODY EVER DIED OF
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LITTLE, BROWN

to add that Bell in no way takes advantage of his position to call attention to himself, nor does he presume upon it to scant the arduous work that goes into preparing a biography on this scale: there is nothing of the amateur or member of the family for whom allowances have to be made in what he has done. But he *is* Virginia Woolf's nephew; his uncle Leonard chose him to be her biographer. In most instances, the people he is writing about are people he knew, or heard talked about by people who were close to him. When he refers to the Woolfs as Leonard and Virginia, or to his parents as Clive and Vanessa, or to their friends as Lytton (Strachey), Morgan (Forster), Bunny (Garnett), and Ottoline (Morrell), it is not an affectation; for him to have referred to them otherwise would have been the affectation. The advantage to him (and for us) of his position is not simply that he is already in possession of so many of the facts that "hitherto have not been generally known," but that he is able to write about them with the ease and naturalness that come from a long familiarity—here, the familiarity of a nephew.

(Relationship in such cases inevitably has much to do with the view, or as it is sometimes called, the conception of the subject. The widow of a famous man, for example, will see him in a different way than his sister does; his brother in yet another way. Each conception in its way may be valid, though some are more valid than others: generally speaking, the length of intimacy is a reliable indicator.)

I have been unable to discover an adjective, equivalent to "avuncular," meaning nephew-like—"neposian," perhaps. If such a word existed, it would serve beautifully here to describe the point of view and tone of this biography. Nephew-like: affectionate, understanding, tinged ever so slightly with irony, an observant child's fascination with and toleration of his elders, a sense and acceptance of their peculiarity.

The Woolfs had decided that they should not have children of their own—Virginia's history of mental breakdowns made it too great a risk for her. She envied her sister Vanessa her three children, Julian, Quentin, and Angelica, and loved

them almost as deeply as she loved Vanessa herself. For the three young Bells she was their beloved Aunt Virginia. David Garnett, who would eventually marry Angelica, in his volume of memoirs, *The Flowers of the Forest*, recalls the arrivals of Virginia at Charleston, the Bells' house in Sussex: "... a signal for rejoicing on the part of Julian and Quentin who had secrets to share with her. Thus she was always led aside and from the corner of the walled garden where they were ensconced came her clear hoot of laughter—like the mellow hoot of an owl—and Julian's loud explosions of merriment, protests and explanations."

When the boys were at Charleston, they brought out a family newspaper, the *New Bulletin*, with Julian as Editor and Quentin as Illustrator. One typewritten copy was handed round at the lunch table. In the paper for August 15, 1925, the following item appears:

The Disappearing Aunt

On Sunday the Woolves paid a visit to the Squire [John Maynard Keynes, who lived nearby at Tilton]. Virginia, unable to face a Tilton tea with Harland [the Keynes' majordomo] in the offing, decided to walk over to Charleston. She was seen on road by Angelica and Louie [a maid] and her voice is thought to have been heard by Duncan [Grant]. She failed to appear at tea, however, and did not afterwards return to Tilton. The most widely accredited theory is that she had a sudden inspiration and sat down on the way to compose a new novel.

In the *New Bulletin* for the next day:

Nessa and the Illustrator visited the Woolves this afternoon and found the disappearing aunt safe and sound. It appears that for some whim she decided to eat her tea under a haystack instead of in Charleston dining-room. The difference, however, is not great, and it is even possible that she mistook the one for the other.

The mixture of affection and irony in this playful schoolboy journalism is echoed forty-seven years on in the biography Quentin Bell has now written of his aunt, thirty-one years after she drowned herself

in the River Ouse, and it is one of the sources of its great strength. Her genius as an artist is taken for granted—though there is one remarkable chapter in which he attempts to “examine her mind at work”—but Bell’s major achievement is to restore the “daily-ness” of Virginia Woolf’s life, from which, in accord with the unknowable laws of genius, her work sprang. Seen thus, it proves to have been a life unexpectedly rich in comedy—surely one had not anticipated that a biography of Mrs. Woolf would provide such moments of hilarious entertainment as Quentin Bell has made, for example, of the Woolfs going straight from work at the Hogarth

Press, without bothering to change clothes, to an elegant dinner party given by Rose Macaulay. It was a life rich also in affection, in extraordinary closeness in marriage, in intellectual excitement, and simple domestic pleasures; and in suffering also, in periods of terrible, unimaginable anguish. Bell’s final pages, wherein he quotes in its entirety Virginia’s farewell letter to Leonard, are as moving, in their dignity and restraint, as anything I have read. I feel certain that his aunt and uncle, who were not accustomed to lower their high standards for the sake of friendship or family loyalty, would approve of this biography by their nephew.

Thieves’ biggest score that year was the lifting of a Titian and thirteen other major works worth \$1.6 million from a small church in Pieve di Cadore near Cortina d’Ampezzo. Police found three wineglasses on a table and surmised that there were three thieves and each downed a glass of altar wine before going to work. The Titian was later recovered but the thieves remained at large.

Complicity of clergymen in art thefts surprises no one. In a recent case, police discovered dozens of stolen paintings hidden in a Benedictine monastery and a convent in Eboli. Father Vittorio Loparo and Mother Maria Rosaria di Marco, the seventy-two-year-old superior of the convent, were charged with receiving stolen goods. Seventy-three paintings with an estimated value of \$850,000, including works by Beato Angelico, Mattia Preti, Francesco Solimena, and Aniello Falcone, were recovered from the priest’s home and the home of a Naples antique dealer.

More novel was the resort of some outraged Italians to art thievery to exert pressure on the government for ecological reform. In April, 1971, thieves infiltrated the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, once the home of the princely Medici family, and made off with two priceless fifteenth-century paintings: the portrait of a Florentine nobleman by the Flemish artist Hans Memling—once given to Hitler by Mussolini and later recovered for Italy—and a *Madonna and Child* by Masaccio. Persons claiming responsibility for the heist wrote to a Rome newspaper saying they would return the paintings if the Tuscany region took steps to clean up water and air pollution. They insisted that officials order fifteen factories to shut down. The government, however, refused to bend to this blackmail.

Nor has modern art been spared. Thieves have struck twice at Ca’ Venier, the chalk-white, one-story palazzo on Venice’s Grand Canal where Peggy Guggenheim has assembled a \$12.5 million collection of modern art. The first robbery, on February 2, 1971, deprived Peggy of fifteen pictures, including one Picasso, valued at a total of \$640,000. Police later found the works of art stuck in mud near railroad tracks

ART FOR THE TAKING

by Patrick O’Keefe

Italy, with its vast exhibit of Etruscan pottery, old Roman ruins, Renaissance *capolavori*, and baroque palaces and fountains, can well be thought of as a six-hundred-mile-long art gallery. Yet the museums are watched over by men who are ill-trained, often tottering, and sometimes even blind. Churches with priceless altarpieces, frescoes, and statuary go unguarded. Private collections, too, are inadequately protected.

Italy, consequently, is a paradise for art thieves as well as for art lovers. Works of art are not readily pocketable but, given the powder-puff defenses set up by the state and the Church, it has not greatly taxed the thieves’ ingenuity to decide how to cart off pieces of ancient Roman pillars and temples, busts from park pedestals, precious paintings and statuary from churches large and small. Furthermore, those thieves specializing in archaeology, called *tombaroli* (tomb burglars), can, and often do, pick an excavation clean in a few nights.

Police statistics show all too plainly the sharp rise in art thievery: 426 thefts were recorded in 1970, 553 in 1971, and 383 in the first six months of 1972. In those two and a half years, police have recovered some 25,000 pieces, roughly half the amount that was

stolen. The respected Turin newspaper *La Stampa* estimates that thieves made off with about \$10 million in art in 1971.

At one point, Rodolfo Siviero, the government’s chief detective for retrieving art smuggled abroad, complained publicly: “After spending so much effort and the state’s money to get back so many works of art, they cannot even be put on display again without being stolen by the first thief who comes along.” Siviero’s office and a small department of the *carabinieri* handle the tracking down of stolen art, but they find themselves without sufficient resources to cope with the ever increasing thievery.

Robberies take all sorts of shapes. In Rome, in the spring of 1971, robbers held up a sacristan in one of the city’s most famous churches, San Andrea della Valle (setting for the first act of *Tosca*) and fled with a bejeweled statue of the Christ Child. Shortly thereafter, Rome opened as a park the 235-acre Villa Doria Pamphili, purchased from a princess for three million dollars. In its first month the new park lost the right arm from a priceless ancient relief, the head of a griffin in the so-called “English Garden,” some early Roman reliefs pried away from wall niches, and a battle scene from an Etruscan sarcophagus.

leading out of Venice. The following December 15, thieves slipped up by boat and stole seventeen paintings worth, coincidentally, \$640,000. How she retrieved those, she says, "is a big secret." Rumor has it that she paid a sizable ransom.

Besides being threatened by thieves, art in Italy is subject to serious marring, or even destruction, by vandals and tourists who insist on running a fingernail across what was intended only for looking at. The vicious hammering of Michelangelo's *Pietà* in St. Peter's basilica last May by Laszlo Toth, a Hungarian who claimed he was Jesus Christ, is but an extreme example of what has become a rather common occurrence. Toth made the headlines because he attacked an extraordinarily well-known piece of sculpture. Interesting but lesser works suffer damage without such a public echo. Italy's state-run RAI-TV, however, recently shed light on the cracking and crumbling of precious frescoes in the main basilica in Assisi caused, TV newsmen reported, by sonic booms from Italian military jet aircraft.

Siviero is a fifty-four-year-old Florentine who launched himself as an art detective by counterspy work against Nazi art marauders. He resents the thieves for their freedom to strike with little fear of capture or consequences. He resents unscrupulous dealers in antiquities, both in Italy and abroad, who grow rich on the trade of stolen masterpieces. He resents the buyers of contraband art, the bourgeois in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and elsewhere who hoard stolen paintings as a hedge against inflation. Above all, he resents the commercialization of art, which places high monetary values on paintings and thus encourages the thievery. To Siviero a true masterpiece cannot be valued in terms of one, two, or three million dollars. It is worth more than money, any kind of money. It represents the finest product of one era's culture and is that era's legacy to all generations to come.

But his work, hampered, he says, by a *dolce far niente* bureaucracy and a skimpy \$34,000-a-year budget for himself, staff, and office expenses, is endlessly frustrating.

Siviero, who is baldish and rotund like a pear, works in rolled-up

shirt-sleeves (unheard-of attire in most ministerial offices) in a small office in Rome's Palazzo di Venezia. When talking to a visitor, he alternates between sitting behind his worm-eaten desk and pacing beneath a chandelier whose knoblike chunks of crystal cling to an orb like barnacles to a ship. Chomping on a cigar, he dictates replies to questions a phrase at a time, in the manner of a criminal-division detective feeding a report to a stenographer. He underlines key words by stabbing his cigar into the air eight inches in front of his nose.

"You can't even discuss the value of Italy's art treasures," Siviero says, speaking in clipped Italian. "If you start from the north and go to the south, there is a veritable sea of treasure. No country can even claim a close second place to Italy." In Siviero's sweeping vision, civilizations created art that led to other civilizations that created more art and so forth, climaxing in the eighteenth century with the epoch of Tiepolo. He sees less worth in the later baroque period and disdains modern art completely. "There are those who create a market for modern art out of people's ignorance," Siviero says, "and so they establish prices comparable to those for ancient art."

Siviero's reading of history is that "all civilizations, whether Egyptian or Greek or Roman, were destroyed by the people who created them, in a period of decadence." Disturbingly, he adds: "The same thing is happening now in Italy. It's incredible how no one reflects for a minute on the fact that the prestige of Italy in the world stems from its great artistic and cultural traditions. Italy has never been a great power. If it is counted among the first nations of the world, this is because of art and culture, not because of any military or political, much less economic, power."

He was especially upset over a government decision last July that ancient tombstones and other remnants from the Roman Empire would be plucked from the old Apian Way and deposited in museums to guard them from theft. To Siviero, art in Italy retains its full flavor and value by being kept in the place it was created for, be that a baptistery or a roadside. "Why af-

ter two thousand years that these monuments have stood witness to the memory of Rome are they taken down?" he demanded. "Why? Because thieves rob them? Much less expensive and more logical to have a couple police cars patrol the Apian Way. In the same way I'm against taking art out of the churches. We must take measures so that people don't steal from the churches—not remove the art. A piece of art painted for a certain church, in a certain place, five hundred or a thousand years ago, must remain there, because *there* it has the significance of great culture. It's *more* than just the significance of the *object*. Basically, what's the major difference between the United States and Italy? It's that Italy has running through its whole land mass a deep, rich fabric of civilization that represents the people, that represents culture of many moments in history. America, instead, has huge museums in metropolises. These museums were built long after the art they now house. They are not museums spun from the internal fabric of the country. In that fabric, in the United States, you have factories, gasoline pumps, and so forth. So the idea is entirely different. Therefore here we cannot denude the churches of art to stop thieves. The thieves must be stopped by creation of laws that make it riskier to steal."

After his counterespionage work against Nazi Germany ended with the war, Siviero was personally responsible for retrieving hundreds of paintings that Nazi troops had trucked out of Italy. (A major scandal is that West Germany still has 1558 catalogued works of art awaiting repatriation to Italy. According to the Italian weekly magazine *L'Espresso*, Italian bureaucracy, not German contrariness, is to blame for the long delay. The expense of shipping the art and then providing display space would be formidable, since the exiled art would easily fill a gallery the size of the Uffizi in Florence.) Thereafter art thievery by civilians assured Siviero of keeping his job. "The big guns in the clandestine market are the same," he said. "Those who helped the Nazis now help the thieves in fencing and smuggling." The centers of the "market," according to Siviero, are

Basel, Zurich, Stuttgart, Munich, Brussels, Salzburg, and Beirut. He dismisses as mostly legend the belief that many stolen works of art end up in the United States and credits American museum directors, collectors, and dealers with helping Italy recover hundreds of stolen pieces.

Relatively few in America, in fact, had probably ever heard of Siviero until he cracked the case of the so-called Boston Raphael in the summer of 1971. Siviero read the announcement by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts of its acquisition of *Portrait of a Young Girl* by Raphael, which stated that the frame, too, was original. The art detective thumbed through a catalogue and found that the painting had lost its frame late in the nineteenth century. Next, making the rounds in Florence, Siviero tracked down an art dealer who said he had made the frame now encasing the Raphael and had sold it to Ferruccio Bossi, an aged Genoa businessman. Deduction was simple: Bossi had evidently sold the work to the Boston museum, which somehow had smuggled it abroad, bypassing the 1939 law that prohibits exportation of any recognized masterpiece from Italy without specific government permission.

A charge of possessing a masterpiece not cleared for export was filed in Genoa against Perry Rathbone, director of the Boston museum. This was dropped upon the return of the Raphael to Rome, though minor charges against smuggling remain. Ironically, Siviero says, if the Boston museum had applied for export permission, it might have been granted. "You must realize something," he said. "The Italian government is very strict when a work of art is going abroad and no one knows where it will end up. But when a masterpiece is to go to a museum, the museum is generally favored more than a private collector."

Far from being as refined as museum directors, some who deal in contraband art are armed and dangerous—like the Mafia. In October, 1962, an original Greek bronze, the Ephebus of Selinute, attributed to young Phidias and considered the most precious piece of ancient Greek art in Italy (estimated value \$1.2 million), was stolen from the city hall of Castelvetro in Sicily.



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The piece had been seized by two local Mafia figures "on commission" from a Sicilian living in the United States. The price agreed upon for the heist was \$800, but when the thieves learned the statue's worth, they decided to sell it themselves.

Siviero entered the case and it took him five years to track down the Ephebus, which, he found, still had not left Sicily. Posing as a clandestine buyer, Siviero reached Agrigento on Sicily's southern coast on February 25, 1968, and was met by two Mafia men. One remarked: "I must have seen you somewhere; your face is not new to me." Siviero's face had appeared frequently in newspapers and magazines, and, he recalled, he staved off sleep in his hotel room that night by doing exercises and singing; but nothing happened. The next day, the two Mafiosi asked Siviero for 80 million lire (\$128,000) for the statue. He haggled them down to 30 million lire (\$48,000), then insisted that the transfer of the statue take place north of Naples to preclude the Mafia's stealing it back. Foligno, a town northeast of Rome, was chosen. As soon as the truck with the Ephebus inside was consigned to Siviero in return for the cash, police emerged from hiding. A wild auto chase followed, with police and Mafia exchanging gunfire. In the end the police had six Mafia men under arrest. Siviero had the Ephebus.

Ironically, few Italians appreciate what Siviero is trying to do; they put off for months, years, even a lifetime, visits to their country's great museums. Notwithstanding public apathy, last June things started to happen. The Superior Council of Fine Arts struck to protest against the government's failure to protect adequately the nation's patrimony. Whether or not as a consequence of this, the government shortly afterward decreed that burglar alarms should be installed in churches throughout Italy that housed important art, and the cost would be split by the state and the Church. A few weeks later the Vatican announced plans to equip St. Peter's and the Vatican Museum with alarm systems. In Italy, however, it may be years before all the alarms are in place.

Siviero, in any event, believes that much more needs to be done.

What he would like most is for the government to create a ministry for the arts and a special corps of guards and police to go with it. Siviero's office comes under the foreign ministry and the fine arts council under the education ministry; obviously, ranking officials in both ministries worry first about their pressing diplomatic or school prob-

lems, and art gets whatever attention is left over. Short of an art ministry, Siviero thinks the government at least should spend a few million dollars to post a sufficient number of well-trained guards in museums and allot him more money to track down stolen art. But Siviero's is a lonely voice, heard only by a tiny few who really care.

OFF BRITTANY'S SHORE

by Nita Regnier

In the field behind the house I'm living in there is a menhir about ten feet tall. I have been out to caress it and have felt the ancient grooves left in the stone by a stroking tool. The menhir leans a little back. How much of it has sunk into the ground, I wonder? How great a stone was hoisted into place thousands of years ago? I doubt it could be raised today without help from "the continent." Perhaps five thousand years ago, in a less doubting time, I could have carved it out and stood it up myself, somehow.

At the far end of the island are two dolmens resembling giant stone coffee tables. I don't understand them any better than I understand the menhir.

At my feet a circle of mushrooms has sprung up, appearing almost as I write: unusual for such dry soil—the villagers can barely bring potatoes, garlic, and onions to maturity in their gardens. The bells are ringing for six-thirty Mass; it's going to be a sung Mass in honor of Saint Anne of Brittany.

I have been living on Houat for two weeks now, and I am beginning to feel my way around. An open boat, the *Notre Dame de Confort*, brought me here, ten miles off the southern coast of Brittany; the trip took about an hour. It is a little island, less than three miles long, and it supports barely a dozen trees. Most of the brush that looks green from a distance is fierce, prickly stuff. The village is all down at the northeast end, close to the port. There are two grocery stores, a bakery, and a small hotel that will close in September.

I am not staying at the hotel, but

at Madame Perron's house; she has rented me a room with double bed and lavabo. The toilet is outside; the key to it hangs on a nail beside the front door. Most of us summer people stay with villagers and not at the hotel; the rooms are nicer, for one thing, and besides, it's pleasant to chat with Madame Perron from time to time. She has six children, two girls who help her with her summer guests and four younger boys. Monsieur Perron, like most of the other men on the island, goes out with the fishing boats at four in the morning and gets home at noon or shortly after, unless the day is stormy. His catch consists of lobsters—perhaps a dozen, or, on a good day, fifteen or sixteen—crabs, mackerel, sole, *lotte*—a little this, a little that. He will let me go along with him one of these days. I must be in costume: blue jeans, two sweaters, yellow oilskins if I have them. If I don't have them, I can get them from the grocery store and I should. It is a wet, cold, windy ride out into the ocean at that hour.

There are twenty-five fishing boats in Houat's cooperative. In 1952 there were none; a storm had destroyed them. The village priest, whose parish includes all of the four hundred and seventy inhabitants of the island, organized the cooperative after the storm and was able to borrow enough money to buy new boats and get the island back up on its feet. Now Houat is growing, not as a tourist center but as a fishing village. The island on the horizon, Hoedic, drops in population; so does Belle Ile, five miles farther out to sea. Only Houat grows. The church bells ring each day for

Mass; the parish school is larger and better attended than the public school—four Good Sisters teach the children there through the elementary grades, while one master is sufficient for the *école communale*. For high school all the children are boated to “the continent” where they are boarded weekdays. The Ministry of Education provides them with one free round trip each week so they can come home for Saturday and Sunday.

Although the two streetlights are turned off at eleven o'clock on weeknights, night life picks up on Saturdays. There's a movie; there's a dance with music played by real musicians. There's white wine and two pinball machines at the tabac-café. From my windows I can hear the music and the singing. The firm rule against “*tapage nocturne*” is forgotten until midnight. They are young, Madame Perron says. A little white wine Saturday—not too much, of course; but they must have some fun.

There is no doctor here. One of the four Good Sisters runs the dispensary when she's not teaching. She is the only person on the island who gives medical attention. She says in winter it's sore throats, in summer it's whatever summer people bring along with them. The priest, who is assisted by three sacristans on Sundays, works weekdays in the mayor's office, where he is executive secretary and puts into action all the mayor's decisions. He works there with Monsieur Antoine, an ethnologist who came seven years ago to study the island and bought a red-sailed fishing boat and stayed to become the president of the fishermen's union. These three men—the priest, Monsieur Antoine, and the mayor, who is appointed by an elected body of municipal counselors—are the most powerful men on the island. Together they fight off promoters from “the continent” who want to exploit Houat's score of beaches. They told me about the man who came from Paris fifty years ago; when he saw Houat's Grande Plage, which stretches more than a kilometer along the southeast crescent of the island, he bought it so that it could never be commercialized. Forty-five years later, his son, upon inheriting, invited out a clutch of Cabinet ministers and

convinced them, easily enough, that they were looking at a gold mine. He was granted a national subsidy and set about trying to convince the villagers that once the beach was divided into lots they would have nothing more to do but put their boats on crutches and sit back and live off the tourists. To his astonishment the whole village stood against him. The beach remains entire, untouched. “We told him that we'd throw his machines into the sea if he should bring them here,” Monsieur Antoine said. “We will.”

I told Monsieur Antoine that I'd like to buy one of the empty houses in the middle of the village and he said that I couldn't. I assured him that I wouldn't spoil things, that I was a writer, and would just come from time to time. He said that was precisely the problem. “Look at Belle Ile,” he said. “Three times the size of Houat, and at one point three times more important. Now it exists only for two months of tourism. The summer people have bought up all the old houses and built all of the new ones. For ten months of the year the island is locked up, deserted. Soon it will be completely dead. Belle Ile's fishing fleet is down to six or seven boats; that's all the industry that holds those islanders together through the year. They can't survive. Hoedic's the same. There's only one general store left there now; it's run by a Good Sister. She's just barely making ends meet, go and see. It's summer visitors that kill an island. You can't buy a house here. I would fight against it, so would the priest, we'd set the village on you. Be content with your rented room. Aren't you content?”

I said I was content, of course. I had just thought that Houat being what it was, I'd like to belong to it a little. One does not belong to Houat “a little,” he said.

The mushroom circle at my feet has not changed noticeably in the past two hours. The menhir in the field seems to lean a little more, though; the sun has changed its angle. Two women have walked past me, each leading a black and white cow at the end of a long rope. There are eight cows on the island; there are not eight cars.

Tomorrow I have been invited to visit the lobster nursery. Fifteen, six-

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teen lobsters in a catch at best; it didn't seem like much. "Lobsters have gotten very scarce," Monsieur Antoine said. "Try to buy some on the island: four dollars a pound, that's what you'll pay. We've started up a nursery at the west end of the island, but we don't know yet just how it will work out."

"A lobster nursery?" I asked. "Something like oyster beds?"

"Not like oyster beds," Monsieur Antoine replied. "Nothing so grand. No one can afford to raise lobsters. It takes six years for them to get to table size, and all that time they're eating, eating. When we catch a lobster that is carrying its eggs we bring it to the nursery—it's that building near the old fort that looks like a greenhouse. If we put the lobster back into the sea, she'll lay her eggs, of course, but of the ten thousand or so that she lays no more than one or two would survive long enough to become adults. We watch over the eggs until they hatch, then for a while longer. When the baby lobsters are little-finger length we set them free near bricks that we have sunk just off the shore. The

bricks have holes in them that we hope the little lobsters will hide in. Of course, they will still be hunted by other fish, but perhaps, given a better start, more of them will survive."

I asked if this had ever been done before. "In the twenties," he said, "something like it was tried both by the Americans and by the Japanese. They didn't try to control the experiment, though. They just hatched the eggs and threw the little lobsters into the sea, where they all disappeared into a million mouths. We have our bricks that we make specially, and we have divers who will go down from time to time to check things out and make sure that everything is going well. That way, if things aren't going well we'll know why and maybe we will be able to do something about it."

The lobster nursery is not the only odd-looking building on the island. There is a water factory that is hidden in a hollow at the bottom of a cliff. Until last year the Houatais gathered their supply of water from their roofs and ran it off into cisterns. In the two weeks that I have been here it has rained only once; the cisterns cannot have been filled often. Now water is taken from the sea. It runs through the factory and comes out unpleasantly tasteless but without salt, and every house has all the water that it needs, provided it can pay the price. Another step needs to be taken, though. The runnels that are carved into each side of the dirt streets are still uncovered. When one walks through the village the odor is high and medieval. Never mind. Last year, water; sometime, sooner or later, a covered sewage system.

Last week I was sick. I had a fever of 103 degrees, so Madame Peron went down to her sister-in-law's grocery store and telephoned Dr. Tachet on "the continent." He came out to the island in a medical services helicopter; his house call cost nine dollars. He prescribed fifteen dollars' worth of medicines and shots. Then he got back into the helicopter and flew back to "the continent," where he gave his prescriptions to the pharmacist in Quiberon. The pharmacist put the penicillin, sulfa, cough syrup, and assorted pills into a paper bag,

wrote my name on it, and delivered it to the captain of the *Notre Dame de Confort*. That evening, five hours after the doctor left the island, the medicines were carried from the port to the Good Sister at the infirmary. She came immediately, with a nice open smile and a box full of bent and discolored hypodermic needles thick enough for all eventualities. After that she came every day for three days to give me my shots. I am now feeling better, though a little shaky. Yesterday I paid my bill; for the four visits it came to a little over four dollars. I gave her my leftover medicines.

By Sunday I was well enough to go to Mass. Although I was born more or less a Protestant and have grown, with time, rather less than more of anything, I like to go to Mass in Houat. High Mass begins at ten. I was too weak to make it, so I went to the children's Mass at eleven-thirty. The pews were filled; the choir took up the entire loft behind me. It is a big loft for a big choir; people like to sing in Houat. The priest's voice is very good; so are the sacristans' voices. Once a Basque said to me, "Anyone can sing if he has a good heart." I never really believed him, but I remembered him in Houat.

The congregation at the children's Mass is very young and very old: little children with their grandmothers. The grandmothers are dressed in black: black blouses, sweaters, skirts, stockings, and espadrilles. White lace coifs of the size of starched cocktail napkins are pinned to their chignons. They don't take off their aprons for anything so everyday as church, nor do they put on fresh ones. The aprons that they wear have served through breakfast and house-tidying, and will serve through dinner, the ties to them already ropy. They are good aprons to sing in, to pray in, and to take communion in.

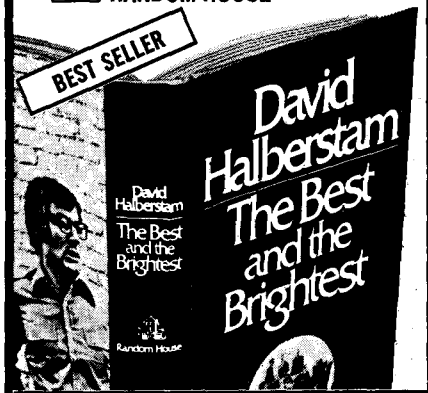
The sermon spoke to my condition, though it was meant for children. Things are hard on well-meaning people nowadays, the priest said; there is a lot of stupidity and wickedness around; it's enough to depress anyone. At times you even get sucked in; that happens. What you have to do is fight back hard and all the time, bearing in

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mind that you can't win them all, that no one's perfect; that way you won't get discouraged and give up. I nodded with the grandmothers. The children looked interested, but skeptical; they knew that perfection was just around the corner. Dogs stood at the door and watched and

listened; when the bell rang at the Elevation they pricked up their ears. Two of the smaller ones started in, got frowned at, and backed out again. In the field behind the dogs the menhir slanted against the sun. One of the sacristans sang a hymn in Breton.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

RULE BRITANNIA
by Daphne du Maurier
Doubleday, \$6.95

The coast of Cornwall is where Dame Daphne du Maurier has her home, that special part of England which is the setting for her best novels. Her stories cast a spell and in her new book she has written a satire that looks to the future, to that moment in history when Britain's last chance, economically and strategically, seems to be a union with the United States. Britain's participation in the Common Market has failed and when prices rise 50 percent and a general election shows the country hopelessly divided, the coalition government, pressured by American financiers, prepares to accept the idea of USUK as a saving solution. But with the landing of the U.S. Marines, the setting up of roadblocks, the issuance of ration cards, an American warship offshore and helicopters overhead, this has all the appearance, not of a collaboration, but of a take-over. The oily assurance on radio and television cannot disguise the fact that Her Majesty the Queen is on her way to stay at the White House as "co-President of USUK." The Cornishmen don't like it, they don't like the talk of a new dollar currency, nor American officers prying into their activities; they mistrust the ballyhoo and will not swallow Madison Avenue's notion that Britain is to become "the playground of the Americas," historically and in costume, as at Williamsburg.

The leader of the resistance is a once celebrated, high-spirited actress, a character in the little fishing village of Poldrea where she lives in retirement, who is known affec-

tionately as Madam, or to her granddaughter as "Mad." And mad she can be when challenged, for all of her seventy-nine years. Surrounding her in her country place and soon to be her troops are Emma, her pretty granddaughter of twenty-one, Dottie, who was her dresser for forty years, and six boys ranging from nineteen to three whom she has adopted at various stages of their misfortune. "Mad" is an admirable character, her courage and resourcefulness equal to any provocation, who dresses in a costume, part Robin Hood, part Mao Tse-tung. She is the spirit of Britannia and when a marine fires the first shot (which kills a sheepdog) her opposition is implacable. She will accept none of the guff, not that put out by Martha Hubbard, the earnest Cultural Agent sent over from Boston, not the California wine "so much sweeter on the palate than the French stuff," and not the financial reassurance which her son who is in the government keeps telephoning to her from London. "Mad" is on the warpath and when, with the aid of Jack Trembath, her nearest neighbor, she organizes a sit-down movement, it begins to spread from Cornwall throughout the United Kingdom. The fact is she has to fight back to cover up for one of her older orphans, who has killed a marine with his high-velocity bow and arrow.

Imaginatively, plausibly, with delightful wit, Dame Daphne portrays the household that defends her heroine, and in Madam she has one of her finest characters. In effect, of course, this is the American Revolution in reverse, but now we are the invaders, and the British, with native ingenuity, backed by courage, are trying to throw us out. If any-

thing goes wrong, the marines are to blame. It does not take long to get the impression that Dame Daphne has not much use for our financiers, our advertisers, or our military as they are today.

BEN SHAHN
by Bernarda Bryson Shahn
Abrams, \$50.00

Ben Shahn was in a class by himself. An independent, a member of no school, he was enormously versatile in murals, stained glass windows, mosaics, stage décor, posters, graphics, paintings in tempera, watercolors, and gouache. A man of great heart with a hilarious sense of humor, productive for forty-eight years to his death in 1969, his drawings and paintings are statements of an attitude toward the world. He was a painter who looked out before he looked in; one felt his responsiveness upon first meeting and one was grateful for all that followed.

This large and beautiful book, with its many reproductions in color, is the treasury of his best work and the record of his development, so well told by his wife, Bernarda Bryson Shahn. Ben learned from everyone and never stopped, and it is this which makes his work and his education so exciting. He inherited a commitment toward socialism from his parents—it was the reason why they fled the Soviet Union—and it explains his open-mindedness, his dislike of aesthetics, his sympathy for those in distress. For him compassion outweighed doctrine. His paintings inspired by the Sacco-Vanzetti case, when exhibited in Greenwich Village, were as bitterly attacked by the Communist press as they were by the conservatives, but what pleased the artist was that people who ordinarily did not visit art galleries came to see them.

Shahn had never wanted to be "an art-world painter." During the Depression he tried his hand at everything, moving from city to city on his photographic hunts, working with Diego Rivera in 1933 on his enormous fresco mural for Rockefeller Center, and when it was canceled in mid-execution, moving on to do fresco panels at Rivera's expense for the New Workers School.

When Shahn was invited in 1955 to deliver the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard, he was pleased with the honor but not sure he would be able to paint while there. Actually, he produced such a diverse body of work that one has not space to list it and in addition he was getting off his chest "everything I have to say about art" in statements that vibrate.

Of my favorite paintings I must cite *Huey Long* with the subscription (Boring in Life, Boring in Death); *Liberation*, one of the most famous he painted in Italy; *Handball*, so beautifully clear and active; the series growing out of the mine disaster; *When the Saints . . .* with its harlequin underpainting; *Desolation*, which speaks for every battlefield; *Pretty Girl Milking a Cow* for its laughter; and *Portrait of Myself When Young*. He was one of the greatest in an age that needed art.

EARS OF THE JUNGLE
by Pierre Boulle
Vanguard, \$6.95

Pierre Boulle, the author of *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* and other novels, has twice made his home in Southeast Asia as a rubber planter. At the beginning of World War II he served in the French forces in Indochina, joined the Free French in Singapore after his native country had collapsed, was taken prisoner in 1943, and eventually escaped. His knowledge of the Southeast Asians is firsthand and they have his sympathy. This new book is a novel of protest against the saturation bombing in Vietnam, which has horrified many Americans.

The mountains and jungles of North Vietnam, where the narrative begins, were once the homeland of the Jarai tribesmen, but with the building of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, calling down the "stones" that were dropped from the American planes, the tribes have moved their villages to safer hiding in the mountain gorge. They have learned, however, that the "stones" often slaughtered meat which will fill their pots, and it is on one such expedition that their chief hunter Dju is intercepted and questioned by Madame Ngha, the head of the North Vietnam General Intelligence Service. Dju

has detected a curious growth which has been camouflaged to look like the jungle but which on careful examination proves to be a sensing device. These "sensors," Madame Ngha and her Chinese adviser determine, relay to American headquarters the jungle sounds and more particularly the sound of approaching trucks carrying arms and ammunition. In this deduction Madame has the assistance of a comely spy who has been planted in the American headquarters.

The discovery explains to Madame Ngha the reason for the recent heavy losses, and with quick foresight she has the tribesmen gather up the hundreds of sensors and transplant them in regions far from the trail where the rain of "stones" will supply the meat the tribes need without damaging the convoys. When the ruse succeeds, Madame Ngha with the same cleverness diverts the napalm bombs which demolish all growth to that area where in time to come a great highway is to be built.

The few Americans, including General Bishop, the commander of the electronic campaign, are bloodless boobs, whereas Madame Ngha and her Chinese adviser are always wise. A footnote tells us that the use of the sensor was described in detail in the *Armed Forces Journal* of February 15, 1971. But I question if this gruesome device can serve as the mainspring of a novel. This ironic tale is all black on one side, all white on the other, and what is worse, it is predictable. It is a remonstrance against our behavior in Vietnam by one who feels we should have gotten out long, long ago. But in effect it is a silly book.

GOD WAS HERE BUT HE
LEFT EARLY
by Irwin Shaw
Arbor House, \$7.95

Irwin Shaw is the author of seven novels, of which *The Young Lions* is one of the better war books, and he has written almost as many collections of shorter fiction, short stories and those of considerable length, which have the instant virtue of snaring the reader into what is going on. He has an ear for lively dialogue and the conversations which open so many of his pieces are be-

guiling in the swiftness with which they identify the main character and his or her problem. This is true of the title story in this new collection, in which an American divorcée attempts to persuade a doctor in Switzerland that he should help her secure an abortion; and equally true of the funniest, "Small Saturday," in which Christopher Bagshot, a very small man and a book clerk, feels that for his *amour propre* he has to make love to a girl not less than five feet eight.

Like George Plimpton, Mr. Shaw can assimilate a raffish profession as if he were a veteran of the game. "Whispers in Bedlam," for my taste the most fantastic and best rounded narrative in the book, concerns "a typical 235-pound married American boy, rosy-cheeked, broken-nosed, with an excellent five-tooth bridge across the front of his mouth and a sixty-three-stitch scar on his right knee, where the doctors had done some remarkable things with floating cartilage." Hugo Pleiss played middle linebacker on defense and in the wear and tear had reached the verge of being cut. The hearing in his left ear had been put out of commission on a cold Sunday afternoon in Green Bay, and unless the linebacker on his good side could read the plays for him, he was through. But instead of dropping out and selling life insurance, as his father-in-law desired, he goes in for an operation, and thanks to the miracle performed by the doctor, Hugo can now hear what the offense is saying in their huddle. He is amazed to find that he has acquired an extra sense not only in football but in all the avenues that are open to a star, and the reader rejoices as much as Hugo in all these surprising goodies.

Some of these stories run on too long, as if the author did not know when he was ahead, but this cannot be said of the shortest narrative, "Where All Things Wise and Fair Descend," a moodish piece about two college students, the one an envied boy on campus, the other a cat that walks by himself. The shyness with which they are brought together and the sympathy which is developed in the facing of violent death are clearly and sensitively portrayed. This wry piece is one that will stick in the mind.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

BALCONY OF EUROPE by Aidan Higgins. Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, \$8.95. Although the surface action of Mr. Higgins' novel concerns an adulterous summer love affair on the coast of Spain, the main interest of the book is the collision of differing manners and traditions. The hero-narrator is Irish, mildly middle-aged, and encumbered by all the mental baggage left over from a correctly Catholic, déclassé genteel upbringing. His much younger paramour is an American of Polish-Jewish descent, and about as independent, here and now a heroine as current fiction can offer. The two are surrounded by a gaggle of international artistic types, pensioned-off relics from half the continent, old Nazis on the run, and locals wondering what to make of the whole circus. Mr. Higgins, who writes superbly, keeps ages, sexes, past and present, Europe and America, spinning like a juggling act with mirrors.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT IN AMERICA 1876-1916 edited by Robert Judson Clark. Princeton University Press, \$25.00; paper \$7.95. The movement was the American equivalent of William Morris and company in England, starting later but ultimately exercising the same wide influence. It reached to architecture, furniture, textiles, pottery, book design, and bric-a-brac, and its products ranged from the splendor of Tiffany's glass and the originality of Frank Lloyd Wright's houses to lopsided vases and wobbly mission concocted by amateurs in the woodshed. The handsome book assembled by Mr. Clark and his colleagues naturally concentrates on the best work of this lively, experimental period, but not to the total exclusion of amusing horrors.

SOLDIER by Anthony B. Herbert with James T. Wooten. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$7.95. Former Lieutenant Colonel Herbert is the highly decorated, widely experi-

enced career officer whose complaints about military misconduct in Vietnam got him prematurely retired from the service. Minus the sword, the colonel has taken up the pen and produced a mixture of autobiography and diatribe. Both are readable and passionate, and it is no easy matter to disentangle the two. One thing, however, is clear; the book is not designed for the encouragement or consolation of pacifists. The author has no objection to brutality, or to killing. He merely wants to see them applied efficiently to proper military targets. He insists that the Army brass has forgotten how to do it.

ALTERNATING CURRENT by Octavio Paz. Viking, \$6.95. Essays, long and short, on literature, language, criticism, modern art, drugs, and even politics, with all these topics ultimately connected by the subtle, inquisitive, highly distinctive intelligence of the author.

THE MANIPULATED MAN by Esther Vilar. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95. Ms. Vilar argues that men, in spite of being intelligent, imaginative, and enterprising, are totally controlled and enslaved by stupid, lazy, generally worthless women. How the incompetent ladies manage the trick is never convincingly explained, nor why one of them should be qualified to write a book on it or any other subject. Is the author a female impersonator, by any chance?

CARO: THE FATAL PASSION by Henry Blyth. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$8.95. As the loves of Lord Byron went, Lady Caroline Lamb was no worse than a moderate nuisance, but by non-Byronic standards she was a very troublesome female. She was also interesting, for she undoubtedly possessed brains and talent that went largely unused. She deserves a better biography than Mr. Blyth has provided. His idea of explaining these Regency eccentrics is to label the whole collection "immature."

NIGHT by Edna O'Brien. Knopf, \$5.95. During one insomniac night, the heroine meditates on her past, which consists of childhood on an Irish farm, an unsatisfactory mar-

riage, one son, and a long procession of perverse or impotent lovers. Despite quite a bit of explicit sexual detail, the men are shadowy creatures and the woman seems to be indifferently dreaming someone else's life rather than recalling her own. The effect is odd and not entirely satisfactory, but the prose in which it is presented is remarkable. It glitters with surprises and ingenuities. It bubbles like a fountain of champagne and the entrancing game of words compensates for any vaporishness in the story. It may even cause the vapor, by holding so much of the reader's attention.

COUTURE edited by Ruth Lynam. Doubleday, \$25.00. A history of the great Paris fashion designers, from Worth to St. Laurent. Since the chapters are by various people, including a former model and the directrice of the House of Balmain, one gets a series of sharp backstage views, much practical business fact, and both absurd sides of all the famous feuds. The illustrations, naturally, are a delight.

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A FAREWELL TO ALCOHOL by William McIlwain. Random House, \$4.95. The author's article with the above title appeared in the January, 1972, *Atlantic*.

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